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REMARKS

ON

THE STATEMENT

OF

Dr. CHARLES COMBE.

BY

AN OCCASIONAL WRITER

IN

THE BRITISH CRITIC.

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REMARKS

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OF

IN

HIS OCCASIONAL WRITER.

LONDON:

THE PREFACE.

A MANUSCRIPT, containing the text of this Pamphlet and far the greater part of the Notes, was ſent to the Preſs in April 1794; and it was then my wiſh, that they ſhould be publiſhed in June or July. But, in conſequence of obſtacles, many of which were unforeſeen by myſelf, and all of which are wholly unintereſting to my readers, I could not execute my original intention; and when the publication had been once delayed, I determined, for obvious reaſons, not to let the Pamphlet appear before winter. Other accidents have ſince produced other delays, and my mind, which never felt much anxiety on the ſubjects diſcuſſed in this Pamphlet, has, I confeſs, gradually ſunk into calm indifference.

The ſituation of ſeveral perſons, both in private and public life, whom I have had occaſion to mention with reſpect in the following pages, is now changed: Yet, upon mature and impartial deliberation, I have not found it neceſſary to cancel more than two pages, and this I have lately done, for the purpoſe of altering two ſentences in ſuch a manner as to make them convey, not pointed invective, but diminiſhed praiſe.

I cannot indeed aſſent to the opinions which ſome of the perſons alluded to have lately profeſſed—I cannot approve of the meaſures which they have lately purſued—I cannot look forward without ſorrow, and even diſmay, to the conſequences of thoſe opinions and thoſe meaſures—But I am always willing to diſtinguiſh between inconſiſtency in action and inſincerity

cerity in the agents—I am always unwilling to charge upon guilt, that which may have been the effect of error alone.

In reſpect to the ſanguinary wretches whom I have mentioned in page 64, I congratulate France, England, and the whole civilized world, on the extinction of ſuch reſtleſs and remorſeleſs enemies to the human race.

Thinking it my duty to provide for the cheapneſs of a Publication, which chiefly relates to my own perſonal concerns, I need not offer any apology to the Reader either for the coarſeneſs of the paper, or for the ſmallneſs of the type: But I am bound to return my thanks to the bookſeller, Mr. Bell, for his ready and polite acquieſcence in the directions which I gave for making the price of the following Pamphlet as ſmall as poſſible.

ERRATA.

Page 13, line 13, for *Hemſterhius*, read *Hemſterhuis*.
31, — 23, add *was* before *ſaid*.
41, — 7, for *meaning*, read *ſenſe*.
48, — 38, for *Cottum*, read *Cottam*.
49, — the laſt line in this page ſhould be the laſt in page 51.
57, — 8, the word *then*, italicized, relates to the time in which the letters mentioned in page 56 were returned by Mr. Homer ſen.
60, — 35, add *more than*, before *two years*.
72, — 11, for "of the Authors *which*," read "of the Authors *who*."

REMARKS

ON THE

Statement of Dr. Charles Combe.

I LATELY received, through the courteouſneſs of the author, and read with due attention, a pamphlet which he calls "A Statement of Facts "relative to the Behaviour of the Rev. Dr. Parr to the late Mr. H. Homer "and Dr. Combe, in order to point out the Source, Falſehood, and Malig- "nity of Dr. Parr's Attack, in The Britiſh Critic, on the Character of Dr. "Combe."

How far the contents of the book juſtify the fierceneſs of the title, is a point which I leave to the determination of the intelligent and the impartial. In the courſe of an active, and, I hope, not an uſeleſs life, I have owed, and I continue to owe, ſo much of my happineſs to the eſteem and the gratitude of thoſe whom I have endeavoured to ſerve, that I am not apt to be ruffled very violently, or galled very ſeverely, by a few ſtraggling inſtances of ungracious and unmerited treatment. My own ſpirit is, indeed, too intrepid to recede from my own claims, becauſe they are depreciated by the ſelfiſh, or ſlighted by the vain. But my obſervations upon mankind have been ſpread through ſo wide an extent, and exerciſed upon objects ſo various, that I have little difficulty in diſtinguiſhing between the marks of weakneſs and guilt in other men—between the effects of temporary ſituation and habitual principle—between action, which is inconſtant, and character, which is more ſtable. Among thoſe who know me beſt, I am not exceedingly notorious for profeſſing the regard which I feel *not*, or diſſembling the diſlike which *I do* feel. My boſom may glow with reſentment, but ſeldom or never rankles with malignity. Upon facts which have paſſed long ago, and of which no traces have been renewed by impreſſions from intervening events, or by the anxieties of immediate intereſt, recollection in me, as in other men, may ſtand in need of ſuccour from judgment. It will owe ſomething to accident, and ſomething to effort. It will be invigorated by the ſudden diſcovery of facts, and corrected by the careful compariſon of circumſtances. It will often give occaſion for ſurpriſe to the mind, on a retroſpect of its own operations, both where it fails and where it ſucceeds. Seldom is it more treacherous, than when lulled aſleep by the ſilence of a foe—more helpleſs, than when confuſed by his obſcurity—or more exact, than when rouſed by his contradiction. There are complex caſes in which the underſtanding gradually exchanges the weaker probability for the ſtronger; and there are lucky ſituations too, in which it puſhes at once from the dim and tremulous twilight of uncertainty, to the full and ſteady brightneſs of conviction.

Obſervations, ſuch as the foregoing, naturally occurred to me, as I reflected on the different ſtate of my own mind at different times, while the tranſactions between the late Mr. Henry Homer and myſelf were paſſing in review before it. I erred, and emerged from error—I advanced from forgetfulneſs to remembrance, with more or leſs rapidity—I have been ſome-

times guided by the clear, and ſometimes ſtimulated even by the imperfect recollection of the pamphlet-writer—I have found occaſional aſſiſtance from written documents—and at length I am inclined to hope, that where certainty cannot be overtaken in ſome deep and dark retreat, I may yet be able to explore with advantage the more acceſſible regions of probability.

To ſolicit the attention of the public upon a ſubject chiefly perſonal, is to me extremely painful; and I am too well aware, that, in the following pages, literary topics will never come within my reach in ſuch a form, as will enable me to ſupply entertainment or inſtruction to literary men. After the peruſal of Dr. C.'s pamphlet, I, for ſeveral days, thought it unneceſſary and almoſt unbecoming for me to make the ſmalleſt reply. I often found ſtatement without method, accuſation without proof, extraneous matter which can intereſt no reader, and acrimonious invective which may diſhonour the writer more than myſelf. But for reaſons which ſatisfy my own mind, and which *ought* to be weighty, when they induce me to appear as an author, my opinion has ſince changed, and by the conſequences of that change I am prepared to abide. To fear my antagoniſt were indeed weak: but to boaſt of my cauſe would be indecorous, though to confide in it were neither unwiſe nor diſgraceful.

Dr. Combe has long had, and ſtill retains, a large ſhare of my eſteem for his intellectual endowments, and moral excellencies. To his veracity I ſtudiouſly have paid, and ſhall continue to pay, great and unfeigned reſpect. We do, indeed, differ from each other, ſometimes upon matters of recollection and opinion, and ſometimes in opportunities for information. But to whatever extent that difference may reach, I deſire that it may be imputed to precipitation, upon *his* part, not cunning—to involuntary miſrepreſentation, not deliberate falſehood—to ſoreneſs in the editor, not malevolence in the man. I am diſpoſed even to praiſe him for the quickneſs of feeling, and ſtoutneſs of ſpirit, which may have induced him to ſtand forth in the defence of his reputation, where he thought himſelf aggrieved. I forgive him, after a few ſtruggles, for the ſeverity with which he has buffeted my own. To find by experience that friendſhips are mortal, is the hard but inevitable lot of fallible and imperfect men. But it always has been, and always will be, one of the firſt wiſhes of my heart, and one of my firſt prayers to Heaven, that no enmity of mine may ever be immortal [A].

After theſe declarations, Dr. Combe will ſcarcely expect to hear from me the harſh and petulant language of controverſy.——He will meet with no opportunity for congratulating me, in *his* way, upon the ſplendour of my diction, and few provocations for upbraiding me with the dexterity of my ſophiſtry. I will not dazzle his eyes with a hoſt of quotations, clad in Greek and Roman armour, and planted in ſtations where they may anſwer moſt effectually the purpoſes of annoyance or intimidation. I will not bewilder his underſtanding in the labyrinths of ſubtle and "viewleſs" diſtinctions. I will not afflict his ſenſibility by boiſterous reproaches. I will not ſtun his ears with laboured and ſonorous periods. The rampant ſallies of imagination ſhall for once be compelled to do homage to the calm authority of judgment. The ſtyle ſhall creep upon a due level with the ſubject. The ſuggeſtions of ſudden anger and petty vanity ſhall be alike reſiſted. I will endeavour to ſhew Dr. Combe, that having in view the merits as well as the infirmities of him whom I once called my friend, I can blunt the edge of thoſe ſeverities which might have been pointed with propriety and with effect, againſt an inveterate and worthleſs enemy. My moderation, though it may ſometimes betray me into dulneſs, will not wholly be deprived of its reward, if it eventually aſſiſts me in the attainment of perſpicuity and exactneſs. As, therefore, I forbear to complain of the Doctor's conciſeneſs, let

me

me entreat him, upon this occaſion, to endure my minuteneſs, or, if he pleaſes to call it ſo, my prolixity.

While I was reading both the pertinent and the collateral matter contained in Dr. C.'s pamphlet, many obſervations crowded upon my mind, and many avenues were opened to the incurſions of controverſy. I mean, however, to ſelect ſuch parts as appear to me more worthy of notice than the reſt, and in my remarks upon them I ſhall follow the order of the Doctor's Statement, not, indeed, becauſe a better cannot be found, but becauſe this, having been adopted by the Doctor for his purpoſes, ſeems to me good enough for my own. The moſt irkſome effect I have felt from it, is, that by the frequent want of connexion between one ſentence and another, by the ſudden recurrence of the ſame topics, and by the wide chaſm which intervenes between the Doctor's poſitions and his proofs, I have often been driven into tedious repetitions.

Page the 7th of Dr. Combe's book—" As to the plan, what there was, " was afterwards ſettled between us in converſation, but never committed to " writing." I had ſaid that Mr. Homer was more concerned in the plan than Dr. Combe, and from the circumſtance ſtated by the Doctor there is no *neceſſary* concluſion that the Doctor was *equally* concerned with Mr. Homer. When I ſaid ſo, I by no means adverted to what they *might* ſay to each other in converſation, or to what they might *not* have committed to writing. To what then did I advert? To the converſations and letters which paſſed between Mr. Homer and myſelf about the plan, and to the reſemblance between what I remembered of thoſe letters and thoſe converſations, and what I have ſince obſerved nearly in every part of the book which was printed while Mr. Homer was living, and in ſome parts that were printed after he was dead. As Dr. Combe, by his own account, mentioned the Horace*, " not with any idea " of having any thing to do with it himſelf, but, merely as a *proper thing* for " Mr. Homer:" ſo, *after* it had been mentioned, I conſidered it as a *more* proper thing for Mr. Homer than for Dr. Combe; and with Mr. Homer, from time to time, I talked or correſponded about the Critics who ſhould be uſed, or not uſed at all, and about the proportions in which they might be uſed moſt properly. Nay, as the work went on, I obſerved ſome ſlight deviations from the original plan, and told Mr. Homer my opinion about them. Three or four times only did I talk of theſe ſubjects before Dr. Combe. But Mr. Homer was then preſent, and to Mr. Homer my converſation was directed, perhaps, oftener than to the Doctor. The reaſons for which I conceived Mr. Homer more qualified to conduct the edition than Dr. Combe, will hereafter appear.

Quotation the 2d, p. 7th of Dr. C.'s pamphlet—" I do moſt ſolemnly " aſſure you, there was not a ſingle note got ready by us for the farther pro- " greſs of the work, nor any arrangement made, as you aſſert, even for the " finiſhing the firſt volume." To Dr. Combe's aſſurances, whether he does or does not add the word " ſolemn," I ſhall ever pay great deference. If the Doctor will look into The Britiſh Critic for February, he will find that I was diſſatisfied with my own uſe of the word " arrangement" in a former Review, and have given ſuch an explanation of it [B] as was conſiſtent with my own opinion of the caſe. On going into Mr. Homer's room, I often ſaw large maſſes of manuſcripts prepared for the preſs, and I underſtood that the greater part of them were tranſcripts made by himſelf. I certainly did not enquire how far the writer, or writers, were beforehand with the printers. But I had ſent Mr. Homer ſeveral books ſo marked as to contain various notes to be occaſionally inſerted, not only through the whole of the firſt volume, but through the whole of the ſecond. I knew the eſtimation in which he held the different Critics who were employed, and

* Vide page 6 of Dr. C.'s pamphlet.

from his letters, or from his converſation, or from the notes themſelves as they came to me to be reviſed, I gradually formed ſome general notions of the principles, on which parts not immediately recommended by myſelf were choſen. The Doctor ſays*, "that he marked Torrentius and Cruquius, "and that Homer compared the notes ſo marked with thoſe of Lambin, "and that where the ſame ſenſe was conveyed, the preference was given "to Lambin, who was marked by Mr. Homer." All this I admit on the authority of Dr. Combe's letter to me in London. But I obſerve that not the leaſt notice is taken of Zeunius, whoſe name had been mentioned to me again and again by Mr. Homer, and of whoſe edition I ſpoke to him in terms of approbation. In Mr. Homer's poſſeſſion, I ſaw among many other books, Muretus, Pulman, Rutgerſius and Sanadon; and it is *poſſible* that their notes, few as they are, were marked by Mr. Homer. Let me add that the notes taken from Klotzius, Cuningam, Bentley and Janus occupy, I believe, more than half the ſpace allotted for notes in the firſt volume; that they were all, except thoſe of Bentley on the Epodes and Carmen Seculare, communicated to Mr. Homer by me, and that, ſolely or chiefly, by Mr. Homer, when living, they were tranſcribed from books for the preſs.

Dr. Combe, in a note, p. 7, writes thus: "From examining the Doctor's own letters, I find I did inform him, immediately after the death of Mr. "Homer, that the latter left no papers reſpecting the Horace, nor any me- "morandums of what was to be done, or what had been done. This was in "conſequence of the Doctor's deſire to ſee them, if ſuch exiſted." I have loſt Dr. Combe's letters, and of my own I took no copies. But if Dr. Combe, whoſe mind has long dwelt upon the ſubject, found it neceſſary to inſpect the letters, ſome little indulgence is due to myſelf, if I remember them very imperfectly. About the accuracy of the Doctor's ſtatement I have no doubt. But in the *deſire* which I expreſſed to ſee Mr. Homer's memorandums, if ſuch exiſted, there is a plain proof of my opinion that he ought to have kept ſome, and of my readineſs to employ them in conducting the remaining parts of the edition. Indeed, upon examining the letters of his father to me (which I did on the 25th of March, 1794), I found many ſtrong marks of the ſolicitude I continued to feel, and the ſervices I meant to render, after Mr. Homer's death. What became of my letters to him, I know not;—but in many of them there were criticiſms, there were ſuggeſtions, and earneſt requeſts that he would preſerve every ſort of obſervation which had occurred to me at the moment of writing, and which might have been of uſe either in the progreſs of the work, or at the concluſion of it, when materials would be wanted for the Preface which I was to correct. I am very ſure that Mr. Homer had received much information from me. I am convinced that he turned it to account, while he was carrying on the edition; and I am ſorry, that, from the loſs of my letters, Dr. Combe could no farther avail himſelf of it, than as he might be able to trace its effects in the pages that were printed during Mr. Homer's life. Mr. H. did leave materials in ſeveral books marked by me.

In page 7 of Dr. C.'s Statement, I find "that Mr. Homer marked the "various readings of the Editio Princeps in the King's Library, to about "the middle of the fourth book of the Odes." This circumſtance removes a doubt, which occurred to my mind in the interval between the firſt and ſecond reviews in The Britiſh Critic, as to the period to which Mr. Homer's aſſiſtance in correcting the preſs and conſulting the Critics extended. But it is not the *only* circumſtance; for, upon looking into the firſt volume of the Variorum Edition, I lately ſaw, upon Ode the 10th of the 4th Book, an emendation of Markland, with the *name* of Markland ſubjoined. Now, in all paſſages quoted from Markland's Explicationes upon the preceding Odes, Mr. Homer, who had received the book from me, conſtantly puts the word

* See page 7 of Dr. C.'s pamphlet. Markland·

Markland. But Dr. C. after Mr. Homer's death, *as* conſtantly ſubjoins the word *Bowyer*, to conjectures that were taken from the very book which I had lent Mr. Homer, and written by the very perſon whom Mr. Homer had called Markland. Candour, then, I certainly ſhewed in expreſſing a doubt, the very inſtant I felt it: I ſhewed ſome politeneſs in leaving it with Dr. Combe to remove the doubt; and in the reaſon here adduced to prove that the doubt was unneceſſary, *perhaps*, I have ſhewn ſome little accuracy of obſervation.

Quotation 3d, p. 8.—"That I availed myſelf as much as poſſible of the "example and aſſiſtance of Mr. Homer is certain. But at the time this "was done, I believe he had never made or improved an Index." Though I thought it *poſſible* for Mr. Homer to have given *advice* about the Index to Horace, I never preſumed to ſay that he *executed* any part of it. According to Dr. Combe's Statement, he could not avail himſelf of Mr. Homer's example, when the Index was *begun*, becauſe at this time, ſays he, "Mr. "Homer had never made or improved an Index." Be it ſo. But the Index to Horace was not *completed* till after Mr. Homer's death; and in his life-time, while it was going on, Mr. Homer *had* begun a very important Index to Tacitus; and if Dr. Combe availed himſelf of Mr. Homer's example in *that* Index, he did preciſely what in The Britiſh Critic I expreſſed my wiſhes for him to have done. I deny not, that the whole, I believe that nearly the whole of the Index to Horace was executed by Dr. Combe, and I give him praiſe for his diligence. The only queſtion is, whether he profited by Mr. Homer's example; and from the diſtinction I make between the commencement and the progreſs of what was done in the Index to Horace, it is plain that Dr. Combe *might* derive ſome advantage from the accuracy of Mr. Homer in what he was doing for Tacitus.

Quotation 4th, p. 8.—Dr. Combe ſays, that the works Mr. Homer was printing "for himſelf, and what he had to do for me, rendered it impoſſible "for him to go ſo often as he wiſhed to Dr. Combe's houſe, and aſſiſt in the "Index." It is impoſſible for me to determine the degree of interruption Mr. Homer might receive in the Horace from ſuch of his *own* works as were printing at the ſame time. But he *could* not be much interrupted by that which he was doing for me. The laſt work of any magnitude in which Mr. Homer, as a corrector of the preſs, [C] gave me aſſiſtance, was the Warburtonian Tracts. They were finiſhed in the ſpring of 1789. The firſt volume of Horace was printed as far as half the fourth book of the Odes in the ſpring of 1791, and was completed in the winter of that year. Allowing then the Horace to have been in the preſs three years, I could not, by any concerns of my own, detain Mr. Homer for *any long time* from aſſiſting Dr. Combe in the Index. I forget, whether the proof ſheets of the Variorum Horace and of the Warburtonian Tracts were ſent hither at the ſame time for my reviſal—But no complaints, I am ſure, were ever uttered by me to Mr. Homer, or by Mr. Homer to me, that either of us was called off from his own publications to attend to the buſineſs of the other. It occurs to me juſt now, that late in the ſpring of 1789 Mr. Homer was ſo good as to reviſe for me a little work which contained about twelve pages in quarto. From that time I had no occaſion whatſoever to treſpaſs upon his good nature in ſuperintending the proof ſheets of what I had written.

Quotation 5th, p. 9.—"I cannot here avoid noticing, though I mean at "preſent to keep clear of verbal criticiſm, that *collectus* was uſed by Tretter "himſelf, in the 1ſt edition, printed by C. Plantin 1575, afterwards adopted "by Dan Aveman; and then by Iſaac Verbergius in the Amſterdam edition "of Bentley, before quoted, from whom I copied it."

If Dr. Combe, in the Preface to the Variorum, had employed the *uſual* marks of quotation, his readers would have known that he printed the very

words of Tretter, and that with Tretter muſt lie the blame, if blame was due. The authority of Tretter himſelf and Dan Aveman and Iſaac Verbergius will not remove my doubt as to the propriety of the word *collectus*, and ſo I told the Doctor in my anſwer to his letter (vid. p. 15 of Dr. C.'s pamphlet). I ſee that the Doctor, p. 476. vol. 2d. of the Variorum Horace, in a tranſlation of Bp. Hurd's [C*], has written, "Huicce conjecturæ *ali-* "*quanto* favet." Were I to tell the Doctor, that *aliquanto* is falſe Latin, he would to little purpoſe reply, that Jaſon de Nores, a better writer, and probably a better ſcholar than Thomas Tretterus, has uſed the ſame word in the ſame manner; as may be ſeen in p. 495 of the Var. Edit. where we read, "In ejuſque verbis *aliquanto* conſiſtamus."

Quotation 6th, p. 10. Dr. C.'s Letter to Dr. P.—In p. 52 of The Britiſh Critic, you ſay, "We muſt not conceal from our readers what Mr. Homer in- "tended to do. If that judicious and diligent ſcholar had been living, the illuſ- "trious names of Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke would have adorned the "page in which we now find the venerable name of Lord Mansfield; and "the Dedication itſelf would have been written by a perſon the whole force "of whoſe mind would have been exerted upon ſuch an occaſion." "Any "one (ſays Dr. C.) the leaſt accuſtomed to your ſtyle of writing, and mode of "thinking and ſpeaking of yourſelf, will here immediately acknowledge the "name of Dr. Parr; but let me aſſure Dr. Parr, that Mr. Homer often de- "clared to me, in very ſtrong terms, that he never would have dedicated it "to the two honourable perſons you mention." Upon the inference drawn from my ſtyle I have only to ſay, that the ſentence which from internal marks of compoſition was imputed by Dr. Combe to me, might have been written by fifty other perſons without ſuggeſting to one reader an idea of the ſlighteſt reſemblance to my peculiarities of diction. But I am very happy to have the evidence of Dr. Combe for ſaying, that "*this* is the mode in which "I think and ſpeak of myſelf." Surely no man could uſe more inoffenſive terms. I deſcribed myſelf only, "as a man the whole force of whoſe mind "would have been exerted" in writing a Dedication to ſuch illuſtrious perſonages as Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke.

I deſire Dr. Combe not to ſuſpect me of intending to arraign his veracity, either when I examine his reaſoning, or produce my own ſtatement—The Doctor tells me peremptorily in p. 10. that "I never had a direct anſwer;" and in p. 20. he ſays wittily, that "I took ſilence for conſent." Now the former paſſage would induce me to believe, that Mr. Homer, even by Dr. Combe's conceſſion, *had* given me an *indirect* anſwer, and the latter by *implication* ſays, that I had *no* anſwer at all. The Doctor remembers that in "one of my letters to him after the death of poor Homer, I mentioned ſome- "thing about an agreement between Mr. H. and myſelf;" but he profeſſes "never to have heard before of ſuch agreement," and in the next ſentence he adds, that he "*knows me often to have mentioned it.*" Theſe paſſages, I confeſs, are not to me very intelligible—What did I mention? The agreement? No, ſays Dr. Combe, for I never heard of it before the death of Mr. Homer. How then did he know that I had often mentioned *it*, and never had a direct anſwer? I ſuppoſe the Doctor means, that I had often mentioned the *ſubject* to Mr. Homer, and that from Mr. Homer I never received a direct anſwer. Well then, did Mr. Homer ſay afterwards to Dr. Combe that he had made no ſuch agreement with me? or did he only ſay that he was determined not to have the book dedicated as I wiſhed it to be, and that, knowing my wiſhes, he had abſtained from giving me a direct anſwer?

Let me now produce my own ſtatement. Very ſoon after the edition of Horace was begun, I told Mr. Homer, that I would aſſiſt in correcting the Preface, and that I, alſo, would write a Dedication to Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke. I mentioned the ſame thing ſeveral times afterwards, and ſe-

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veral times afterwards he did not reſiſt the ſuggeſtion. Whether I ever ſpoke of my intention to Dr. Combe, I know not. But as I was in the habit of conſidering Mr. Homer as the perſon chiefly concerned in the Horace, and as I was totally unacquainted with Dr. Combe's views, *if* he had any, about Lord Mansfield; I might, without deſigning any offence to the Doctor, omit ſpeaking to him. I cannot take upon myſelf to affirm what Mr. Homer's words were at every time, or at any time. But I *do* know, that both the ſubſtance of his words and the tenour of his behaviour were ſuch, when I talked to him, as would have induced any man living to be ſatisfied that he had aſſented to what I had propoſed. I know that neither directly nor indirectly, except once, and that too at a very *late* period, he ſhewed the ſmalleſt ſigns of *reluctance*, and I perceive that even Dr. Combe does not take upon himſelf to affirm that Mr. Homer had told him of any *reſolution* having been communicated to *me*. Once, and once only, did Mr. Homer expreſs ſome ſort of unwillingneſs about having the book dedicated to *one* of the gentlemen, and the converſation paſſed as we were walking together down Ruſſel-ſtreet. I ſtrenuouſly urged the propriety of what was at firſt intended. I thought Mr. Homer entirely convinced and pacified, and of his objections I never heard *again*, from him, one ſyllable. In truth, I looked upon what then paſſed as the effect of that momentary anger, to which my friend was ſubject, and into which he had been recently thrown by the peruſal of a book which did not pleaſe him. The diſpute between Dr. Combe and myſelf ſeems to lie here. From Mr. Homer's aſſent, very clearly implied in repeated converſations, I inferred ſomething equivalent to an agreement, and in my letter to Dr. C. I called it abſolutely, perhaps too ſtrongly, an agreement.—But Dr. Combe contends, p. 20. that "Mr. Homer "had too accurate a knowledge of propriety to attempt, and was too well "acquainted with Dr. Combe's diſpoſition to venture to agree in any ſuch "matter without his approbation and conſent, much leſs without his know-"ledge." On the other hand, I have too good an opinion of Mr. Homer's openneſs to believe that he would amuſe me with indirect anſwers, or ſcreen himſelf in daſtardly ſilence, *at a time* when I was giving him material aſſiſtance in the Horace, and when we were upon ſuch terms of intimacy, that delicacy would not have prevented him from expreſſing his diſſent *explicitly and unreſervedly*. I have ſo much confidence in my own common ſenſe as to affirm, that I put no unfair conſtruction upon the words which he did uſe, and yet I will not preſume to maintain that they amounted to a direct agreement in the very *ſtrict* ſenſe of the term. The manner in which we lived together, and the form in which the ſubject was treated by me, did not *require* me to bind him with the *formalities* of an agreement. My own words involved a propoſal to which he might accede, and a wiſh which he might gratify. But I did not conſider myſelf as aſking a favour, or making a bargain. I intended to prefix a good Dedication to a good book. I ſhould have endeavoured to write that Dedication in ſuch a manner as would have been creditable to the edition of Horace, and I meant to addreſs it to ſuch perſons as were generally reſpected by Mr. Homer, and by myſelf. I had often mentioned the ſubject to Mr. Homer; and when he had paſſed by ſo many opportunities of ſaying that the thing ſhould *not* be done, I concluded that it *would* be done. Let me add, too, that amidſt the trouble I took in collecting notes for the Var. Edit. I looked forward to the Dedication as forming the moſt pleaſing portion of my labour, and containing no inconſiderable part of my reward. Upon the authority of Dr. Combe I will admit that Mr. Homer, at ſome period *unknown* to me, experienced what I ſhould call a great change in his mind, and that he imparted to the Doctor what he calls a *reſolution*. But I contend that no ſuch reſolution was announced to me—I

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know alſo that Mr. "Homer had a very accurate knowledge of propriety."—But I left him to ſettle the matter with Dr. Combe, nor had I any reaſon to ſuppoſe in Mr. Homer's life-time, as I ſaid before, that the Doctor would have refuſed his permiſſion. If I had foreſeen the probability of that refuſal, I certainly would not have remained in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe; and in caſe of actual refuſal, I ſhould have taken very deciſive ſteps indeed, while Mr. Homer was alive, and an appeal could have been made to him upon what had paſſed between us. But many ſtrange facts muſt come to light, and many long months and years will glide away, before I ſhall believe that Mr. Homer would be capable of denying that we had often converſed about the Dedication, or that he had given me reaſon to believe firmly, that it would have been addreſſed to Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke.

It is plain from Dr. Combe's own account that he and Mr. Homer had ſometimes talked upon the ſubject, and it is equally plain that Dr. Combe *knew* ſomething to have been ſaid about it between Mr. Homer and myſelf—My *intentions* therefore were not intirely new to Dr. Combe at Mr. Homer's death. What then was new? The agreement? I could wiſh that Dr. Combe, when he ſtated Mr. Homer's declaration to him, had been pleaſed *farther* to ſtate the opinion which Mr. Homer *then* ſeemed to entertain, not merely of my *wiſhes*, but of my *expectations*, and the reaſons which I had to form them. Mr. Homer knew that they *were* formed, and that in my converſations with him they had been tolerated, if not cheriſhed. He muſt have known, too, that they were ſtrongly *fixed* upon my mind, or he would not have told Dr. Combe ſo *often*, and ſo *forcibly*, that the work ſhould not be dedicated as I wiſhed. It is the language of a man, who, however reſolved in his own mind, had either not informed me of his reſolution, or not reconciled me to it. I allow Mr. Homer's *right* to refuſe his ultimate aſſent. I admit that to Dr. Combe he had communicated his intention of acting otherwiſe than I ſuppoſed him inclined to act: but I very much wonder that he did *not* tell *me* what he *had* told Dr. Combe, and I confeſs that upon hearing it I ſhould have been exceedingly ſurpriſed and mortified—I ſhould not have yielded without a ſtruggle to ſo unforeſeen and ſo unpleaſant a *declaration*. I ſhould have complained of the very late period at which it was made to me—I ſhould have pleaded my own expectations and my own ſervices in behalf of my own propoſal. While therefore I admit the fact that Mr. Homer had changed his mind, I do not renounce my own hope of having been able to make him re-conſider and revoke his determination when I had known it.

Dr. Combe will pleaſe to obſerve, that while I ſupport my own veracity, I mean no offence to his; all the difficulties which ariſe from the difference of our Statements, would be ſpeedily adjuſted, if our beloved friend were living.

The Doctor leaves me entirely ignorant of the *motives* which produced this alteration in Mr. Homer's mind, and poſſibly he did not mention them to Dr. Combe. I will, however, ſtate the *only* reaſon which occurs to me, and the efficacy of which *might* have been *greater*, if Mr. Homer had lived to aſſiſt in completing the Variorum Edition. Mr. Homer, I remember, ſoon after the appearance of Mr. Burke's firſt book about the French Revolution, ſpoke of it to me in ſtrong language of diſapprobation. Later events might have increaſed that diſapprobation; and though I am confident that they would not have diverted *me* from my original purpoſe, I will not anſwer for the *degree* of effect they might have produced on the mind of Mr. Homer. I have little difficulty in deciding, what would have been his opinion upon the cauſes which have lately divided the political parties in this kingdom, and yet, I think ſo highly of his good ſenſe and his candour, as to believe that he would have diſtinguiſhed between the literary and political characters of

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the two eminent perſons, to whom I wiſhed, and perſiſt in wiſhing, the work to have been dedicated.

Large as may be the ſpace which political ſubjects occupy in my mind, ſtrong as are my attachments and averſions to political men, and warm as are my approbation and diſapprobation of political meaſures, I am not inattentive to *other*, and, perhaps, higher conſiderations. It is not my fortune to coincide in opinion with Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham upon ſome of the ſteps that have lately been taken, and ſome of the doctrines that have lately been diſſeminated in this country. But have I forgotten the indiſputable and diſtinguiſhed merits of theſe great men upon former occaſions? or, am I authoriſed to refuſe them the praiſe of upright intention in their preſent conduct? Far from it. I *yet* remember, that Mr. Windham is an acute diſputant, an accompliſhed ſcholar, a poliſhed gentleman, and a ſenator of whom I have hoped, that he would be, like Abdiel, "among the faithleſs "faithful found." In Mr. Burke, I have not loſt ſight of his ſplendid eloquence, of his numerous and celebrated writings, of knowledge ſo various and ſo comprehenſive, that imagination cannot aſſign its limits; and of genius more vigorous, more verſatile, and more elevated, than at this day can be found among the enlightened inhabitants of the Britiſh empire, and, I had almoſt ſaid, in the whole circle of the human race.

What I thought of Mr. Fox, has been elſewhere ſtated; and I continue to think the ſame with increaſed conviction. Great as may be my admiration of that man, when ſurveyed on the theatre of his talents, it falls very ſhort of the affection and the reverence which I feel, when I contemplate the nobler parts of his character in the ſanctuary of his virtues. Of him I have ſaid in a Dedication, what to the lateſt hour of my life I ſhall repeat and avow, and what I am prepared to defend amidſt the diſſolution of public parties, the fluctuations of public opinion, and the ſhocks of public events. But if a friend even of Mr. Pitt were to aſk me for a Dedication, I ſhould diſdain, from political motives, to refuſe compliance. Without offering the ſmalleſt violence to my own ſettled principles, I ſhould endeavour to gratify the warm, and, it may be, the honourable prejudices of Mr. Pitt's adherent. In the wide range of that miniſter's attainments, talents, and even meaſures, I ſhould not very long be at a loſs for topics of commendation, at once, appropriate and juſt. I ſhould ſelect thoſe topics with impartiality, I ſhould ſeize them with eagerneſs, I ſhould exhibit them with all the advantages of amplification and arrangement, with all the embelliſhments of diction, and all the ardour of panegyric, which my underſtanding and my erudition, ſuch as they are, would enable me to employ.

Quotation, p. 11.—"If Dr. Parr had not repeatedly inſiſted, that his "name might not be made uſe of, it would certainly have been incumbent "on the editor to have made the ſtrongeſt acknowledgments to him for the "very great aſſiſtance he gave in the progreſs of the firſt volume; and I "ſeize this opportunity to return him my warmeſt thanks." I accept the Doctor's thanks in the ſame ſpirit of liberality in which he returns them, and I am happy in the opportunity now afforded me, for explaining the injunction of ſecrecy about my name. I allow that I formerly ordered my name to be concealed, and I now complain, that my name was *not* concealed.

To whom was the injunction given? To Mr. Homer jointly with Dr. Combe? To Mr. Homer, who, I ſuppoſe, *did* obſerve it, jointly with Dr. Combe, who, in the Preface, *has*, and elſewhere may *not* have, obſerved it? In what ſituation were Dr. Combe and myſelf, when it was given? In a ſtate of friendſhip. But when the book was publiſhed, we were in a leſs pleaſant ſtate; and as our diſpute had ariſen in conſequence of events relat-

ing to that book, I am ſure that the delicacy of thoſe circumſtances to which I alluded in the Review, would have induced me, if I had been in Dr. C.'s ſituation, to aſk permiſſion for mentioning the name of the perſon who had aſſiſted me. I aſſure Dr. Combe too, that *after* the reports circulated about original notes of mine, ſuch permiſſion would not have been refuſed by *me*. I wiſh, that it had been aſked by *him*, and I will give him a reaſon which appears to me very plain and very ſolid. When I directed my name to be concealed, I ſuppoſed that the *whole* work would go on under my inſpection, and ſure I am, that many faults, which now appear in it, would not have appeared. But when I was permitted only to aſſiſt in a *part*, and when Dr. Combe, diſguſted with the conſequence I aſſumed (vide page 33.), had ceaſed to correſpond with me, it was hardly delicate to leave me reſponſible for that in which I was unconcerned; and my reſponſibility moſt undoubtedly commenced with the report to which I have already adverted. Whether that for which I am, and that for which I am not to anſwer, be little or much, I ſhall not enquire. But if the work had continued under my care, I ſhould have endeavoured to write a Preface more full, more perſpicuous, and more correct. I ſhould not in the Catalogue have mentioned authors that are *not* quoted, nor *omitted* works that *are* quoted. I ſhould have prepared the reader for the name of Zarotus, whoſe edition is mentioned by Geſner, and for the name of Nannius, whoſe work is ſubjoined to the Commentary of Torrentius. I ſhould have earneſtly recommended the publication of the whole work of Jaſon de Nores upon Horace De Arte Poetica, and I ſhould have occaſionally availed myſelf of the excellent commentary which Sanctius has written on that part of Horace. I ſhould not have been contented with one note, and eſpecially *ſuch* a note from Biſhop Hurd [D] on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, nor with five notes only on the Art of Poetry. I ſhould have omitted a few of the notes which are produced from Bentley in the ſecond volume, and I ſhould have ſelected many which are not produced, and of which, indeed, I have regularly made out a liſt after comparing very carefully the contents of the Variorum edition with Bentley's criticiſms, and particularly thoſe upon the Satires, and the Art of Poetry. I ſhould very much have enlarged the Prolegomena, and ſtated from what works they were taken. I ſhould have drawn up a catalogue of errata in Greek words, and have adviſed a general apology for errors in accents and breathings. I ſhould have extracted notes from ſuch works of Mr. Markland and Mr. Wakefield, as were procured, but not conſulted, while the Variorum edition was going on; and I ſhould have thrown them in the form of Addenda to the ſecond volume. All this, and more than this, I would undoubtedly have done. All this would have been juſtly expected from a man of letters. All this has not been done in the Variorum edition. The Dedication I ſhould have left nearly as it is; and to the motto I ſhould have continued to object very ſtrongly. "Well," Dr. Combe will ſay, "you "would not have been cenſured, becauſe your own name was by your own "deſire concealed." No—ſay I, it was *not* concealed; it was even proclaimed, and without any *interpoſition* on the part of Dr. Combe, I was eventually left to anſwer for imperfections which were not owing to me. Here then I have ſuſtained an injury, though I preſume not to ſay *who* was the firſt author of it. But I *do* ſay that Dr. Combe, by ſtating in the Preface the ſhare I really had in the work, might have prevented that injury, or alleviated it.

Dr. Combe, in p. 31, ſays, that when I had changed my mind, "I was "to have informed him, and not he to have enquired of me." I differ totally from Dr. Combe in *opinion*. I had conferred favours, not received them. The requiſition for my name to be declared in the Preface might have been imputed to vanity, and, perhaps, reſentment. The propoſal, if

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made by Dr. Combe, would have been an act of politeneſs and juſtice. It would have been polite under the circumſtances of our ſeparation, whether my name had been previouſly mentioned or not, and it would have been juſt, after my name *had* been mentioned. So ſettled indeed was my conviction upon this ſubject, that, when I firſt heard of the article in The Britiſh Critic about myſelf, I took it for granted, either that Dr. Combe would not have waited for my permiſſion, or that he would have applied for it. Finding him ſilent, I wrote to the conductors of The Britiſh Critic, and I ſhould have written more, if I had not expected ſome account of myſelf in the Preface to the Variorum edition. From many quarters I heard vague and extravagant accounts of the ſhare I had in the work. My ingenious neighbour, Mr. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, told me laſt winter, that in a bookſeller's ſhop the work had been mentioned to him as Dr. Parr's. Mr. Mackintoſh heard nearly the ſame ſtory in the ſhop of another bookſeller. Mr. Morley, of Hampton Lacy, in this county, was told by a very ſenſible clergyman, that the book was generally conſidered as mine. In the preſence of Mr. Beloe and Dr. Warton, Mr. Edwards of Pall Mall, ſaid to me, with great politeneſs, that he could wiſh me to have permitted my name to be prefixed to the Horace, and I gave him ſuch an anſwer as my opinion of the work ſuggeſted to me. From what *quarter* the report originated, and for what *purpoſes* it was diffuſed, I think it invidious for me to determine. Dr. Combe indeed, in p. 33, ſuppoſes that "I ſent to the conductors of The Britiſh Critic what was printed by them." It is not conſiſtent with the reſpect I owe to myſelf, to controvert the Doctor's inſinuation by argument, by appeal, or by denial. If Dr. Combe thinks me capable of ſuch meanneſs combined with ſuch profligacy, I will not attempt to ſatisfy him; if he pronounces me guilty, I will not condeſcend to refute him. But I *will* tell him, that the appearance of that article in The Britiſh Critic for the month of September could hardly be unknown to a gentleman, who, like Dr. Combe, reſides in London, and was in the way of hearing all reports, true or falſe, that concerned a work of his own which ſpeedily was to make its appearance.—I will farther tell him, that if he *did* know the article, he would have acted courteouſly in favouring me with ſome information about it; that he would have acted ingenuouſly, in preventing the public from expecting, as they muſt have been led by that article to expect, a *large* portion of original notes from me; that he would have acted delicately, in ſaving me the trouble and mortification of cruſhing that expectation; that, finding ſome things known which I once wiſhed to be unknown, and other things reported, which he muſt have ſeen to be *exaggerated*, he ſhould in his Preface have given ſuch an explanation as would have ſheltered me from *reſponſibility* for that which I did *not* do, at the *hazard* of my having a very little credit for that which I *did* do. After ſhewing his prudence by not ſtaking his own credit in an *attempt* to write *one* note, he might have ſhewn his candour in telling the public that the Variorum edition *was not enriched* by original notes of mine. They are ſo few, indeed, and ſo trifling, that I muſt have deceived the public, and diſgraced myſelf, if, finding the report uncontradicted by Dr. Combe, I had myſelf forborne to contradict it.

Let the reader ſee the ſituation in which I was placed. By a promiſe which I exacted under certain circumſtances, I was to be excluded, as for a long time I wiſhed to be excluded, from all *participation* in the credit of the Variorum edition. By ſomething which reſembles a violation of that promiſe, when the circumſtances are *changed*, I am expoſed to unlimited *blame* for the faults. Do I affirm then that Dr. Combe has violated my injunction? No. But I am thrown, and Dr. Combe *knows* me to be thrown, into the ſame ſituation, as I ſhould have been, if he *had* violated it. He obſerved the injunc-

tion in his Preface, where, by ſtating my concern in the edition, he might have protected me from undeſerved blame. When the ſecret was proclaimed in the world, he remained an unconcerned ſpectator of the conſequences which it would draw upon me, though thoſe conſequences might have been averted, if the Doctor had aſſured me, as he *yet* has not aſſured me, that my name was not mentioned by himſelf; and if he had, alſo, told his readers, as he has not yet told them, that the original notes ſupplied by me were very few indeed, and that my aſſiſtance only went to ſuch and ſuch particulars. A general acknowledgment, *after* what had happened, would have been handſome, even if a Preface of three pages had been printed a ſecond time for the purpoſe of introducing it. But a particular acknowledgment would, I think, have been more proper, when ſo many reports were abroad, and when no right direction could have been given them, unleſs he or I had interpoſed. The Doctor ſays, p. 32, that "it was not his wiſh to have my name con-"cealed, and that he does not think it was for the intereſt of the book to "have it ſo." That wiſh has been amply *gratified*, indeed, and probably they by whom my name was mentioned, were not wholly inattentive to *the intereſt of the book*. I have no motives of vanity for appearing to the world as a coadjutor in the Variorum edition. I aſſiſted in that edition from motives of friendſhip; and of the returns made to me for that friendſhip, I ſay nothing. But I *do* ſay, that my vanity, or rather, my honeſt pride would have been mortified, if the public had any longer been permitted to conſider me as a man who ſuperintended and approved of the *whole* that has appeared. To check that opinion when it had prevailed for nearly ſix weeks, I ſent an advertiſement to The Britiſh Critic, and afterwards, I, for the purpoſe of checking it yet *more*, determined to review the Variorum edition, and told ſeveral friends of that determination. Neither in this pamphlet, nor in any other form of publication, ſhall I defend in detail the critical contents of the Review. If my obſervations are ſhallow, let them be deſpiſed; if trifling, let them be diſregarded; if unjuſt, let them be confuted. But upon the ſpirit in which they were written I will ſpeak a few words. I challenge then Dr. Combe and every other reader to produce one ſevere invective. I will not deny, that harſh or ludicrous expreſſions now and then occurred to me, while I was writing the review. But I often reſiſted them, as they aroſe in my mind. I often expunged them, when they had eſcaped from my pen to the paper, and the conductors of The Britiſh Critic will bear me witneſs, that in correcting the proof-ſheets I ſtudiouſly altered every word, which had the ſlighteſt appearance of acrimony or ſcorn. I have ſtated facts—I have advanced opinions—I have given praiſe—I have expreſſed diſapprobation—but from illiberal and contumelious language I have uniformly abſtained.

I have, indeed, been told of ſome compariſons which have been made between the critique upon the Variorum edition and that upon Heyne's Virgil, 'a difference," ſays Dr. Combe to me in a letter, "that every body notices, "and enquires the reaſon." What is ſo eagerly ſought for, may be eaſily found, in the circumſtances of the works themſelves, and in the characters of the authors, whom the Reviewers were to criticiſe. The ſupreme merit of Heyne's Virgil is in *original* notes, and the characteriſtic merit of the Variorum Horace lies in the *ſelection* of notes from *other* commentators. The proper ſubject for remark in the Virgil, was the *republication* of matter which had *already* paſſed the ordeal of criticiſm, and had been ſtamped with general approbation. The proper and nearly the ſole topics for a Reviewer in the Horace were points hitherto unexamined, the propriety of the motto, the phraſeology of the Dedication, the matter and ſtyle of the Preface, the correſpondence between the catalogue of authors ſaid to be uſed, and the uſe actually made of them, the judicious or injudicious inſertion of notes,

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the conformity or want of conformity, in the Variorum text, to that of Geſner which it profeſſes to follow; the accuracy, or the want of accuracy, in quotations, which the editor, according to his own account, had traced from modern commentators to their ſources in ancient authors. Dr. Combe, the publiſher of the Variorum Horace, may, for aught I know, be a full-grown editor. But Mr. Porſon, the republiſher of Heyne's Virgil, is a giant in literature, a prodigy in intellect, a critic, whoſe mighty achievements leave imitation panting at a diſtance behind them, and whoſe ſtupendous powers ſtrike down all the reſtleſs and aſpiring ſuggeſtions of rivalry into ſilent admiration and paſſive awe. He that excels in great things, ſo as not to be himſelf excelled, ſhall readily have pardon from me, if he errs in little matters better adapted to little minds. But I ſhould expect to ſee the indignant ſhades of Bentley, Hemſterhius, and Valckenaer riſe from their grave, and reſcue their illuſtrious ſucceſſor from the graſp of his perſecutors, if any attempt were made to immolate him on the altars of dulneſs and avarice, for his ſins of omiſſion, or his ſins of commiſſion, as a corrector of the preſs. Enough, and more than enough, have I heard of his little overſights, in the hum of thoſe buſy inſpectors who peep and pry after one claſs of defects only, in the prattle of finical collectors, and the cavils of unlearned and half-learned goſſips. But I know that ſpots of this kind are loſt in the ſplendour of this great man's excellencies. I know that his character towers far above the reach of ſuch puny objectors. I think that his claims to public veneration are too vaſt to be meaſured by their ſhort and crooked rules, too maſſy to be lifted by their feeble efforts, and even too ſacred to be touched by their unhallowed hands. Be it granted, then, that the difference between the critiques is great. But I contend that the difference between the works themſelves is *more* great, and I add that the difference between the artiſts is *greater ſtill*.

Quotation, p. 11.—" I hope you will have the candour to contradict " the whole of your letter to Mr. Nares, an abſtract of which is inſerted " at the end of The Britiſh Critic for November laſt, and do honour to your " veracity by aſſuring the Public, ſo far from having given none of the " notes, as you there aſſert, that all the notes marked " Edit." are either " of your own writing, or pointed out in works you did not think neceſ- " ſary to be mentioned, and the word " Edit." was annexed at your de- " ſire; that, inſtead of juſt pointing out ſome notes for ſelection from " Bentley, &c. you carefully marked every paſſage you wiſhed to be print- " ed, and that you reviſed nearly every ſheet of the firſt volume before it " was printed off." My letter to Mr. Nares I cannot contradict, though I have had many opportunities for ſupplying omiſſions lately found in it, and for correcting one miſtake in an account that was given of it. I wrote that letter when the Variorum edition had not appeared, when I was anxious to avoid the imputation of *overrating* my own pretenſions, and when my memory could not be, in all points, exact as to the quantity of the information I had ſupplied. Dr. Combe, I fear, is eager to charge upon me original notes, not from any reſpect for my learning, nor any thankfulneſs for my ſervices, but for the purpoſe of fixing ſome imputation upon my veracity. Be this as it may, I have *now* peruſed the work carefully, and *after* that peruſal, I can and I will ſtate what was my ſhare, and in that ſhare I find nothing materially inconſiſtent with my letter to the conductors of The Britiſh Critic.

I marked the Venuſinæ Lectiones of Klotzius, Cuningam's Animadverſions, Mr. Markland's Explicationes at the end of the Supplices Mulieres, Mr. Wakefield's Obſervations [E] publiſhed in 1776, and the Animadverſions of Waddelus; and the foregoing works appear more or leſs in both volumes.

I marked

I marked all Bentley's notes which are produced in the first volume, and all the notes from Janus [F]. To Mr. Homer I pointed out at my own house two notes from Bishop Hare's Scripture Vindicated, and one from his Epistola Critica, all of which are inserted in the first volume of the Var. Edit. and I informed him of another conjecture in the same Epistle, which is not inserted in the second volume. I lent also to Mr. Homer the second volume of Hare's works, and Pulman's Annotations, [G] which he soon returned to me. I desired him to write out Taylor's observation upon *semper udum* in Ode 29th of the 3d Book, and I told him of a conjectural reading upon *Caupo*, Sat. 1st, Lib. 1st, and a judicious interpretation of the word Eros in the work De Arte Poëtica, both of which he might find in Taylor's [H] Elements of Civil Law, and neither of which Dr. Combe has produced in the parts of the Variorum edition conducted by himself alone. I desired Mr. Homer to make a reference from *Juvat*, Od. 1st, Book the 1st; to Bentley's note on *Videar*, or *Videor*, Sat. 2d, B. 2d; and I am sorry that, *after* such a reference, the note *itself* is not brought forward by Dr. C. in the second volume. I shewed Mr. Homer a note upon the same word *Juvat* from L. Bos. I gave him a reference to the Adventurer, upon *Alite* in Od. 6th, Lib. 1st, a reference to Gray's works upon *Mobilibus Rivis*, Od. 7th, Lib. 1st, which by a little mistake is subjoined to the word *Anio*; a note from Schrader on the word *Undique* in the same Ode, and from Schrader I gave nothing more for the first volume, because his noble emendation of *Pontus*, which he substitutes for *Pœnus*, is noticed by Janus, as may be seen, p. 162, vol. the 1st, of the Var. Edit. But I reserved another emendation from Schrader for the second volume, and have since produced it in The British Critic. Mr. Homer had a reference from me to Toup's note on Longinus, and his Curæ Posteriores ad Theocritum upon the word *Jecur*. I desired him to insert a note from Barnes's Homer, upon Ode the 2d, line the 1st. B. 1st. I told him, also, of Bentley's conjecture upon ver. 121. of Sat. 2d, Lib. 1st, and though I could have referred him to the learned Dr. Foster's work upon Accents, and to the Preface and third book of Cephalas's Anthologia, published at Oxford, yet I had my reasons for desiring him to speak only of Warton's Essay upon Pope; and as the Var. Edit. exhibits the very reference which I recommended to Mr. Homer only, I am inclined to think that he had recorded it either on the margin of his Horace, or some loose paper; for, of my detached communications to Mr. Homer, this seems the only one, in the second volume of the Var. Edit. Again, I communicated to Mr. Homer, or to Dr. Combe, or both, the reading of Donatus, "*Exin Tar-*" "*quinium*," for *Tarquinii Corpus*, in a line of Ennius. I marked for Dr. Combe Bentley's notes on the Epodes, and the Carmen Seculare, and I revised the proof-sheets. I cleared up two references to Greek passages about which the Doctor was perplexed, and I gave him some advice about using Lambin's notes, and especially those which tended to the illustration of Græcisms. Never did I feel greater astonishment, than I lately felt, upon seeing in the Epodes the name of Bowyer for the name of Markland; and sure I am, that if Dr. Combe has preserved *all* my letters, and *all* my corrections, he will find this mistake noticed in them somewhere or other. To the learned Mr. Bowyer's miscellaneous works I am indebted for much entertainment and much instruction. But I never heard of any observations made by him upon Horace.

With the notes from Lambin I am no farther concerned than as having advised a frequent use of them to both the editors, and as having particularly insisted upon their utility (as I said just now) in illustrating the Græcisms that occur in Horace. With the notes quoted from Sanadon, Desprez, Bond, Muretus, Rutgersius, and Pulman, in the first volume,—

with thoſe of Bentley, Nannius, Jaſon de Nores, and Biſhop Hurd, that appear in the ſecond volume, with thoſe of Torrentius, Zeunius, Cruquius, Baxter and Geſner, inſerted in both volumes, I have no concern at all, beyond general recommendation of many of the works juſt now enumerated. The merit of quoting Linnæus in both volumes belongs ſolely to Dr. Combe.

The reader may now ſee what aſſiſtance I gave in the different notes ſelected from different writers for the Variorum Edition of Horace, and it is only by frequent and careful peruſal that I have been able to ſtate what my ſhare was, and what it was not. This account includes what I carefully marked in ſome works, and pointed out in other works, *every one of which I thought neceſſary to be mentioned*, every one of which *has* been mentioned, and to ſome of which the name of "Editor" was, by my deſire, annexed. Dr. Combe indeed (p. 11.) ſays that "*all* the notes marked "Edit." were written by me or pointed out by me." Upon this aſſertion I am compelled to take the liberty of remarking, that Dr. Combe is miſtaken, even about the contents of *his own* work, for, if he will be ſo good as to look into the 338th page of vol. the 1ſt, he will find two notes ſigned "Edit." to *neither* of which I have any claim whatſoever. One of them contains the poſition of the Ionics a minori in the 12th Ode, Book the 3d, from the firſt Aldine edition, and the other gives a different repreſentation of the ſame verſes from the Editio Princeps in the king's library. I never conſulted either of thoſe editions, and I ſuppoſe the two notes ſigned "Edit." to have proceeded from Mr. Homer, with whom *alone* I held, or ſhould have thought it proper to hold, ſeveral converſations about the meaſure of that Ode.

We come now to a claſs of notes, ſome of which, by fair, and others only by a perverſe conſtruction, are to be called my own. In that part of my letter to Dr. Combe which is printed in p. 17 of his pamphlet, I ſaid "that none of the notes to which the name of "Edit." had been with my requeſt affixed, were original." But I beg leave to retract now, as in a private letter to Dr. Combe I have *before* retracted this aſſertion, and I deſire the reader to bear in mind, that it was made when I was writing in great haſte, *without* any books, and from mere memory. For this error I ſhall readily be excuſed, when I ſtate that the notes, properly my own, are *only* two in number, that in ſituation they are very remote from the parts I was moſt likely to remember, and that they are ſo very inſignificant as to have made no very deep impreſſion upon my mind. Here they are:—On the word *Deteſtata*, Ode the 1ſt, Lib. 1ſt, I gave the matter, and Mr. Homer the latinity, to the following note: "*Deteſtata*. Participium verbi deponentis paſſive ſumptum. Vid. Epod. the 16th. lin. 8. "Edit." The ſecond occurs in vol. 1ſt. p. 9. of the Var. edit. and every body may ſee at a glance, that it might have been written in a leſs exceptionable form. *Egit viſere*. Infinitivus poſt verba quæ ad motum pertinent, ſæpius apud poetas occurrit. Ovid. in Penelop. ad Ulyſſ. v. 37. Te quærere miſſo. V. Virgil, Æn. i. v. 532 "Edit." Theſe and theſe only are my original notes. Both of them are trifling, and within the reach of many a ſchool-boy, and yet for writing theſe I have been repreſented "as enriching the Var. edit. with original notes." Now at the beginning of the work I was not wholly without thoughts of communicating now and then an original note. But I very ſoon changed my mind, and to my ſecond determination I adhered from p. 9th of the 1ſt vol. till the end of it; and as ſeveral years had elapſed ſince theſe few lines at the beginning of the 1ſt volume had been ſeen by me, in plain truth, I forgot them. But how then did it happen that while I turned over the notes, they eſcaped my eye? I anſwer, Juſt in the ſame manner as the note from Schrader upon *Indeque*, the reference to Toup upon *Jecur*, and the quotation from Donatus upon a reading

reading in Ennius, had, alſo, for a *long* time eſcaped me. I read the notes at different times, for different *purpoſes*. I did not every time read every note, and thoſe to which the word "Edit." was ſigned, had the leaſt ſhare of my attention, while I was examining what had been done, or not done, with the notes of Bentley, Markland, Wakefield, &c. *Hence* I had totally forgotten the two notes in queſtion, when I wrote in London to Dr. Combe. I did not find them till my return to Hatton, in February, and upon finding them, I gave notice of the *important* diſcovery to Dr. Combe, who told me with ſomething more of ſmartneſs than candour, "that there was little merit in my informing him of what he knew before." From the Doctor's anſwer it might be inferred that he was better acquainted with my notes, few and frivolous as they are, than with the numerous and valuable obſervations of *other* writers whoſe names adorn the Var. Edit. The Doctor, in his letter to me, makes a ſhort and general diſtinction between notes which I, myſelf, had written, and thoſe which I had "*pointed out* in works" I did *not* think neceſſary to mention—and he ſays that the "word Editor was annexed to them at my deſire." Now I have already proved, that not *all* the notes marked "Edit." were of this deſcription, becauſe two of them were written by Mr. Homer: and I am now under the neceſſity of ſhewing that Dr. Combe has fallen into *another* miſtake about the contents of his own book, for, of the notes which I pointed out to Mr. Homer, and to which I deſired him to ſubjoin the word *Edit.* the names of the works *are* mentioned in *all*, I believe, except one; and as I did not know any work in which *that* one occurred, I certainly could not adviſe Mr. H. to ſay any thing about that of which I was myſelf wholly ignorant. If the Doctor will look into the Var. Edit. he will find Schrader's Emendations, Hare's Scripture Vindicated, Toup's Notes upon Longinus, Gray's Works, Warton's Eſſay upon Pope, and in The Adventurer, a few other works, mentioned in the very notes about which Dr. Combe tells the very perſon, who ſupplied them, that "in *his* opinion "it was *not* neceſſary to mention the works whence they were taken." When I wrote to Dr. Combe in London, I did not endeavour to rectify *this* part of his ſtatement, becauſe I had really forgotten, whether or no I had thought it unneceſſary to ſpecify the works from which the notes in queſtion were derived. But upon directing my attention to the evidence ſupplied by the Var. Edit. after I had left London, I found out Dr. Combe's inattention to the addition of authors' names to the notes ſigned Edit. and my own miſtake about the two original notes.

The Doctor thinks "that I ought to do honour to my veracity, by con-"tradicting the whole of my letter to Mr. Nares." But it ſo happens, that, upon examining the letter itſelf, I find myſelf obliged to ſupport what I wrote in it, and, at the ſame time, to correct an error into which the conductors of The Britiſh Critic have fallen. In London, I did not recollect the preciſe words I had uſed to them. But they have obligingly favoured me with the original, which now lies before me, and by the aid of which I ſhall clear up ſeveral matters about which the Doctor has been pleaſed to arraign my *veracity*. The Doctor makes a diſtinction between *pointing* out notes, and *marking* them. Well then, I will give the Doctor my own repreſentation in my own words. "I took the trouble of marking ſome "notes in Bentley, in Cuningam, in the Venuſinæ Lectiones of Klotzius, "and in the edition of Horace by Janus. I pointed out a few ſtraggling "obſervations in other critics. I now and then gave ſome opinions on "Latin orthography. I often looked over the proof-ſheets. I promiſed "to write a Dedication to Mr. Windham and Mr. Burke, and to correct "the Preface when it ſhould be prepared." In theſe words, the Doctor may ſee that *I* diſtinguiſh, no leſs than himſelf, between *marking* and *pointing* out

out notes, and he will alſo ſee, as I have done, that the enumeration [I] of authors marked is incomplete, for the names of Wakefield, Markland, and Waddelus ought to have been added; and *theſe* are the omiſſions which I am enabled to ſupply, by comparing my books with my letter to the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic. At the time in which that letter was written, I ſpoke from memory upon ſubjects that, for nearly two years, had been diſmiſſed from my mind, and I was afraid to uſe any expreſſion which might wear the appearance of claiming *too much*. But I had no deſign whatſoever of ſuppreſſion or miſrepreſentation; and for this Dr. Combe will not wholly refuſe me credit, when I tell him, that I gave the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic leave to publiſh the whole or any part of my letter. Thus much I have to ſay of the account I ſent to thoſe gentlemen, of the notes which are *not* my own.

I will now proceed to ſpeak of the account I gave of the notes which *are* my own. In page the 1ſt, I ſaid, "I was aſked by the Editors, but refuſed to give any notes of my own." Upon farther recollection, I think this not ſufficiently exact, for I at firſt *offered* to give ſome new notes, meaning, I dare ſay, original notes by myſelf, as well as notes which had not appeared in other editions. After that offer, I gave two notes of my own; and when Mr. H. ſpoke to me about more, I then indeed told him of my ſubſequent determination to give no more, and he was contented with my promiſing to collect ſome obſervations, which, ſo far as I knew, had not been uſed by preceding Editors of Horace. This promiſe I performed; and if Mr. Homer had lived, many more proofs of my readineſs to perform it would have been ſeen in the ſecond volume, which required a larger ſhare of illuſtration.

The point which, beyond all others, occupied my mind when I wrote, upon November 9, 1793, to the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic, was the article, in which it had been ſaid, that the Variorum Edition would be "*enriched* by notes by me," and to ſet this matter right was the main object of my letter to Mr. Nares. Accordingly, at the bottom of page the 2d, I uſed theſe words, "Perhaps, ſir, you would chooſe this form: We are "authoriſed by Dr. Parr to inform our readers that the edition in quarto of "Horace, which we announced in No. 3 of the Britiſh Critic, does not "contain any notes written by himſelf." Such was the impreſſion upon my mind, when I propoſed that form; and it is evident that I was not, *at the moment*, very anxious to have any thing ſaid about the notes which I had *marked*, but that my attention was *chiefly* directed to thoſe which I was ſaid to have *given*. Be it ſo. But Dr. Combe will ſay that I repreſent myſelf as giving none, when, by my own ſubſequent confeſſion, I had given a few. The Doctor is right, and *now* he will ſee that even *in writing to Mr. Nares*, *I* was myſelf *not* wrong; for, *immediately after putting the foregoing ſentence to paper*, I had ſome doubts, and wrote in a poſtſcript the following words: "*I am not quite ſure but that on one or two paſſages I gave a ſlight opinion to Mr. Homer, but I forget what they were.*" Now if the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic had fortunately publiſhed this qualification, there would have been no room for controverſy between Dr. C. and myſelf about original notes. But their minds, I ſuppoſe, were ſtrongly impreſſed by the preceding paſſage, where I ſtated generally, that no ſuch notes were written by me, and I can hardly blame them for overlooking a reſtriction, which, in ſo ſhort a time, had ſlipped from *my own* memory, and which did not occur to me *again*, till I had left London in February laſt. *If* I had recollected it while I was writing to Dr. C. in London, I ſhould have *availed myſelf of it* immediately, and avoided the miſtake of which I was guilty, when I told Dr. C. (ſee page 17) "that not one of the notes to which the name of Editor had been affixed was an original one." If the Doctor had carefully ſe-

parated thoſe which are *really* original from thoſe which are not ſo, when he was writing to me about the notes ſigned "Edit." he would have done me a favour by producing them. But I had no right to aſk ſuch a favour, and therefore I afterwards did for myſelf, when I returned to the book, all that could be done. I made a liſt of the notes ſigned "Edit." and as ſoon as I found the two which are really my own, I *acknowledged* them to be ſo in my late correſpondence with Dr. Combe, and with the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic. I am exceedingly ſorry to find myſelf under the neceſſity of entering into ſo minute a detail upon a ſubject, which would have been very nugatory, if my *veracity* had not been impeached. I muſt now ſpeak of two other notes which Dr. Combe may, if he pleaſes, call *new*, but which I ſhould have ſome heſitation in calling *original*. In p. 9. vol. the 1ſt, of the Variorum Edition are theſe words: "*Grave*.—Legit cel. Wakefield, *grave* poſt gentes, pro *graviter*, ſed male. Edit." I had ſent Mr. Homer, Wakefield's interpretation of *grave*, and his change of the punctuation. I told him of my objections to both, and I recommended the form in which Mr. Wakefield's opinions and my diſſent from them are exhibited together. In page 147 of the Variorum Edition are the following words on the fourth line of Od. 37. Lib. 1. "Forte punctum ponendum eſt poſt *tempus*, et *erat* cum *nefas* conjungendum. Edit." Now in p. 19 of Dr. Combe's pamphlet I ſay of this tranſpoſition, that "it had been mentioned to me in converſation, "that for aught I know it may be in ſome book, that I remembered but "did not invent it, and that the perſon from whom I heard it did not him-"ſelf pretend to invention." Theſe declarations were ſufficient to exclude me from all merit, except that of memory. But as I was not ſatisfied with the propoſed punctuation, I deſired Mr. Homer to put the qualifying term, "forte," and now I will give the reaſons of my doubt. If the punctuation be admitted, *Saliaribus* will be disjoined from *dapibus*, and left without a ſubſtantive; we read *Saliaria ſacra*, *ſaliares epulæ*, *ſaliares coenæ*, but I do not remember the word uſed elliptically—we read alſo of *Cerealia*, *Floralia*, *Bacchanalia*, where *feſta* is underſtood. But *Saliaria* belongs to a different claſs of words. The ſtanza in Horace ever has been obſcure to me; the propoſed change of punctuation, while it removes one difficulty, introduces another; and if it ſhould pleaſe ſome of my readers more than it pleaſes me, *ſtill*, I have no claim to the praiſe of having propoſed it. When I conſider the minuteneſs of the foregoing detail about notes which were or were not my own, I am again obliged to confeſs the ſorrow I feel for wearying my reader. But the ſituation in which I am placed obliges me to ſtate the *whole* truth, *ſo far* as I have *gradually* been able to recollect it; and after finiſhing that ſtatement, I cannot help again expreſſing my concern that Dr. Combe, by his ſilence, *after* the appearance of the Britiſh Critic for September, ſhould permit the public to *expect* either numerous or important notes *originally* written by me, when thoſe which I *really* furniſhed, amounted only to TWO, and theſe two were ſo very unimportant. I have an equal contempt for braggart pretenſion and falſe humility, and therefore I hope to be excuſed when I ſay that, if I had been diſpoſed to publiſh original notes upon Horace, I am not wholly without the power of writing more and better obſervations than thoſe which I gave to Mr. Homer, and to which I ſhould not have been under the mortifying neceſſity of ſetting up my claim, if that worthy and learned man had been now living, or if the purchaſers of the Variorum Edition had not been ſuffered to expect from me ſuch information as I have not even attempted to furniſh. I have not preſumed to ſay that Dr. Combe ſaw the article which alarmed me in the Britiſh Critic of September, and which came to my ears nearly three weeks after it had been publiſhed. But I have ſtated it as *probable* that he did ſee that article, and at the ſame

time

time I ſhould very readily believe him, if he were to ſay that he had not ſeen nor heard of it before I had contradicted it.

Quotation, p. 12.—" You ſeparate " mecum hancce operam inceperat" " from what it is immediately connected with, on purpoſe to add " The " Doctor's brief and cold expreſſion, is. I meant that " conſiliorum " omnium ſocietate mecum nuper conjunctiſſime" ſhould have conveyed a " great deal." I inſerted in different parts of the Review the expreſſions which I found in different paragraphs of the Preface. The firſt expreſſion evidently, but generally, relates to the ſhare Mr. Homer had in beginning the work with Dr. Combe, and contained leſs than in my opinion ought to have been ſaid. *How* much the Doctor meant to convey by the ſecond expreſſion I cannot preciſely determine, though I readily allow, on the evidence of his letter, that he " *meant* to convey a *great deal*;" and whatſoever *is* conveyed by it, appears, I think, in the Britiſh Critic, where the whole character of Mr. Homer is produced, and, as to the *matter*, the whole is approved. The readers of the Britiſh Critic muſt know, that Mr. Homer was *conſiliorum omnium ſocietate nuper conjunctiſſimus* with Dr. Combe, and by the word *nuper* they will underſtand, that Mr. Homer was concerned in the Horace; but they will alſo underſtand ſomething more, unleſs the Doctor meant that *conſilia omnia* muſt be confined to the Horace; and if this *was* his meaning, he ſurely would have written *more* perſpicuouſly, by adding *in edendo Horatio*, or words of a ſimilar import. If I had foreſeen the *poſſibility* of miſconception in the mind of any reader, or of the ſlighteſt injuſtice being eventually done to Dr. Combe, I ſhould have ſtated, that the general character of Mr. Homer *immediately follows* the ſentence in which the words *mecum hancce operam inceperat* are found. I am really concerned for the uneaſineſs which Dr. Combe has felt from this ſeparation. But I meant no wrong to him; and if wrong has been done, I will now make my apology for having been (though involuntarily) the cauſe of it.

The Doctor, in the ſame page, and immediately after the foregoing quotation, proceeds thus: " It was my wiſh that the whole might be as warm " as poſſible; and that it might expreſs the high opinion I ever had of his " merits, the regard I had for his friendſhip, and the veneration, almoſt to " enthuſiaſm, I would pay to his memory, now he is no more; and I " would do every thing within the compaſs of my abilities and fortune, to " do honour to his name, or perpetuate his virtues. Could my language do " juſtice to my emotions, which the recollection of poor Homer calls forth, " I am ſure the tribute would be neither brief nor cold: I would deſcribe " in ſuch language the very high ideas he had of honour—friendſhip—truth. " That it ſhould be worthy a place at Hatton, where Dr. Parr might con- " template and learn what theſe virtues really are." From the colliſion of Dr. Combe's friendſhip for Mr. Homer with his anger againſt me, the Doctor, in the foregoing ſentence, has diſplayed to advantage the vigour of his eloquence, the ſeverity of his ſarcaſms, and the purity of his morals. I thank him for the compliment which he has beſtowed upon my ſtyle, though at the expence of my integrity. I admit the ſincerity of " the veneration " almoſt to enthuſiaſm he would *pay* to the memory of Mr. Homer." I am ſure, from the ſpecimen I have ſeen in the Preface to Horace, that his *general* tribute of commendation to the memory of a departed friend would be neither brief nor cold. I admire the Doctor's proficiency " in honour, friendſhip, and truth." I ſhall read with pleaſure his deſcription of the " very high " ideas which Mr. Homer," to *my* knowledge as well as the Doctor's, " en- " tertained of theſe virtues;" and whenſoever I am conſcious of wanting inſtruction for myſelf, I can be at no loſs to find ſuch an inſtructor as will be ready to correct the obliquities of my judgment, to purify the unſoundneſs

of my principles, and to mitigate the obduracy of my temper. The Doctor, no doubt, will mingle ſage advice with ſevere reproof. The ſolidity of his matter will amply atone for the imperfections of his language, and his ſalutary precepts will borrow additional force from his reſpectable example. But in the moral, as well as in the natural world, they who "are whole "need not a phyſician;" and the Doctor, I am ſure, is too generous to haraſs his patients with falſe alarms, for the ſake of ſhewing his ſkill in the diſcernment of equivocal prognoſtics, or the adminiſtration of rough prophylactics. At preſent I do not perceive in myſelf ſuch ſymptoms of diſeaſe, as make it neceſſary for me to call in any aid from this very able and zealous reſtorer of [K] moral conſtitutions.

Quotation, p. 13, from Dr. Parr's letter to Dr. Combe: "I *have* the ho-"nour of your letter, while a learned gentleman concerned in the Britiſh "Critic *was* with me." The Doctor, I perceive, has not only ſagaciouſly diſcovered, but obligingly marked, [L] the inaccuracy of which I was guilty in uſing the words *have* and *was*. I received the Doctor's letter when it was duſk. I dictated the firſt part of my anſwer in haſte. I ſhould have taken more care both as to the matter and the ſtyle, if I had *expected* to ſee that anſwer *in print*; and whether the impropriety flowed from the pen of my amanuenſis, or, what is far more probable, from my own lips, and afterwards eſcaped my eye, neither of us can feel the ſmalleſt degree of anxiety to extenuate it. Of my amanuenſis I can ſay with confidence, that he underſtands the Engliſh language as critically, and writes it as elegantly, as Dr. Combe. Upon the Doctor I will not myſelf retaliate, by faſtening the fangs of criticiſm upon two or three paſſages in his pamphlet, which, according to my views of our vernacular tongue, are not altogether correct.

In my anſwer to the Doctor, I wrote thus (ſee pages 13 and 14): "I "never ſuppoſed nor ſaid that the plan was committed to writing; but I "know that Mr. Homer had more clear and diſtinct views, than I conceived "it poſſible for you to have, of what an editor ought to do." I will preſently give my reaſons for uſing ſuch plain words in a *private letter*. But before I do ſo, I will produce the Doctor's note upon them, and ſubjoin a few remarks. "They," ſays Dr. C. "who are acquainted with the "Doctor's contemptuous mode of ſpeaking about and treating other people, "will not be ſurpriſed at theſe and other expreſſions of the ſame nature." Now, if the Doctor will do me the favour of attending to thoſe paſſages in my publications, where I have *expreſſed* contempt, he will find them far *more* pointed than the ſentence which gave him ſo much offence; and ſurely if he remembers my habits in converſation, he will hardly ſay that I have treated him with the *ſame* ſeverity, which, in his hearing, I have often ſhewn towards other perſons for whom I really *feel* contempt. It is not very pleaſant for me to expatiate upon any faults which have been imputed to me in *general* terms by an incenſed aſſailant, and of which I do not think myſelf guilty in the general tenor of my life.—Yet, I muſt take the liberty of ſaying, that I am more addicted to anger than to contempt. True it is, that my conceptions of men and things are vivid, and that my language about them is ſeldom feeble. But if my cenſures are ſevere, I hope that my commendations are *more frequent, and not leſs forcible*. I am ſure, too, that I have much oftener had reaſon to repent of my precipitation in praiſe, than of my injuſtice in reproach.—Againſt the babble of conceited ſciolifts, againſt the claims of ſaucy pretenders, againſt the deciſions of pompous, officious, and cenſorious dogmatiſts, I *do* indulge contempt. But if Dr. Combe will vouchſafe to learn from me the art of diſcrimination, he will, in ſpeaking of my habits, diſtinguiſh between the language of contempt,—and the language of diſſent,—of diſapprobation,—of rooted averſion,—of ſtrong indignation.

indignation.—In regard to the words which diſpleaſe Dr. Combe, I intended to convey, very undiſguiſedly, my opinion about Mr. Homer and himſelf; and if the manner of conveying it is inconſiſtent with the reſpect really due to him, I have to lament that I expreſſed what I thought true, in terms which the Doctor has a right to think uncivil. But he will be pleaſed to remember, that while I was anſwering a letter, the concluſion of which imputed to me a *diſregard to honour, friendſhip and truth*, I was not very likely to reject any *ſtrong* term which contained my *real* opinion.

I ſhall now unfold *at large* the reaſons which induced me to give Mr. Homer credit for "having more clear and diſtinct views than what I conceived it poſſible for Dr. Combe to have of what an editor ought to do." Mr. Homer received the greater part of his education at Rugby ſchool, under the care of Mr. Burrows. He went thither, as I learn from a letter written to me by his father, at the age of ſeven. "He continued there "ſeven years, and became the head-boy of about ſixty." He "afterwards "went to Birmingham ſchool, where he remained three years more, under "the Rev. Mr. Brailsford."

The celebrity of Rugby ſchool was, in the time of Mr. Burrows, not ſo great, nor the plan of education purſued in it ſo elegant and comprehenſive, as we have ſeen them under the auſpices of the preſent very learned maſter, to whoſe memory, at ſome future period (and for the ſake of our youth, may it be a diſtant one!), the inhabitants of this and many neighbouring counties would do well to erect a public monument, recording his eminent merits, and their own well-founded gratitude. Yet Mr. Burrows poſſeſſed, as I am told, a very ſound underſtanding, and a very reſpectable ſhare of erudition; and the progreſs which Mr. Homer made under him was ſuch as did no diſcredit to the abilities of the teacher, or the diligence of the ſcholar. Of Mr. Brailsford's talents as an inſtructor, I cannot ſpeak with preciſion, though I am warranted in ſaying, that the preſent maſter, Mr. Price, who perhaps ſucceeded him at Birmingham, is a man of a very refined taſte, and of learning more than common. But as Mr. Homer had been the "firſt of ſixty boys," before he went to Birmingham ſchool, and as he ſtaid there three years, we may preſume that he was for that time employed in reading ſome of the beſt claſſical authors. In November 1768, Mr. Homer was admitted of Emanuel College, Cambridge, under Dr. Farmer, and in that college I ſaw him at a very early period of his academical life. The pleaſantry and good ſenſe diffuſed through his converſation, the fairneſs of his character, and perhaps the ſingularity of his name, attracted my attention, and produced an acquaintance which ſoon grew into friendſhip. I will hazard the imputation of arrogance, for ſaying that new incitements were given to his induſtry, and new proſpects opened to his curioſity, by my well-meant advice. Mr. Homer proceeded regularly to his Bachelor's degree in 1773, to his Maſter's in 1776, and to his Bachelor's in Divinity in 1783. He was elected Fellow of Emanuel College in 1778. He had lived in Warwickſhire about three years before he became Fellow, and returned to the Univerſity ſoon after his election. He then reſided much at Cambridge, where his mind was neither diſſipated by pleaſure, nor relaxed by idleneſs. He frequently viſited the public library, and was well acquainted with the hiſtory or contents of many curious books which are noticed only by ſcholars. Of the Greek language he was by no means ignorant, though he did not profeſs to be critically ſkilled in it. He had read many of the Latin claſſical authors. *He* was not accuſtomed to make falſe quantities. About orthography he was very exact. He was not a ſtranger to many niceties in the ſtructure of the Latin tongue. He had turned his attention to ſeveral philological books of great utility and high

reputation. He was well verſed in the notes ſubjoined to ſome of the beſt editions of various authors; and of his general erudition the reader will form no unfavourable opinion, after looking at a catalogue [M] of the works in which he was engaged. About Horace he had a fair ſtock of common knowledge long before he thought of becoming an editor; and as I was well acquainted with his activity, his good ſenſe, and his learning, I looked upon him as a very fit perſon for undertaking the taſk of publiſhing the Variorum Edition. With Mr. Homer I converſed much, and correſponded often about the work, which has lately appeared. He was perſpicuous, and exact in ſtating his own queſtions; and in apprehending my anſwers, he was both ready and correct. He neither diſſembled difficulties from vanity, nor ſlurred them over from lazineſs. He knew how to adapt docility and firmneſs to different occaſions. His friends he never teaſed by impotent cavils and futile enquiries. He never attempted to ſhew off his own powers in that frivolous jargon, or that oracular ſolemnity which I have now and then obſerved in perſons who prated yeſterday, as they prate to-day, and will prate again to-morrow, about ſubjects which they do not underſtand. Such is my opinion of Mr. Henry Homer. "He, to my knowledge, *had* fed on the "dainties that are bred in a book. He had eaten paper, as it were, and "drunk ink. *His* intellect *was* repleniſhed."

With Dr. Combe I was for ſome years a ſchool-fellow at Harrow, and I remained there after him. When I reflect upon the ſtate of learning in that ſchool while Dr. C. continued in it, upon the bad health of a maſter whom I have reaſon to love and revere as a father, upon the ſituation which Dr. Combe had reached, upon the books which he did *not* read at all, upon the manner in which other books *were* read by him, and for a time by myſelf, and upon the progreſs which he had made in taſte, in criticiſm, and in compoſition, both proſe and verſe, when he went away, I think great credit is due to him for the pains he muſt have ſince taken to improve himſelf. But the Doctor did not proſecute at any Univerſity thoſe claſſical ſtudies which he had no opportunity for carrying to any conſiderable extent, even while he was at ſchool. In London he was engaged in an honourable profeſſion with his worthy father, and much of his time muſt have been devoted to the various branches of knowledge which his profeſſion required, and which I believe Dr. Combe to have cultivated with great ſucceſs. To me he has always appeared a man endowed with a very good ſhare of natural underſtanding. His ſkill in medals is, I am told, both as to extent and accuracy, nearly unrivalled, and his information upon ſubjects of natural philoſophy has been repreſented to me as highly reſpectable. But of his talent for diſcriminating the beauties of Greek and Roman writers, of his philological ſtudies, of his metrical learning, of his acquaintance with the comparative merits of editions, and the characteriſtic excellence of editors, I never had reaſon to entertain ſo favourable an opinion, as that which I entertained of Mr. Homer. Even at this very moment, I am unable to affirm or to deny that Dr. Combe can ſcan one Lyric ſtanza, unravel one complicated ſentence, diſtinguiſh one inſtance of the *curioſa felicitas* aſcribed to Horace by Petronius, decide upon one controverted point of criticiſm, or explain, from perſonal and previous examination, in what reſpects, and to what degree one commentator is preferable to another. Why, then, did I encourage Dr. Combe to be an aſſiſtant to Mr. Homer in the Variorum Edition? Really I conceived that I was doing Mr. Homer ſervice, and Dr. Combe no injury, when I wiſhed the latter to be a partner both in the expence and in the trouble. I thought the Doctor well qualified to conſult manuſcripts in the Britiſh muſeum, to which he had eaſy acceſs from his acquaintance with the very reſpectable curators. I conſidered him as a man of an accurate eye for correcting

recting the preſs, ſo far as Latin might be concerned; and though I could not have much confided in his choice of notes, yet, as Mr. Homer acted with him, and as I was myſelf generally permitted to ſuperintend what was done, I looked upon him even in this reſpect as an uſeful auxiliary. *If* the Doctor was deeply read in the commentators of Horace, before he took his ſhare in the Variorum Editions—if his mind was previouſly furniſhed with thoſe principles, which might enable him to determine, not only what paſſages moſt required illuſtration, but what commentators were moſt likely to ſupply it; to feel the peculiarities of Horace's diction, and to ſelect the notes in which they are moſt happily unfolded; to enter fully into the arguments of contending critics, and to place them in ſuch a form as might aſſiſt the reader in deciding upon them: if Dr. Combe, I ſay, had this intellectual apparatus for the duties of an editor, it is my misfortune, not my fault, that I never diſcovered his qualifications.—The Doctor has compelled me to ſtate my opinions, not merely by direct oppoſition, but by implied defiance—not merely by giving his readers to underſtand that I am miſtaken about him, but by charging me with a ſpirit of unwarrantable contempt, when I was telling what appeared to me truth, to a private correſpondent. Thoſe opinions, whether erroneous or not, are ſincere. They were formed after a pretty long acquaintance with both parties; and when I encouraged them to engage in the Horace, I was conſcious of no prejudice which could miſlead me in judging of their comparative attainments. How far that judgment is proved to be wrong by that part of the Variorum Edition which was not conducted by Mr. Homer, and whether in point of fact the ſurviving editor accepted now and then a little aid from a gentleman, whoſe learning I may be allowed to commend, though I mention not his name, are points on which I do not think myſelf obliged at this time to expreſs any general opinion. But the Doctor will excuſe me for reminding him, that according to his own account of his own views (ſee p. 6.), the propoſal of a new edition of Horace was "firſt mentioned by *him*, not with "an idea of having any thing to do with it himſelf, but merely as a pro-"per thing for Homer." He will farther recollect, that the propoſal for Dr. Combe to join Mr. Homer was made, not by *me*, but by *Mr. Homer*. I indeed immediately promiſed to give aſſiſtance, and much aſſiſtance I have given, and more too I would have given, if Dr. Combe had not ſeparated from me for reaſons which appeared to him weighty.

The Doctor may now ſee upon what grounds I wiſhed, and to what extent I at firſt expected him to co-operate with Mr. Homer. All that he may have done beyond my expectations, ſerves only to juſtify my wiſhes; and I have no difficulty in believing, that, during the progreſs of the work, he became ſomewhat more qualified for his editorial office, than he might have been at the beginning. Let me, however, be pardoned for confeſſing, that I ſhould have felt no doubt upon the ſcore of Mr. Homer's abilities, if, from the very *commencement* of the buſineſs, *he* had ſtood forth as the *ſole* Editor.

It is pleaſant for me to obſerve, that, in the courſe of Dr. Combe's ſtatement and my remarks, many facts will be brought forward which do honour to Mr. Homer. "Bona autem," ſays the Latin Tranſlator of Heſiod, "hæc contentio hominibus;" and ſurely the Doctor, who complains of me for perverſely ſeparating ideas which he had himſelf not very cloſely joined—he that "meant to convey a great deal" by a general expreſſion upon a ſubject where I ſhould myſelf have been diſpoſed to employ language more full, definite, and ſpecific—he that "wiſhed the whole of his panegyric to be as "warm as poſſible, in order to expreſs the high opinion he ever had of Mr. "Homer's merits, the regard he had for his friendſhip, and the veneration

"almoſt

" almoſt to enthuſiaſm he would pay to his memory now he is no more." *Such* a ſteady friend, ſuch a vigilant advocate, ſuch an ardent panegyriſt muſt be ſuperior to the ſecret corroſions of envy, and will not ſuppoſe himſelf debaſed becauſe Mr. Homer is exalted. If, however, he ſhould be tempted to ſay that my *motive* for exalting Mr. Homer is to debaſe him, Nemeſis may ſtep to the door and proclaim, that ſome part of Dr. Combe's zeal in defending Mr. Homer, aroſe from his eagerneſs to cenſure me, and that, in chanting the praiſes of his deceaſed friend, he now and then heard an imperfect echo, which ſounded like his own. But I wiſh to keep all ſuch invidious conſtructions at a diſtance. The Doctor and I had a great, and perhaps an equal regard for Mr. Homer, and neither of us can have a right to arraign the ſincerity of the other in expreſſing it [N].

As the merits of Mr. Homer ſtand at this moment in full view before my mind, I will venture to digreſs a little from Dr. Combe's pamphlet, and turn my attention towards ſome points in Mr. Homer's conduct, which have ever fixed him in my eſteem, and which, in the judgment of all good men, will do honour to his independence and integrity.

Mr. Homer, in conſequence of ſome religious ſcruples (as it afterwards appeared) refuſed to take prieſt's orders, when, by the ſtatutes of the founder, he was required to take them, in order to preſerve the rank he had attained in college. From a ſenior fellow he became a junior, and after various negociations, his fellowſhip was declared vacant on the 20th of June, 1788. The firſt intelligence I had of this affair was ſent me by a common friend; and ſure I am, that no man living could have been more ſurpriſed and afflicted than I was upon receiving it. I wrote to Mr. Homer ſeveral letters of ſympathy and counſel. I aſked about the unknown cauſe—I deprecated the probable conſequences—but to no purpoſe; for his anſwers were ſhort and ſharp, and evidently were intended to check enquiry, and to avert expoſtulation. When I afterwards ſaw him in London, I twice reſumed the ſubject, and ſpoke with that mixture of delicacy and earneſtneſs which was adapted to the difficulties of his ſituation, and the exquiſiteneſs of his feelings. Twice he repelled and ſilenced me, by declaring that his conduct was the reſult of long and ſerious deliberation, that his mind was made up to all poſſible inconveniences, and that the interpoſition of his friends could anſwer no other purpoſe than that of irritation.

Knowing that enlightened and amiable men are ſometimes hurried even into rigorous proceedings by their political zeal, I for a long—yes—for a very long time, had painful doubts, whether Mr. Homer had been perfectly well uſed. But after ſtrict and repeated enquiry, and *eſpecially* after the ſight of a letter which was written to Mr. Homer, Feb. 28, 1787, and the contents of which had neither directly nor indirectly been communicated by him to me, and the original of which was ſent me by Mr. Homer, ſen. on the 29th of May 1791, I was convinced, *thoroughly* convinced, that my friend had met with fair, and, from ſome quarters, moſt *indulgent* treatment; and that, in a caſe ſo very notorious, the ſtatutes left no power of mitigation whatſoever in the hands either of the fellows or the maſter. My prejudices, as a friend, and the ſcruples of Mr. Homer, ſen. as a father, ſunk at once under the weight of the clear and authoritative evidence which that letter conveyed. Mr. Homer, I ſaw, perſiſted in obeying the dictates of his conſcience, and the members of the college were *compelled* to act under the direction of their ſtatutes, and by the force of their oaths.

Of any undue partiality towards the maſter of the college, I ſhall not be ſuſpected by thoſe perſons who know how little his ſentiments accord with my own, upon ſome eccleſiaſtical, and many political matters. From rooted principle and ancient habit, he is a Tory: I am a Whig; and we have both

of

of us too much confidence in each other, and too much reſpect for ourſelves, to diſſemble what we think upon any grounds, or to any extent. Let me, then, do him the juſtice, which, amidſt all our differences in opinion, I am convinced that he will ever be ready to do me. His knowledge is various, extenſive, and recondite. With much ſeeming negligence, and perhaps, in later years, ſome real relaxation, he underſtands more, and remembers more, about common and uncommon ſubjects of literature, than many of thoſe who would be thought to read all the day, and meditate half the night. In quickneſs of apprehenſion, and acuteneſs of diſcrimination, I have not often ſeen his equal. Through many a convivial hour have I been charmed by his vivacity, and upon his genius I have reflected in many a ſerious moment, with pleaſure, with admiration, but not without regret, that he has never concentrated and exerted all the great powers of his mind, in ſome great work, upon ſome great ſubject. Of his liberality in patronizing learned men, and of his zeal in promoting learned publications, I could point out numerous inſtances. Without the ſmalleſt propenſities to avarice, he poſſeſſes a large income; and without the mean ſubmiſſions of dependence he has riſen to high ſtation. His ambition, if he has any, is without inſolence; his munificence is without oſtentation; his wit is without acrimony; and his learning is without pedantry.

Among the fellows of Emanuel College who endeavoured to ſhake Mr. Homer's reſolution, and to preſerve for him his academical rank, there was one man, whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to commend, and all my talents for commendation, are diſproportionate to his merit. From habits not only of cloſe intimacy, but of early and uninterrupted friendſhip, I can ſay, that there is ſcarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence in verſe or proſe, whoſe writings are not familiar to him. He is equally ſucceſsful in combating the difficulties of the moſt obſcure, and catching, at a glance, the beauties of the moſt elegant. Though I could mention two or three perſons who have made a greater proficiency than my friend in philological learning, yet, after ſurveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man, whoſe taſte ſeems to me more correct and more pure, or whoſe judgment upon any compoſition in Greek, Latin, or Engliſh, would carry with it higher authority to my mind.

To thoſe diſcourſes which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young, and intereſted the old, which were argumentative without formality and brilliant without gaudineſs, and in which the happieſt ſelection of topics was united with the moſt luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unſafe for me to pay the tribute of my praiſe, becauſe every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witneſs. As a tutor, he was unwearied in the inſtruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare of all who were entruſted to his care. The brilliancy of his converſation, and the ſuavity of his manners, were the more endearing, becauſe they were united with qualities of a higher order, becauſe in morals he was correct without moroſeneſs, and becauſe in religion he was ſerious without bigotry. From the retirement of a college, he ſtepped at once into the circle of a court. But he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate, he does honour to the gratitude of a patron who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of a ſtation, where, in his wiſe and honeſt judgment upon things, great *duties* are connected with great emoluments. If, from general deſcription, I were permitted to deſcend to particular detail, I ſhould ſay, that in one inſtance he exhibited a noble proof of generoſity, by refuſing to accept the legal and cuſtomary profits of his office, from a peaſantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I ſhould ſay, that, upon another occaſion, he did not ſuffer him-

ſelf to be irritated by perverſe and audacious oppoſition; but, blending mercy with juſtice, ſpared a miſguided father for the ſake of a diſtreſſed dependent family, and provided, at the ſame time, for the inſtruction of a large and populous pariſh, without puſhing to extremes his epiſcopal rights when invaded, and his epiſcopal power when defied. While the Engliſh univerſities produce ſuch ſcholars, they will indeed deſerve to be conſidered as the nurſeries of learning and virtue. While the church of Ireland is adorned by ſuch prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that ſpirit of reſtleſs diſcontent, and exceſſive refinement, which has lately gone abroad. It will be inſtrumental to the beſt purpoſes by the beſt means. It will gain freſh ſecurity and freſh luſtre from the ſupport of wiſe and good men. It will promote the nobleſt intereſts of ſociety, and uphold, in this day of peril, the ſacred cauſe of true religion.

Sweet is the refreſhment afforded to my ſoul by the remembrance of ſuch a ſcholar, ſuch a man, and ſuch a friend, as Dr. William Bennet, Biſhop of Cork; and happy am I, that, before my return to the Variorum Editor, my beſt feelings will have the moſt exquiſite gratification from another fact, which I am now preparing to lay before the reader.

Though I collected from the general converſation of Mr. Homer, that he was not adverſe to a partial and temperate reform in the Church of England, yet in no one moment of the moſt private and confidential intercourſe did he open to me his doubts upon any *particular* ſubject of doctrine. When I was talking to him about the events which had recently paſſed in College, he for the firſt time told me, that many years before he had ſtood aloof from ſome preferment, which, in all probability, was within his reach, and that he had taken an unalterable reſolution of not accepting any living, either from private patrons, or from an academical ſociety. The reaſons upon which this reſolution was founded he did not reveal to me, nor did I think myſelf authorized to inveſtigate them. But I ever have honoured, and ever ſhall honour ſo much moderation, mixed with ſo much firmneſs. He never indulged himſelf in pouring forth vague and trite declamations againſt the real or ſuppoſed errors of churchmen. He never let looſe contemptuous and bitter reproaches againſt thoſe who might differ from him upon ſpeculative and controverſial topics of theology. He remained a quiet, and, I doubt not, a ſincere conformiſt within the pale of the eſtabliſhment, after renouncing all ſhare of its profits, and all chance of its honours. On this rare and happy union of integrity and delicacy, panegyrick were uſeleſs. They who read of his conduct will approve of it, and, among thoſe who approve, ſome wiſe and virtuous men may be found, whom his example may encourage to imitate. In praiſing Mr. Homer, I mean not, however, to cenſure ſome enlightened and worthy contemporaries, who, from motives equally pure, may have not purſued the ſame meaſures. The propriety of continuing in the church, as he continued, will depend upon perſonal circumſtances which will be different with different men, and upon general principles, about which the beſt ſcholars, and the beſt Chriſtians, of this age are not wholly agreed.

Quotation, p. 15, from Dr. Parr's Letter to Dr. Combe.—"I told Homer "generally to be very careful about accents and other things, and now and "then I pointed out in my letters errors which I found in the ſheets ſent to "me. Some of the ſheets were, in conſequence of your direction, not ſent "to me; and about thoſe which were ſent to me, I frequently contented "myſelf with general directions to Mr. Homer to be on his guard." On the foregoing words in p. 16, D. C. makes the following note: "I ſhould "have thought the learned Reviewer would have been more on his guard, "than to have confeſſed that he frequently contented himſelf with giving

"general

"genera directions about a ſheet that was ſent by the poſt, nearly one "hundred miles, for his *particular* correction." Surely the pamphlet-writer, who accuſes me of *falſehood* in his title-page, ought not, in a note, to have *derided* me for ſpeaking truth. Surely the Editor, whom I ſhall not nick-name learned, might have made me a leſs unhandſome return, either for my openneſs as a correſpondent, in ſtating what I had not done, or for my attentions as a coadjutor in what I had done. I do not think highly of myſelf as a corrector of the preſs, and yet I know that I never, upon any work of my own, beſtowed greater attention than upon the proof-ſheets of the Variorum Edition. I read them even with more than uſual care, becauſe I was ſenſible of the ſtreſs which both the Editors laid upon having a correct book, and I returned them with as much punctuality as my numerous engagements would admit. Whenſoever I found the *letters* of a Greek or Latin word wrong, I made them right; and whereſoever they were doubtful, I deſired Mr. Homer to conſult books which were lying before him, and ſome of which were not in my poſſeſſion. About accents and breathings I generally gave advice for Mr. Homer to be cautious. I particularly urged that advice when the ſheets were very faulty, and ſometimes I told him of rules for accentuation which might occaſionally guide him. I did not chooſe to puzzle him with my hand-writing, which, if I had corrected *every* accent and every breathing, would have been utterly illegible. This was unneceſſary, as he could have recourſe to books, and it might have been injurious, if he had been miſguided by my wretched ſcrawl. Mr. Homer had good ſenſe—he had induſtry; and when I told him that a ſheet was not well accented, I always ſuppoſed that ſuch an intimation was ſufficient: where particular corrections ſeemed to me neceſſary, I made them, and it reſted with Mr. Homer to determine, after many experiments, whether thoſe corrections were numerous enough, or important enough, to juſtify him in giving me the trouble of reviſing the ſheets, or in ſubjecting himſelf to the inconvenience of ſending them a hundred miles. Dr. Combe prevented, in Mr Homer's life-time, the whole or the greater part of the third book of the Odes from being ſent hither, and in that book I find, to my ſurprize, that the notes of Lambin, Cruquius, and Torrentius do not occur once. Dr. Combe, after Mr. Homer's death, regularly ſent me the Epodes and Carmen Seculare to be reviſed. I certainly do not find the Greek ſo correct as I expected to find it, nor ſo correct as it ought to have been after my repeated efforts to have it made ſo, and I add too that, in the 2d volume, which I was not permitted to reviſe, blunders are more numerous, and far more glaring. But if my general directions, and particular corrections, had not been given, I ſuſpect that the 1ſt volume of the Variorum Edition would have been more imperfect than it now is. Since my return from London, I have made very conſiderable additions to thoſe Greek paſſages which I had pointed out in the Review as inaccurate, and which are in themſelves ſufficient to juſtify my poſition about the little ſucceſs with which Dr. C. had inſpected ſome of the quotations that occur in the notes of Horace. I never was ſo weak as to imagine that he could conſtrue any *Greek* quotations whatſoever from any writer whatſoever, in verſe or in proſe. But I did believe, that he could read what was already printed in other books, and make the mere letters of his own work correſpond to what he had read. I perceive, indeed, in many inſtances, that he has religiouſly followed [O] thoſe books when they were *wrong*, as well as *unneceſſarily* deviated from them when they were right.

In p. 17, the Doctor ſays that "he cannot make out a certain word in "one of my letters, and expreſſes a hope that if I ſhould find any word "wrong quoted, I would attribute it to his inability to make out my hand-

" writing." I cannot remember the epithet which I uſed before the word " ſituation" quoted in line the firſt of p. 17, though in all probability it was *agreeable* or *friendly*. I *can* correct one miſtake the Doctor has made in page 18, and another in p. 19. In the former inſtance, where the Doctor has printed " under," I wrote " word" or " words;" and in the latter where he prints " ſhip," which is nonſenſe, I wrote " ſtop," which is ſenſe. Far be it from me to ſay that Dr. Combe is under any obligation to ſubſtitute real ſenſe for my ſeeming nonſenſe: but as the word ſuppoſed by him to be " ſhip" related to original notes which are few in number, and about which the Doctor was at the time ſtrenuouſly contending with me, I cannot help expreſſing my concern at his not remembering, that, even in his own book, the tranſpoſition of a ſtop occurs, and but *once* occurs in a note ſigned " Edit. where the name of no critic is mentioned." As, however, it is plain that he forgot this note, ſome allowances ſurely may be made for my forgetfulneſs. If Dr. Combe, *at the moment*, had ſpecified the notes which were really mine, I ſhould have been aſhamed to ſay, that he was " off his " guard" in producing them to ſet me right. But I acknowledge that he was not obliged to deal with me ſo ingenuouſly, or to abſtain from taking advantage of my forgetfulneſs, even *about thoſe articles which he ſuppoſed me to have contributed for the improvement of his own book*. My involuntary error, no doubt, deſtroyed the merit of my voluntary ſervices.

Quotation, p. 18.—" You have long known my objections to the motto" are my words in a letter to the Doctor; and the Doctor's note runs thus: " The Doctor, here, doth not mean the motto, but the man whom he has " introduced into his critique, in order to ſhew his remarkable talents at ſly " inſidious detraction, and it is undoubtedly for the ſame reaſon he has in- " troduced the late learned and pious Biſhop Halifax." The Doctor, I perceive, inſtead of repelling my critical objections to the motto, attacks the moral character of the objector. He does *not* deny that I made the objection before in a private letter, and he does bring forward againſt me as a Reviewer a moſt heavy charge, which he had not brought againſt me *before* as a correſpondent.

As the Doctor, in his letter to me (ſee p. 12.), had endeavoured to juſtify the motto, by ſaying that the words " virtutis veræ cuſtos" ſtand before the line to which I objected, he might think it unneceſſary, or find it rather difficult to attempt any *farther* vindication of his judgment, either in bringing together two paſſages which are ſo remote from each other in Horace, or in applying to Lord Mansfield the ſecond paſſage, which, for reaſons ſtated in the review, I ſhould have been unwilling to apply to any perſon whom I reſpected. I obſerve, however, with great ſatisfaction, that the Doctor allows me to have communicated my objection to the motto long *before* the publication of the Horace, and upon this circumſtance I reſt my defence againſt the charge of " ſly and inſidious detraction."

Whether my real opinion of Lord Mansfield be *equally* favourable with that of Dr. Combe, is not a ſubject for immediate diſcuſſion. But whence, I would aſk, can any reader of the Britiſh Critic collect that it is *unfavourable?* Not ſurely from the review, for I *there* admit the greater part even of Dr. Combe's panegyric to be well founded. I ſpeak of Lord Mansfield's venerable name. I diſclaim for *myſelf* the invidious application of the remaining words in Horace to Lord Mansfield. I ſay only, and I ſay truly, that prejudiced or miſchievous perſons are to be found, who will make that application. This ſurely is harmleſs and decorous, for, great as my veneration is for the intellectual powers and profeſſional merit of Lord Mansfield, I know, and am now forced to confeſs, that other parts of his character are not equally brilliant. Muſt then my hatred be inferred from the

the circumſtance of my having communicated my objections to Dr. Combe in the courſe of our correſpondence? Surely this is a perverſe inference. Surely I was doing for Lord Mansfield, what a friend would wiſh me to do. Surely, if I felt any emotions of diſlike towards the noble Lord, I ſuppreſſed them at the moment, from the regard I bore to the credit of Dr. Combe's taſte, and the warmth of his attachment. Surely I was in effect *excluding* myſelf and all other men from exerciſing "a talent for ſly "and inſidious detraction," when I deſired Dr. Combe not to make uſe of a motto which, in the mind of every ſcholar, muſt be aſſociated with the remembrance of the occaſion upon which Horace had written the words in queſtion, and which might furniſh opportunities for calumny to thoſe, who may have heard of Lord Mansfield, what I myſelf have heard, and may believe to his diſadvantage, more than I believe. If I had virulently hated Lord Mansfield, the proſpect of the danger to which Dr. Combe expoſed him, muſt have gratified that hatred, and induced me to let the Doctor fall into the ſnare. I am not very anxious to vindicate myſelf from the imputation of being a "ſly and inſidious ſlanderer." But if Dr. Combe has diſtinguiſhed juſtly between my objections to the motto, and my objection to the man, I muſt, in future, acknowledge my talent for ſlander to be remarkable indeed—but remarkable, I mean, *for clumſineſs and fatuity*. In the review I ſtated, and had a right to ſtate, my objections upon principles of taſte, and with readers of taſte I leave the deciſion. In my correſpondence with Dr. Combe, I urged them from motives of friendſhip to him, and ſorry I am that they were ſo ineffectual.

Let me now examine that part of the note in which I am accuſed of detraction for introducing the "late learned and pious Biſhop Halifax." The piety of Dr. Halifax I have never depreciated. The learning of Dr. Halifax I have more than once commended, and in truth I have had more *opportunities* for judging of both, than may have fallen to the lot of the Variorum Editor. But if Dr. Halifax had really joined the learning of even Archbiſhops Potter and Uſher, to the piety of Biſhops Beveridge and Berkley, ſtill I ſhould think myſelf warranted in ſaying all I have ſaid of a prelate who had ſpoken in ſuch degrading terms of ſuch a valuable writer as Dr. Lardner. To my weak underſtanding and groveling ſpirit, it does not ſeem the beſt method for ſupporting the general intereſts of literature and religion, that one ſcholar ſhould ſpeak thus of another, not upon a doubtful and unimportant ſubject of taſte or criticiſm, but upon the merit of a work intended, like that of Lardner, to uphold the common cauſe of Chriſtianity againſt a vigilant and active confederacy of common foes. Where Dr. Combe ſpoke of "Jani induſtria," his meaning was not ſo clear as it might have been eaſily made. But when Dr. Halifax called Dr. Lardner "laborious," every man of diſcernment knew his meaning [P], and few men of delicacy and impartiality will be found to defend it.

Now if Dr. Combe ſhould not have chanced to turn his attention to the theological writings of both theſe Doctors, he can hardly be conſidered as a competent judge in a caſe where he has appeared as a vehement accuſer. In reality, it is not ſo much for an editor of Horace, as for theological readers who know the "ſigns of the times and the ſeaſons," to decide upon the dangerous tendency of ſuch faſtidious expreſſions iſſuing from authors placed in ſuch high ſtations. When Dr. Combe calls Dr. Halifax a learned and a pious Biſhop, I aſſent to the juſtneſs of the epithets, and yet I am diſpoſed to conſider the Doctor as ſpeaking not from any direct knowledge of the Biſhop's publications, but upon the authority of general report, and in conformity to that language of courteſy which I hope to ſee prevailing in this country more and more. Among the good effects ariſing from the diſaſters and the crimes of a neighbouring kingdom, this I believe is

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not the leaſt, that Clergymen and Biſhops are now mentioned with leſs ſcorn and levity than they uſed to be, by thoſe perſons who have *at laſt* diſcovered the connection that ſubſiſts between the influence of religious teachers, and the belief of religion itſelf, between religion, and the practice of morality, between morality, and the deareſt intereſts of ſociety. Upon topics of polite literature, and in caſes of perſonal provocation, allowances may be made for the harſh language of clergymen—But when they are writing on the momentous concerns of religion, they cannot more effectually ſecure the reſpect of laymen, than by ſpeaking of each other's well-meant labours without diſreſpect. On this ſubject, I have delivered my opinions in two former publications, and I ſee no reaſon for changing them.

While Dr. Halifax was living, I republiſhed the Warburtonian Tracts. In the dedication, I ſaid (p. 155): "What Biſhop Halifax really is in the "republic of learning it can be no diſgrace for any other ſcholar to be." In the preface, p. 189, I had occaſion to make the ſame alluſion which I made in the review, to the ſame epithet "laborious;" and in both places I was led to make it by an aſſociation which is natural enough among men of letters, and by motives which I ſhall never be afraid to avow. Now I deſired, if I miſtake not, a copy of thoſe tracts to be given to Dr. Combe, and it is poſſible that he condeſcended to read them. But did the Doctor *then* favour me with any friendly lecture, or chaſtiſe me with any indignant expoſtulations upon the guilt of detraction? Did he *then* ſhew the ſame ſolicitous regard which he has ſince ſhewn, for the reputation of a "learned "and pious Biſhop?" Unqueſtionably he did *not*; and *becauſe* he did not, I ſuſpect that his ſympathy with Biſhop Halifax is of a very *late* growth, and not wholly unmixed with perſonal conſiderations of recent tenderneſs to himſelf, and recent diſpleaſure againſt me.

P. 19. Dr. Parr's letter to Dr. Combe.—"By original notes, I mean "conjectures or diſcoveries of my own." Dr. Combe writes this note: "The learned reviewer being hampered by his promiſe of giving ſome new "notes, and his letter to the conductors, in which he ſays he had given no "notes, has here recourſe to his uſual ſophiſtry of ſplitting, ſubdividing, "confounding, &c."

Of my firſt intention to give original notes, and the extent to which I really gave them, of my ſubſequent reſolution to give no more, and of my adherence to that reſolution from p. 9 of Vol. 1 of the Var. Edit. to page the laſt of Vol. 2, I have already ſpoken. I have ſhewn that, at the cloſe of my letter to the conductors of the Britiſh Critic, I had a very imperfect glimmering recollection of having given a few original notes; that afterwards, when I wrote to Dr. Combe in London, and might have availed myſelf of this reſerve, I had totally forgotten it; that upon my return into the country I remembered it; that, upon examining my letter ſent to the conductors of the Britiſh Critic, I found it in the words already produced; that upon looking into the Variorum Edition, for the immediate and expreſs purpoſe of collecting the notes ſigned "Edit." I met with two which are properly my own; that, upon meeting with them, I frankly told Dr. Combe of the diſcovery; that I had no intention at all to diſſemble what at the moment occurred to me, and that I was miſtaken in ſaying indiſcriminately of all the notes ſigned "Edit." that they were obſervations, which, in ſome form or other, might be found in other writers, or were remembered by myſelf from converſation. In calling original notes conjectures or diſcoveries of my own, I meant to diſtinguiſh between ſuch notes, and others which would be called *new*, only becauſe they are *not* found in editions of Horace; and now, when I have aſcertained the *two* notes which really and ſolely are original, I ſhould be aſhamed to decorate them with the names of conjecture

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or diſcovery. But I never ſaid to Dr. Combe that I had not given *new* notes, and I endeavoured to explain, in my letter itſelf, what the Doctor indeed in his had not confounded; though, in deſcribing one of the articles ſo ſeparated, he has fallen into a miſtake, when he ſays that I "pointed out "notes in works which I did not think neceſſary to be mentioned;" whereas I never entertained that thought, and in point of fact thoſe works *are* mentioned. Doubtleſs, when I wrote to Dr. Combe in London, I was guilty of forgetfulneſs in two inſtances. But I did not feel myſelf hampered by a promiſe, which at *that* moment I had completely forgotten. I ſeparated what ought not to be confounded. I did not confound what ought to be ſeparated.—I meant ſimply and ſolely to fix the ſenſe which was to be given to the word *original*, and I diſtinctly remembered the performance of my promiſe, ſo far as it related to notes, which are to be called *new*, becauſe they had not been inſerted in any former editions of Horace. It is amuſing enough to obſerve the different conduct of the Doctor, as different emotions were raiſed in his mind by the peruſal of The Britiſh Critic after the September Review. When in the Review for November, I had been ſaid to have "enriched the Variorum Edition with original notes;" Dr. C. acquieſced like the moſt partial friend, whoſe boſom laboured with a ſecret which his gratitude urged him to diſcloſe, and who inwardly exulted, for *my* ſake, doubtleſs, as well as *for the ſake of the book*, that, without violating my injunction, both he and I ſhould enjoy all the *advantages* which could ariſe from the ſuppoſed exertions of his auxiliary. When I ſaid not to have furniſhed original notes, and to have marked or pointed out paſſages in Bentley and others, he ſounded an alarm as loud as could be expected from the moſt diſcreet editor, or the moſt wary bookſeller, whoſe minds were deeply impreſſed with the conviction, that it was *for the intereſts of the book*, not only to have my name announced, but my ſervices not undervalued. In the one caſe, he lets miſrepreſentation have its courſe, and in the other, he will not endure the ſmalleſt *omiſſion*. On the former occaſion, he *permits* the public to be deceived, and my reputation to be ſtaked for what I did not do. In the latter, he calls upon me to rectify a miſtake, of which my unwillingneſs to claim too much had made me guilty, and by rectifying it, to provide for the credit of my veracity, and eventually, let me add, the ſale of his book. He knew it to be true, that, inſtead of juſt pointing out ſome notes for ſelection from Bentley, I had carefully marked every paſſage I wiſhed to be printed, and he bids me do honour to my veracity, by telling the public ſo. He muſt alſo have known it *not* to be true that I had enriched the Var. Edit. with original notes, and yet he declines doing honour to his own veracity, by ſaying that the notes which *were new and original*, are two in number, and that thoſe, which were new, but *not* original [Q], and are ſigned "Editor," do not exceed ten or a dozen.

When Dr. Combe wrote his pamphlet, he did not know of the words which I had uſed in the poſtſcript of my letter to the conductors of the B. C. and therefore I cannot blame him for arguing *at firſt* from the broad and unqualified denial which he read there. But from the letters which paſſed between him and myſelf, in the *interval* between his advertiſement and the publication of his pamphlet, he *was told by me*, not only of the qualification which I had written to the conductors of the B. C. but of the miſtake which I had diſcovered, acknowledged, and retracted, about the exiſtence of original notes. I think, then, that the Doctor ought to have noticed both theſe circumſtances, [R] *before* he ſuffered his pamphlet to make its appearance. He could not miſunderſtand what I had written to him about the notes; and if he diſbelieved my account of the poſtſcript, it would have been more handſome to demand a ſight of it, than deliberately to ſend forth a book, the readers of which muſt imagine that there was *no ſuch*

poſtſcript to be ſeen. I know what the Doctor's language would have been, if I had been guilty of a ſimilar omiſſion. But it is a language which I diſdain to employ, when I am writing about Dr. Combe.

" Inſtead of *we*, I wrote, theſe *be* afterwards compared together, and I ſay " nothing of myſelf." Though I cannot always take upon myſelf to underſtand the Doctor's words, even when I am ſure of having been able to read them both in print and in manuſcript; yet I am very unwilling at any time to miſ-read what drops from his pen. It ſeems, however, that about the contents of the Doctor's letter, I have fallen into two miſtakes, and ſorry I am, that, before I ſat down to peruſe them, I ſhould forget to pour forth that wiſe and humble petition for the double grace of reading and underſtanding, which children are taught to liſp when they enter upon their ſpelling-books. Lucky, however, is it for me, that, by balancing one miſtake againſt the other, I ſhall ſupport the credit of my *impartiality*; for as in one inſtance I had given to Mr. Homer that ſhare in marking Torrentius and Cruquius, which really belonged to Dr. Combe, ſo in the other I aſſigned to Dr. Combe jointly with Mr. Homer that arduous and uſeful office of comparing Torrentius, Cruquius and Lambin, which in reality, I find, was performed by Mr. Homer alone. If, then, I gave the Doctor too little in one caſe, I gave him too much in the other; and this ſurely amounts to ſome ſort of preſumption, that I was not diſpoſed to take from him what I thought his due. Let us, however, obſerve the different conduct of the Doctor on theſe two occaſions. The error about Mr. Homer is a ſubject, which, like my ſervices, and the Doctor's thanks for them, he diſpatches in one ſhort ſentence, and reſumes no more. But the error about the Doctor himſelf is introduced with a tragical charge of miſrepreſentation in p. 20. We find in p. 24. that Dr. Combe has left his letter with Mr. Payne, to prove that my pretended miſtake, *not about Mr. Homer*, but about himſelf, is impoſſible. Again, I am charged, in p. 28. not merely with miſquoting this part of the Doctor's letter, but of being *ſenſible* at the very time that I miſquoted it. What I had written to Mr. Homer's diſadvantage, might be an accidental miſconception. But what I wrote to Dr. Combe's diſadvantage, *muſt*, it ſeems, *be* a deliberate miſrepreſentation. Such is the language of a man who " reveres his friend Homer to enthuſiaſm," who ſets little or no value on his own editorial labours, who is ſolicitous to repel the charge of not having given ſufficient praiſe to his fellow editor, and who is ſo hoſtile to every ſpecies of falſehood, and every degree of malignity, that he has let looſe the laſt rigours of juſtice, and almoſt the fury of revenge, even upon that perſon to whom his favourite work had ſo many and ſuch important obligations.

Page 21. " You ſay you can eaſily conceive that the taſk of collating " the MSS was oftener performed by me than by him; indeed your con- " ception is very wonderful when I tell you I *always* examined them, and " conſequently that he *never* did." The Doctor, it ſhould ſeem, allows it to be very wonderful, that when his ſtatement is right, my conception ſhould not be wrong. I thank him for this tribute of praiſe given to my ſagacity, and I admire his wit more than his reaſoning. Indeed the Doctor muſt excuſe me for confeſſing, that while I admit the truth of his aſſertion about the collation of MSS in both letters, I do not feel the cogency of his Logic in the ſecond. That *one* editor *always* examines a certain claſs of MSS does not *neceſſarily imply* that *another* editor did not *ſometimes* examine them. However, I honeſtly give Dr. Combe credit for his diligence in collating the manuſcripts of the Britiſh Muſeum, and I allow that Mr. Homer was entitled to no praiſe in this reſpect. Still I muſt obſerve, that my belief is founded, *not* upon the contents of the preface to the Var. Edit. but upon the authority of Dr. C.'s letters to me. In the preface, the Doctor holds the

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ſame kind of language about what he did *jointly* with Mr. Homer, and what (as it *now* appears) he did ſolely; and, as I knew that they had acted, though in different degrees, about the notes together, I could at firſt have no reaſon for ſuppoſing that they had *not* collated the manuſcripts together. But from the Doctor's letter I now know that the latter taſk was performed by him alone. I was indeed diſpoſed to think from the beginning, that Dr. C. *chiefly* conſulted the manuſcripts. At preſent I am convinced that he *alone* conſulted them. But if the Doctor had not ſaid ſo expreſsly in his letters to me, they who know that Mr. Homer was his coadjutor, and eſpecially they who remember that he reſided in Great Ruſſell-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, might be induced to think, as I myſelf once thought, that Mr. Homer *now and then* had his ſhare in collating MSS. as well as in ſelecting notes. It is by the Doctor's letter where he diſcriminates between himſelf and Mr. Homer, and not by his preface, where no ſuch diſcrimination is found, that miſconceptions upon this head are prevented or corrected.

Quotation from Dr. C.'s ſecond letter, page 21.—" There is ſomething " to me very extraordinary in *your* accuſing me of a want of reſpect and re- " gard for the character of Mr. Homer. Surely you cannot forget the let- " ter you ſent to me, when he was ſcarcely ſettled in his grave, filled with " complaints againſt him, without one recollection of his virtues, or one " acknowledgment of his ſervices. You cannot forget the letter, which, in " the warmth of my friendſhip, I ſent to you in his juſtification, ſtating how " far the things you complain of were owing to yourſelf (this is what I " meant to call to your recollection when I ſpoke of friendſhip in my firſt " note); how his affairs had been diſturbed; how his mind was hurt; and " his diſeaſe, perhaps, aggravated by your behaviour to him. You cannot " forget the letter the poor father ſent you, after his ſon's death, about " the complaints poor Harry often made of you before his exit: that he " frequently lamented how much injury to his affairs, and uneaſineſs to his " mind, had been occaſioned by your want of punctuality; and that this " was the more affecting to him, becauſe he had ever been indefatigable in " his exertions to execute every requiſition from, and every act of friend- " ſhip which was in his power towards, you." In the Review, I have not charged Dr. Combe with any general want of regard to the character of Mr. Homer. But recollecting much of the ſhare which Mr. Homer had in the Horace, and feeling ſome ſurpriſe at the phraſeology of Dr. Combe, where he ſo often ſpeaks of himſelf in the ſingular number, and where, in treating directly of Mr. Homer as a coadjutor, he had uſed the expreſſion which I called " brief and cold," I did mean to tell the reader, that Dr. Combe had in *this* inſtance been too penurious of *particular* praiſe. Such is the opinion I at this moment hold upon the *fact*. But with regard to the *motive*, I acquit Dr. Combe of all diſingenuous deſign, becauſe in his private letters to me, both while I was in London, and ſince my return into the country, he has diſclaimed ſuch deſign. Of his general panegyrick upon Mr. Homer I have produced the *whole*. I have declared my own unfeigned aſſent to the whole, and ſurely this was not the behaviour of a man who wiſhed to convict Dr. C. " of wanting reſpect for the character of his friend." If I had inſerted in the Review the words " mecum hancce operam inceperat," and omitted the ſubſequent paragraph, there would have been ſome colour for the charge. But I have not done ſo; and, in truth, where I conceived that Dr. Combe had ſaid too little of Mr. Homer, I, in my own mind, attributed it to the deſire he ſeemed to have of ſaying rather too much about himſelf. That he had ſaid too much, I ſhould have no difficulty in demonſtrating, if I were to compare his Preface with his Pamphlet, and were to ſeparate that which he himſelf did, from that which was done by Mr. Homer, and by myſelf. I

muſt again complain that Dr. C. was not pleaſed to make ſome alteration in his Pamphlet after the correſpondence which paſſed between him and myſelf, in the *interval* between his advertiſement and his late publication. I have already ſtated that Dr. Combe knew of my reſerve in my letter to the conductors of the Britiſh Critic, about the original notes, that he was acquainted with the acknowledgment of my error concerning them, and that he has *ſince* ſent forth a Pamphlet which muſt lead every reader to ſuppoſe that no ſuch reſerve or ſuch retractation exiſted. I have *now* to ſtate, that, in the courſe of the ſame correſpondence, I moſt explicitly acquitted Dr. Combe of all intention to depreciate Mr. Homer's merits in the Horace, and that I offered to declare this in the Britiſh Critic. The manner in which I meant to declare it was, indeed, unſatisfactory to the Doctor; yet I could wiſh him to have mentioned the ſimple *fact*, and at the cloſe of theſe remarks I ſhall bring forward my very words, with a firm conviction that I offered to ſay enough for the vindication of Dr. Combe's character. He might have reaſons for believing that I ſhould myſelf publiſh the whole or part of what paſſed between us. But it certainly would have been candid, if, inſtead of permitting his readers to ſuppoſe that I had *never* attempted any explanation, he had informed them even of my ineffectual endeavours to explain.

In my anſwer, which the Doctor has publiſhed, I ſaid to him (p. 24): "You bring to my recollection the three angry letters." Now as Dr. C. has puſhed the private tranſactions between Mr. Homer ſen. the Doctor and myſelf into public view, and as the tendency of his ſtatement is to convey to the mind of the reader an opinion that I was unjuſt and ungrateful to the friend whom I profeſſed to love, I muſt not decline a very particular explanation of my conduct.

From the quickneſs of Mr. Homer's temper, and perhaps of my own, we now and then wrangled in our converſation and in our letters. But the effects of theſe little altercations were temporary; and at a time when, like the preſent, I am called upon to defend my conduct in private life, before a public tribunal, I feel the very higheſt and pureſt ſatisfaction, in being able to affirm, that, from the commencement of my acquaintance with Mr. Homer, to the very lateſt hour of his life, we never had one ſerious diſpute—one difference which ſent us with throbbing boſoms to a reſtleſs pillow for one night, or darkened our countenances with one frown upon the ſucceeding day. Many and great were his exertions in compliance with my requeſts, and for the management of my concerns. Many too are the thanks I returned to him, and many the ſervices I endeavoured to render him. But if his affairs were perplexed, I knew it not; if his mind was hurt in an *unuſual* degree by any inſtance of my miſconduct, I knew it not; if his diſeaſe was aggravated by my behaviour to him, I knew it not. No ſuch complaints were made by him to me; and, when they were made by others after his death, I was ſhocked at the imputation of crimes which I never meant to commit.

Mr. Homer, in his laſt illneſs, had been for three or four weeks with his father in Warwickſhire before I knew that he was ill. I heard, indeed, in a promiſcuous converſation, that *a* ſon of Mr. Homer's was ill at his houſe, and I ſuppoſed it to be another ſon. But on the very day after the evening I had found *that* ſon to be *my friend*, I ſent a ſpecial meſſenger with a letter full of anxious and affectionate enquiry, and I received an anſwer which I claſped to my boſom, and which I, at this moment, keep depoſited among the moſt precious records of friendſhip. In a day or two I haſtened in perſon to the father's houſe. With anguiſh of ſoul, I found Harry pale, emaciated, and ſunk beyond the power of recovery. I talked to him with all the tenderneſs which the ſight of ſuch a friend, in ſuch a ſituation, could have excited in the moſt virtuous breaſt. I came away with a drooping head, and

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with ſpirits quite darkened by the gloom of deſpair. Again I haſtened to ſee him, while the lamp of life ſhould not be wholly gone out; and again I did ſee him on the evening before his eyes were cloſed in death. With tears, not eaſily ſtifled, and with an aching heart, I accompanied his ſad remains to the grave; and in many a penſive mood have I ſince reflected upon the melancholy ſcene. Many a look of fondneſs have I caſt upon his countenance, which meets me in an excellent engraving as I enter my ſtudy each revolving day. Many an earneſt wiſh have I formed, that my own laſt end may be like his, a ſeaſon of calm reſignation, of humble hope, and of devotion, at once rational, fervent, and ſincere.

Within a few days after the funeral, there paſſed an honourable and unfeigned reconciliation between his very amiable and accompliſhed brother and myſelf. In the letters which I had occaſion to write to ſeveral perſons who knew me, I ſpoke of his virtues, of his ſervices, and of the heavy loſs which was ſuſtained by thoſe who were near and dear to him. If Dr. Combe preſerves *that* letter which I ſent him ſoon after the death of my friend, he will find in it, not ſullen complaints, or acrimonious accuſations, but the warmeſt effuſions of honeſt praiſe, and the tendereſt language of "lacerated "friendſhip."

Well, but I cannot forget the letter I ſent Dr. Combe "when Mr. Homer was ſcarcely *ſettled in his grave*," a letter "filled with complaints againſt "him, without one recollection of his virtues, or one acknowledgment of his "ſervices." It is a letter which, after Dr. Combe's ſuggeſtion, I *did* remember, and the occaſion of which, after the appearance of his pamphlet, I ſhall now proceed to explain.

In the courſe of my correſpondence with Mr. Homer's father, I received one letter which ſurpriſed and indeed provoked me; for I found myſelf accuſed of having created unneceſſary delays in a work to which I really had been giving aſſiſtance, without any expectation of profit or reward—accuſed of injuring my friend's health, when, in truth, I had not known it to be in danger—accuſed of adding to the load of diſtreſſes, which were equally unknown to me, with the embarraſſments from which they proceeded. Conſcious as I was of loving Harry, of having been ſerved by him, of wiſhing and endeavouring to ſerve him, I undoubtedly, at ſuch a criſis, took offence at ſuch a letter. I wrote in my own juſtification to Dr. Combe, who repeated and ſupported the charges that had been brought againſt me, and who, if he furniſhed no part of the *matter* which irritated Mr. Homer's father, certainly does not appear to have *allayed* that irritation which had been produced in the father's mind, by the complaint of Mr. Homer himſelf. I wrote alſo to Mr. Homer's father very fully and very firmly in my own defence.

With Dr. Combe the altercation ſoon ceaſed, and I reviſed all the proof-ſheets which he ſent me. Upon examining, as I did lately, the ſubſequent letters which I received from Mr. Homer's father, I find that, in *his* eſtimation at leaſt, I was contriving all poſſible means for the ſucceſs of the Variorum Edition. Let me not be charged with any intention of throwing, at this diſtance of time, the ſmalleſt blame upon Mr. Homer's father. Great allowances were due to his ſituation and his feelings, and great praiſe do I owe him for the ſpirit in which he received my angry anſwer to his angry letter. From motives of delicacy to him, I will not produce the accuſations which I endeavoured to repel. But from his ſubſequent letters I will bring forward ſeveral expreſſions, which do honour to his judgment and candour, and which carry with them deciſive proofs of his confidence in my readineſs to go on with the work which his ſon had not lived to complete. "I am "ſorry that you had the trouble of writing ſo long an anſwer to my letter. "Your undertaking in the buſineſs of Horace was certainly voluntary and

" diſintereſted, and I well know your engagements to be very great; but a " reliance upon your aſſiſtance was a principal inducement to your friend to " engage in it, and the diſappointment and inconvenience which he ſuffer- " ed by the delay in the execution frequently extorted from him ſuch com- " plaints as I before ſtated, chiefly indeed in moments of irritation, for he " never indulged anger for any continuance againſt you; and I hope you'll " conſider what I wrote to you, as proceeding merely from a deſire of ex- " citing your attention, not of offending you, which it is far from my inclina- " tion to do." Dated May 30, 1791.—" I received the incloſed packet from " Dr. Combe, whoſe deſign in ſending it, is to have your opinion on the " choice of ſuch notes of Lambinus, &c. as will be proper to be made uſe " of, and therefore it might as well have been ſent directly to you. I beg " the favour of you to return Bentley's Horace to Dr. Combe as ſoon as " you conveniently can, that the publication of the firſt volume may be for- " warded. Dr. Combe hoped that the Carmen Seculare would be remark- " ed upon as well as the Epodes, being proper to be included in the firſt " volume." Dated June the 16th, 1791.—I do not remember all the parti- culars relating to the book contained in this packet. But I certainly ſent Dr. C. ſuch directions as ſeemed to me proper about Lambin, and I marked and returned the Horace as ſoon as I could. Dr. Combe has given me great pain, by reviving diſputes which had ſo long ſlumbered in oblivion, and which are wholly unintereſting, I think, to the purchaſers of the Va- riorum Horace. But I feel very ſincere ſatisfaction in remembering that they were terminated ſo ſoon, and ſo amicably, in reality, between Mr. Ho- mer ſenior and myſelf, and, in appearance at leaſt, between the Doctor and myſelf. Now, if Mr. Homer's father applied to me for aſſiſtance after Mr. H. Homer's death, the fair preſumption is, that, in his opinion, I had not ceaſed to eſteem his ſon. If I afterwards gave that aſſiſtance, the juſt con- cluſion is, that my eſteem was ſincere and unabated. But Mr. Homer's fa- ther did ſo apply. I did ſo aſſiſt: and what, then, muſt we think of Dr. Combe's aſſertion, " that my regard for Homer was too ſcanty to bear (ſee " p. 31.) the ſlighteſt diminution?"—If repeated inſtances of diſintereſted aid during Mr. Homer's life-time, and unfeigned readineſs to give farther aid after his death, were the fruits of a *ſcanty* regard, it may be difficult to calculate the effects of *ſuch* a regard as Dr. Combe would call *not* ſcanty. Perhaps one of the effects would have been, that in correcting the preface, I ſhould, with Dr. Combe's permiſſion, or even without it, have endeavoured to detail fully and faithfully the ſhare which I believed Mr. Homer to have had in the Variorum Edition of Horace.

Quotation, p. 27, Dr. Combe's Narrative.—" Few have been the oppor- " tunities I have had to render Dr. Parr any eſſential ſervices; yet he " knows I was ever moſt willing." This is the only occaſion upon which I ſhall meet any of Dr. Combe's aſſertions, with direct and unqualified con- tradiction. Dr. Combe *did* twice render me an eſſential ſervice in the ju- dicious and diſintereſted care of my daughter; and the Doctor may remem- ber a propoſal which I once made to him about the education of one of his own children, and which I meant to be a mark of the gratitude I felt for his attention in a caſe very intereſting to my parental feelings.

Quotation, p. 27.—" From our long acquaintance, from his own pro- " feſſions, from the manner in which I was induced to begin the work, I " expected, and I think I had a right to expect more aſſiſtance from him " in the proſecution of it, than I have received." All that Dr. Combe *ſpe- cifically* aſked after the death of Mr. Homer, I readily performed, except the correction of his Dedication, Preface, and Prolegomena, and theſe excep- tions will be in their proper place explained. Dr. Combe for a time *did* ex-

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pect, and for a long time I was *prepared* to give *more* aſſiſtance than he actually received. But the *right to expect* on his part certainly ceaſed with the *diſpoſition to receive*; and the diſpoſition to receive, according to his own account, apparently ceaſed when, upon his diſcovery (vid. p. 33.) of the humble and friendly temper of the Reverend Doctor, he would no longer correſpond with me. I maintain not that the Doctor was obliged to bear with my pride; but I ſuppoſe that he ought not to charge upon me the conſequences of his own reſolution, dictated by his own reſentment.

Quotation, p. 27.—" Little did I think that he would not only have " meanly endeavoured clandeſtinely to deſtroy the credit of the work, but " the character of the remaining editor. I believe, taking all the circum- " ſtances together, there will not be found in the annals of literature, ſo " *baſe* a tranſaction." Whatſoever I may have done in this buſineſs, it has not been done *clandeſtinely*. I never wiſhed to be concealed as the reviewer, and I became a reviewer becauſe I had *not* been concealed as a coadjutor. Indeed, the wiſh itſelf, if I had ever formed it, would have been vain, becauſe Dr. Combe has diſcovered that " any one the leaſt accuſtomed to my " ſtyle and manner of ſpeaking about myſelf, will immediately acknowledge " Dr. Parr's name in what I ſay about the Dedication." However, it was my deſire that the circumſtance of my being the author of that Review ſhould reſt, not upon the ſingularities of my diction, as diſcerned by Dr. Combe, but upon the evidence of my declarations made to ſeveral of my friends. The reader will, I truſt, excuſe me, if, for reaſons of delicacy, I now take an opportunity to ſtate the whole extent of the ſhare I have ever had in reviews. To the Britiſh Critic, I have ſent one article, beſides thoſe which were written for the Horace. For the Critical Review, I have furniſhed a few materials for two articles only. For the Monthly I have aſſiſted in writing two or three, and the number of thoſe which are entirely my own does not exceed ſix or ſeven. In almoſt all theſe critiques, my attention was to commend rather than to blame, and the only *one* in which I ever blamed with ſeverity, related to a claſſical work, the editor of which deſerved reproof for the following reaſons. He clothed bad criticiſms in bad latinity. He had not availed himſelf of that information which preceding editions would have ſupplied to any intelligent editor. From the ſtores of other critics, he collected very little, and from his own he produced yet leſs that was valuable. But he had indulged himſelf in rude and petulant objections againſt Dr. Bentley; and for this chiefly I cenſured him. Here ends the catalogue of my crimes hitherto committed in Reviews; and as I now have ſomewhat more leiſure than I formerly enjoyed, it is poſſible that I may now and then add to their number. But I aſſure Dr. Combe and the public, that whenſoever I take upon myſelf to deal rigorouſly with any writer, I ſhall not ſhrink from the ſtricteſt reſponſibility. My contributions to works of this kind are occaſional, and therefore I have no right to the benefit of that ſecrecy, which it may be wiſe and honourable for the regular conductors of Reviews to preſerve. Of the ſhare which I have already taken, and may hereafter take in theſe periodical publications, I never can be aſhamed. I might plead the example of many ſcholars both at home and abroad, far ſuperior to myſelf in vigour of intellect, and extent of erudition. But I wiſh rather to inſiſt upon the utility of the works themſelves, and upon the opportunities which they furniſh to men of learning, for rendering ſome occaſional ſervice to the general cauſe of literature. There is no one Review in this country, but what is conducted with a conſiderable degree of ability; and though I decline the taſk of deciding upon their comparative excellence, I have no heſitation in ſaying that all of them deſerve encouragement from learned men. They much oftener aſſiſt than retard the

circulation of books—they much oftener extend than check the reputation of good books—they rarely proſtitute commendation upon ſuch as are notoriouſly bad. For my part, I am diſpoſed to view with a favourable eye the *different* opinions and propenſities, which may be traced in the minds of the different writers. By ſuch colliſions of ſentiment, truth is brought into fuller view, and a reader finds himſelf impelled by the very ſtrongeſt curioſity to examine the reaſons upon which men of talents nearly equal have founded deciſions totally oppoſite. By poſterity, too, Reviews will be conſidered as uſeful repoſitories of the moſt ſplendid paſſages in the moſt celebrated works. They will ſhew the progreſs of a country, or an age, in taſte and arts, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of ſcience. They mark the gradations of language itſelf, and the progreſſive or retrograde motions of the public mind upon the moſt intereſting ſubjects in ethics, in politics, and religion. Criticiſm, indeed, is ſhackled by no party, and devoted to no ſect. Let me, however, hope to be excuſed, if I feel ſome little predilection for a work which I ſuppoſe to be patronized by many diſtinguiſhed members of the eſtabliſhed church, and which I know to be in part conducted by a learned man, who was once my own ſcholar. With ſincerity do I ſay, at the ſame time, that I harbour no prejudice againſt the characters, and that I entertain a very high reſpect for the talents of the gentlemen who are employed in the Critical, the Monthly, the Analytical, and the Engliſh Reviews. Among the writers in the three laſt there are perſons whom no enlightened and ingenuous clergyman would bluſh to call his friend; and, in truth, I think it a circumſtance equally advantageous and creditable to myſelf, that I live upon terms of great intimacy with ſome of them, and even of confidential intercourſe with others. Doubtleſs there is in one periodical publication, a Review of Burke, which I think groſſly partial, contemptibly ſuperficial, and outrageouſly ſlanderous. It is petulant without brilliancy, captious without acuteneſs, and dictatorial without energy. But I know not the authors, and indeed they are unworthy of being known by men of enlarged underſtandings and virtuous principles. I truſt that they are not the friends of Dr. Combe, to the ſame extent in which the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic are mine.

Dr. Combe ſays that I have endeavoured "not only to deſtroy the credit of the work, but the character of the remaining Editor." Now if I have imputed to the Variorum Horace faults which it really has *not*, or if I have been ſilent about the excellencies which it really *has*, other critics may defend what I blame, and bring forward what I ſtifle, ſo as to preſerve the credit of the work. The tendency of what I have written, and the deſign of the writer too, were to appreciate the real merit of that edition; and from him, who addreſſes the public in the character of a critic, nothing *leſs* can be expected by an impartial reader, and nothing *elſe* would be aſked by an honeſt editor. My immediate motives for undertaking the office were to ſhew the ſenſe I have of what does, and what does not, deſerve commendation, and, at the ſame time to counteract the effects of thoſe vague and unjuſt reports which fixed upon me reſponſibility for the whole. This I had a right to do, when the work was repreſented as mine, and this I *have* done in ſuch a manner as to clear myſelf from the imputation of faults, which he who committed them would perhaps be unlikely to ſuſpect, unable to diſcover, or unwilling to expoſe. After the ſeparation between Dr. Combe and myſelf, I was not bound to ſacrifice my literary character to the wiſhes of an Editor, who had ceaſed to employ me, or to the intereſts of Bookſellers, who, in making their bargains, had neglected to aſk me *how far* I was really employed. But my hope is, that in doing juſtice to myſelf, I ſhall eventually do no injury to them. If Dr. Combe's Statement, and my Remarks upon it,

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ſhould eſcape the waves in which pamphlets ſuch as ours are often immerged, or the ſhoals in which they are wrecked, and ſo deſcend "along the "ſtream of time" to poſterity, as to be compared with the contents of the Britiſh Critic, it will not give me the ſlighteſt concern to know, that in the annals of literature I am to be recorded, firſt as a coadjutor, and then as a critic, to the Variorum Edition of Horace.

As to the literary character of the Editor himſelf, it will ſtand or fall by the ſhare which he ſhall be known to have had in the Variorum Edition, and by the compariſon which his readers may be induced to make between the contents of that edition and my account of it. In regard to his moral character, he has himſelf undertaken the defence of it in his Pamphlet, and it ſhould be remembered that in every part, and to every degree in which I thought it defenſible, I intended to do the Doctor what, in my opinion, was plenary juſtice, *before* the appearance of his own vindication from his own pen.

Quotation, p. 28.—"After miſquoting my letter, which it ſeems Dr. "Parr was ſenſible of at the time, he ſays," "If he (Mr. Homer) had "not marked notes in Lambinus, Cruquius and Torrentius for the whole, "ſtill he was, in my opinion, the perſon who pointed out the ſources where "they were to be had." Dr. Combe ſurely was not in this place obliged to reſume a difference which ſeems to have been *ſettled by our private correſpondence*, and in ſuch a manner, too, as to defeat the Doctor's very invidious obſervation. That I had at firſt *miſquoted* his words, I allow—but that I was *conſcious, at the moment*, of miſquoting them, does *not* appear from the evidence of the *letters themſelves*, and, in point of *fact*, I had no ſuch conſciouſneſs. I at firſt ſuppoſed the Doctor to have written, that "Mr. "Homer marked Lambin, and Torrentius, and Cruquius." I took the Doctor at his word, when he told me of my error, and upon looking again into his manuſcript, I found an abbreviated Saxon *and* immediately preceding the word *I*, and ſtrongly reſembling it. From whatever cauſe the miſconception or miſreading aroſe, it was not *peculiar* to me. One Conductor of the Britiſh Critic fell into the ſame miſtake while he read the Doctor's letter at my lodgings, and another fell into it on peruſing the ſame letter at his own houſe. But about a miſtake committed by me on receiving a letter which came to me at duſk, and which I inſtantly anſwered, a miſtake which did not extend from a private correſpondence to any publication, a miſtake which Dr. Combe himſelf ſo ſpeedily corrected, and which, upon the authority of his mere aſſertion, I immediately acknowledged, all farther explanation is unneceſſary.

On my words juſt now quoted, the Doctor thus comments: "Here Dr. "Parr means nothing leſs than to ſpeak of Mr. Homer, but only of himſelf; "as a little lower he in effect ſtates, nearly the whole of the notes were "pointed out by himſelf. I am very far from wiſhing to leſſen the Doctor's "ſervices or merits, but I ſuppoſe he don't mean to inſinuate that if he had "not pointed them out, we ſhould have known nothing of ſuch works." In the firſt of theſe ſentences, Dr. Combe miſunderſtands, for I am unwilling to ſay that he would miſrepreſent, my words; and in the ſecond he *ſeems* to over-rate, not ſo much Mr. Homer's abilities, as his own. I was ſpeaking of Lambin, Cruquius, and Torrentius, as marked by *others*, not by myſelf. To Mr. Homer I had generally recommended every one of them, and in no one of them do I remember to have pointed out *particular* paſſages. I ſee not a *ſingle veſtige* of *ſuch* an aſſertion, or ſuch an inſinuation, in any one part of my letter. *Neither* in the page to which Dr. Combe refers, *nor* in that which precedes, *nor* in that which follows, do I find any thing *more* ſaid of *my own* labours, than that "I told Mr. Homer of the eſteem in which I

"held

"held Lambin, that after Mr. Homer's death I adviſed Dr. C. to draw "very largely from Lambin, and that I had given Mr. Homer direction and "aſſiſtance of different kinds when I was reviſing the ſheets." Never did I in *words* or *effect* ſtate that "nearly the whole of the Variorum notes were "pointed out by myſelf:" *on the contrary*, inſtead of preſuming to *overvalue* my ſervices, I was endeavouring to defend myſelf againſt Dr. Combe, who had cenſured me for *undervaluing* them; and even *then* I did not ſay, that the *whole* of the notes were pointed out by me, nor hint that *any one* note in Lambin, Cruquius and Torrentius was either marked *or* pointed out by me. I delivered my opinion, and *only* my opinion, about Mr. Homer as the perſon who pointed out to the Doctor the ſources where the notes of Lambin, Cruquius and Torrentius were to be had, and that opinion was founded upon the converſations which had paſſed between him and myſelf about theſe three critics, upon the eſtimation in which they were holden by him as well as by me, and upon the uſe which I found made of them in the Var. Edit. as I was reviſing the ſheets. I now perceive, from Dr. Combe's account, that Homer marked Lambin, that he alone compared Lambin with Torrentius and Cruquius, and that where the ſame ſenſe was conveyed by them, the preference was given to Lambin. All this I admit, and I approve. I had on this ſubject no other merit in Mr. Homer's life-time than that of recommending three Critics whom both the Editors have uſed, at the ſame or at different times, and about whoſe characteriſtic merits I found one of them well informed when I talked to him. What Dr. Combe *would* have known of their works *without* Mr. Homer, it is not for me to *decide*. I *ſuppoſe* that he might have known their names from catalogues before he began the work, and I find that he read the notes of Cruquius and Torrentius while the work was carrying on. What he knew of Lambin while Mr. Homer was living, I cannot determine; but I believe that he knew very little of Lambin, or Torrentius, or Cruquius, *from me*, while Mr. Homer was alive, for Mr. Homer was the perſon to whom I wrote or converſed about them, and to Dr. Combe I am not ſure that I ever mentioned any thing more than their mere names. If, however, Dr. Combe means to aſk my plain opinion about the knowledge which he had acquired of theſe writers *before* he had entered upon the Horace, or about the ſucceſs with which he would have uſed them *without Mr. Homer's aſſiſtance*, my anſwer is, that his knowledge was very confined, and that his ſucceſs would, in my judgment, have been very doubtful. He will further be pleaſed to remember, that when Mr. Homer was dead, application was made by himſelf and Mr. Homer ſen. to me for my advice upon the manner in which Lambin was to be uſed by the Doctor. Now *ſuch* an application, at ſuch a *time*, is no very ſtrong evidence of Dr. Combe's *previous* attention to Lambin's notes, as they are to be found either in Lambin's edition, or in the earlier parts of the Var. Edit. *itſelf*. It appears, indeed, that theſe notes were ſelected and compared for a long time by Mr. Homer only: but that, in Mr. Homer's life-time, they were ever *read* by Dr. Combe, except in proof-ſheets, does *not* appear. On reading thoſe paſſages in the Preface where Dr. Combe ſpeaks of himſelf *only*, I was not forgetful of Mr. Homer's merits, and upon coming to that part of his Pamphlet where he uſes the word "*we*," I was equally upon my guard not to confound Mr. Homer's knowledge with the Doctor's. Upon Dr. Combe's general mode of thinking and ſpeaking about himſelf, I ſhall not retort thoſe reproaches which he has aimed at me. But when he is deliberately talking of his own particular merits upon the particular ſubject of Horace, I ſuppoſe him *ſincere*, as well as modeſt, in the account he gives of his own exertions; and upon *this* ſuppoſition, the *difference* is not very wide between his ſentiments and mine. "The propoſal for a new Var. Edit. of Horace, ſays he (p. 6),

"was

" was firſt mentioned by me, not with an idea of having any thing to do with " it myſelf, but merely as a proper thing for Homer." Such was Dr. Combe's judgment at the *commencement* of the deſign, and nearly ſuch, as we ſhall now ſee, it remains after the *concluſion* of the work. " As to myſelf," ſays he " (p. 32), ſo little credit did I think was due to the Editor of ſuch a publi- " cation, that I did not even affix my name to the title page, nor did I in- " tend to put it to the advertiſement in the papers." To the meaning which *is* conveyed, and doubtleſs was *meant* to be conveyed, by theſe two ſentences, I beg leave to expreſs, once for all, my unfeigned and unqualified aſſent.

I am now approaching a ſubject far more ſerious than the merits of an Edition, or the qualifications of an Editor. In the former paragraph Dr. Combe had ſaid, that " in my obſervation about the notes of Lambin, Cruquius, " and Torrentius, I meant nothing leſs than to ſpeak of Mr. Homer, but " only of myſelf;" or in more plain, and perhaps more grammatical, terms, that, while I affected to praiſe Mr. Homer, I intended only to exalt myſelf. But the premiſes do not warrant the inference; for it appears, that the proof on which the Doctor reſts that inference is, my having ſtated " nearly the " whole of the notes to have been pointed out by myſelf;" and it *alſo* appears that *no* ſuch ſtatement was ever made by me, directly nor indirectly, in the letter where the Doctor *profeſſes* to have found it. His next ſtep is to prove that I am avaricious of *money* as well as fame; that I employ falſehood to get the one, and chicanery to get the other; that I not only was indifferent to Mr. Homer's reputation, but unjuſt to his property. To eſtabliſh this bold poſition, the Doctor writes thus: " Mr. Homer having met with the " minor pieces of Bellendenus, thought it would be an acceptable thing to " the public in general, and to the Scotch gentlemen in particular, to pre- " ſent them with a new Edition, and thereby bring from obſcurity ſo emi- " nent a ſcholar, and ſo great an ornament to the Scottiſh nation. This he " communicated to Dr. Parr, who approved of his deſign, and told him he " would write a Preface to it." [The Doctor means not the deſign, but the new edition of Bellenden's Tracts. " Mr. Homer, whoſe regard and ad- " miration for Dr. Parr at that time were ſo great, that he thought every " thing he did muſt command a rapid ſale, immediately accepted his offer, and " thanked him: but notwithſtanding the expence of engraving, the care in " printing, &c. the event turned out different from his expectation. For " the original intention of the edition was loſt in the reception it met with as " a political Pamphlet. I afterwards learnt from Mr. Homer ſen. that his " ſon paid Dr. Parr, for this, 50l. notwithſtanding which the Doctor ſoon af- " terwards inſiſted on a new edition of the Preface being publiſhed ſeparately; " and had ſo little grace as to deſire Mr. Homer to make the beſt bargain he " could for him with ſome Bookſeller. Not many of the original had been " ſold; a great many which had been bound in morocco and other rich " bindings, were left on hand; and if a new edition had been publiſhed by " a bookſeller, the loſs to Mr. Homer would have been great. He conſulted " with me, and we both thought it would be better for him to buy it, and to " give the Doctor 15l. 15s. At this time I knew nothing of the 50l. or my ad- " vice would have been different." [S] Dr. Combe makes the following note on this paſſage in his pamphlet: [T] "Mr. Homer's father was not acquainted " with this tranſaction till the Doctor informed him of it, in order to make " out a debt of 20l. which he ſaid was due to him at Mr. H. Homer's death." To avoid the imputation of ſeparating what the Doctor has been pleaſed to combine, and to give the Doctor every advantage which his reaſoning can confer upon his Statement, I have exhibited the whole maſs of both; and at

the ſame time I ſhall, in my reply to ſuch important and complex matter, aſſert my right of diſcriminating what the Doctor has confounded. I ſhall not ſay that he has miſrepreſented my behaviour, becauſe, for his ſake, I would rather hope, that he has only *miſconceived* it. I cannot ſay, that he has *forgotten* my pecuniary tranſactions with Mr. Homer, becauſe I have no reaſon for ſuppoſing that he ever accurately *knew* them. But ſure I am, that when a Lay Gentleman makes an attack of this kind upon a Clergyman, his underſtanding ought to be furniſhed with a numerous train of proofs; his memory ought to retain the moſt diſtinct ideas of facts; and by his conſcience, after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, he ought to ſtand acquitted of every unfair deſign, and every uncandid motive.

I ſhall endeavour to refute the contents of the ſame paragraph above quoted in detail.

Firſt then I will tell the Reader all I remember about the plan and the progreſs of the new edition of Bellenden; and probable it is, that of a work which engaged ſo much of my attention I know ſomewhat *more* than Dr. Combe. "That Mr. Homer might think it would be an acceptable thing "to the public in general, and to the Scotch gentlemen in particular, to pre-"ſent them with a new edition of Bellenden," is very probable, though I have no recollection of his having expreſſed to me any anticipation of ſupport from *the Scotch gentlemen* in particular. As to the circumſtance of "bring-"ing from obſcurity ſo eminent a ſcholar and ſo great an ornament of the "*Scottiſh nation*," I dare not deny that the idea entered his mind, though in the language employed by Dr. Combe, I ſee traces of pompous and ſwelling pretenſion, very unlike the plain and unaffected converſation of my friend Harry. He had often heard me ſpeak of the high eſteem in which I held Bellenden's work *De tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, and of the great pains which I had taken to examine how far the charge of plagiariſm from that work, urged againſt Dr. Middleton, was well founded. My converſation might, or might not, have excited his curioſity about the name of Bellenden. But I know that he was a diligent ſearcher after curious books; and ſoon after he had met with Bellenden's three tracts, he wrote me a good-humoured and triumphant letter about his diſcovery. Whether, or no, he in that letter gave any intimation of his deſign to publiſh thoſe tracts, I cannot, at this diſtance of time, determine. About the month of October, 1786, he came to me at Hatton, bringing with him the book in his pocket, and *then* he *did* talk about publiſhing it. I examined the tracts, which I had never ſeen before—I concurred with him about the propriety of publication; and the *reſult* of our different converſations was, that I ſhould aſſiſt ſometimes in reviſing the ſheets, write a Dedication and a Preface, and partake of the expence. But from Mr. Homer I received no thanks, becauſe no thanks were due; and unwilling as I am to conduct any part of this controverſy upon the inglorious condition of oppoſing my veracity to that of Dr. Combe, I am driven to the neceſſity of declaring, that from this interview at Hatton, till the completion of the work, it was conſidered by Mr. Homer and myſelf as a *common* and *equal* concern. Accordingly, ſome vowels in Mr. Homer's chriſtian and ſurname, as well as my own, were ſubjoined to the Dedications. I ſhewed Mr. Homer, while he was with me, the references to Cicero's writings in the work De tribus Luminibus Romanorum; and knowing his felicity in chaſing what he uſed to call "catchwords," I deſired him to trace out the paſſages which Bellenden in the tracts had quoted from Cicero. This I conſidered as the moſt laborious and uſeful part of the taſk allotted to him. He performed it with great diligence and great ſucceſs. He applied to

me

me on all points of difficulty, either when he could not find paſſages, which happened ſeldom, or when the texts of Bellenden's tracts and Mr. Homer's Edition of Cicero were at variance, which was much oftener the caſe. If, in reviſing the ſheets of Bellenden, my judgment, or my ear, led me to ſuſpect the accuracy of his words, I often compared them with the text of Cicero in my own Editions, and ſometimes I deſired Mr. Homer to have recourſe to other Editions which I poſſeſſed not.—We entered upon the work by common conſent, from the beginning—we purſued it with joint exertion till the concluſion—and when Mr. Homer, after his return to London, informed me of his unwillingneſs to truſt the book which he had brought from Cambridge to a Printer, I agreed to his propoſal for taking a ſhare in the expence of having it *tranſcribed*. Of the Preface itſelf I will now give a very full explanation; and frequently have I been heard by my friends to declare the ſatisfaction I felt, that the ſize to which it at firſt extended, and the alterations which it afterwards underwent, were ſo well known to my pupils or viſitors, and eſpecially to the Honourable Mr. Auguſtus Legge, of Chriſt Church, Oxford; and to the very learned Mr. Maltby, of Pembroke College, Cambridge [U].

Pleaſed as I was with the whole deſign, I wrote the Dedications and the Preface too, before the end of November. The Preface at firſt filled about a ſheet of paper, and contained ſuch information as I had been able to obtain from my books. I deſired Mr. Homer to apply to his friends, and I alſo made ſimilar applications to my own, for the purpoſe of having ſuch libraries as might contain the Tracts, conſulted, and by degrees I obtained additional information, which I occaſionally inſerted, as ſoon as it reached me. Mr. Homer is entitled to great commendation for the diligence of his reſearches, and to him alone is due the praiſe of procuring ſome materials from the Britiſh Muſeum. If Dr. Combe ſhould ſpring forward to try his ſtrength in a retort courteous, and exultingly aſk, "how Dr. Parr, who mentions "not the name of Mr. Homer in the Bellenden Preface, ſhould preſume to "catechize Dr. Combe for mentioning it ſlightly in the Preface to Horace," I ſhall retire into one of the ſtrong holds of diſtinction. The Preface to Bellenden was written in Mr. Homer's *life-time*—it was publiſhed under his immediate *inſpection*—it aſſumed the form in which it now appears, with his *knowledge* and his *conſent*. Such, too, was Mr. Homer's delicacy in ſharing the praiſe which he ſuppoſed himſelf not to have earned, that I had ſome little difficulty in prevailing upon him to let me ſubjoin the vowels of his name with thoſe of my own in the Dedications. But I inſiſted upon paying this tribute to my auxiliary; and when little controverſies had ſprung up, and various conjectures had been ſtarted about the meaning of theſe vowels, I took an early opportunity of explaining the fact in a magazine of the very higheſt celebrity, and of the moſt extenſive circulation. Such were the circumſtances in Bellenden's Hiſtory, and to a reader of common ſenſe they will appear very different indeed from the circumſtances of Horace. Dr. Combe, however, is a man whom no diſtinctions "hamper," and no want of diſtinction "confounds." With my leave, therefore, he may, and without it probably he *will*, ſtigmatize this part of my ſtatement with the name of "quibbling and ſplitting," or with ſome other opprobrious appellation wrapped up in the two convenient words *et cætera*, which, like the ſeven complimentary words about Mr. Homer in the Doctor's Preface, were meant, I ſuppoſe, "to convey a GREAT DEAL."

About the end of November, or early in the month of December, my daughter, who was very ill, went with her mother to London, and remained for a conſiderable time under the kind and judicious care of Dr. Combe. I

ſuffered great inquietude of mind from the danger in which I ſuppoſed her to be. I ſought relief, and I found it, in preparations for an enlargement of the Preface. The political matter was then, for the firſt time, introduced, and, of courſe, the Preface grew larger and larger, as new efforts produced new additions. It was in December firſt tranſcribed by Mr. Maltby, now Chaplain to the Biſhop of Lincoln, and afterwards in the month of January it was again tranſcribed by him. In the ſame month I had an opportunity of ſhewing it to Mr. Sheridan. It happened to me, as it does to other men of letters engaged in a favourite work—reviſal, converſation and reading ſupplied freſh ideas, and the ſize of the Preface was in the ſecond tranſcript much increaſed before I ſent it up to the Preſs about the end of January. While it was printing, I reviſed every ſheet twice. I made ſeveral corrections in the ſtyle, a few alterations in the arrangement, and ſome addition to the matter. It was publiſhed, if I miſtake not, about the end of May, or pretty early in the month of June.

From Dr. Combe's Statement it would appear that I was merely a writer of the Preface and Dedications. But I know myſelf to have been a *joint Editor* of the Tracts, and I ſuppoſe that the time employed by me in my different ſhares of the taſk was not much leſs than that which Mr. Homer gave up to it. In a work where I had no concern in the ultimate profits, is it likely that I ſhould advance 50l. to carry it on? Yet I *did* advance that ſum; and Dr. Combe, I have reaſon to believe, knows that I advanced it, though in his Statement he does not take any notice of the fact. Is it likely that, without having any pecuniary intereſt in the ſale of the book, I ſhould pay 2l. 2s. for the moiety of my expence in having the Tracts written out before they were ſent to the preſs? No, ſurely. Yet on the authority of Mr. Homer's accounts written in his own hand, ſuch a charge was made upon me by Mr. Homer's father, and allowed by myſelf. The dead, ſays the proverb, tell no tales. But if Mr. Homer were living, he would bear a ready and deciſive teſtimony to the truth of this ſtatement; and to the truth of this ſtatement I expect to hear his according voice, when we meet together at the laſt day, before the awful tribunal of our common Judge.

For what purpoſe, let me aſk, are my pecuniary tranſactions brought to light, by ſo jealous and choleric a guardian of his own honour? I ſuppoſe it to be for the purpoſe of ſhewing this—If I cheated Mr. Homer's executors, when he was dead, it is plain that I could not be Mr. Homer's friend while he was living. I admit the inference, hypothetically, but with my lateſt breath will I deny the premiſes, Perhaps, then, I ſhall find ſome amuſement in the mere *novelty* of the employment, when I undertake to prove myſelf *not a cheat*. Smarting under the laſh I ſometimes brandiſh againſt dullneſs combined with conceit, and ignorance hardened by effrontery, blockheads have imputed to me literary pride—Inſolent and low-minded ſciolifts have murmured againſt me for having a churliſh temper, when they had themſelves inſidiouſly or wantonly, but not with impunity, provoked me—The bigot has ſpied in me the taint of hereſy—The highflighter has clamoured againſt me, moſt *unjuſtly*, indeed, but loudly, for a leaning towards republicaniſm. *Alii* errorem appellant, alii cupiditatem, qui durius ſpem, odium, pertinaciam, qui graviſſime temeritatem, *ſcelus*, præter te, Tubero, adhuc nemo.

Between Mr. Henry Homer and myſelf there for a long time was a running account. As I am not ſubject to rooted habits, or to ſudden ſtarts of rapacity, as I had a well-founded confidence in the probity of my friend, as the articles he had to bring againſt me were numerous, though moſt of them ſmall, and as the charges I had to make for myſelf were few, ſimple and

and two of them large, I left it with him to keep that account. When it had run on for a conſiderable time, I again and again deſired him to draw it out upon paper, and he promiſed to do ſo. In the month of February, 1791, I repeated my requeſt with more than uſual earneſtneſs, not from any improper eagerneſs to receive the balance, but from a well-founded anxiety to know what it was. He told me in Nando's Coffee-houſe, that he would take an early opportunity of doing what I aſked. He added with a ſmile, that I ſhould not find much more than twenty pounds due to me; and after his death I found that he had then collected a bill or two on which no receipts appeared, and which I therefore have myſelf ſince diſcharged. I preſſed the matter no farther. He grew unwell after I left London. He came to his father's houſe in the country, and he died. I wrote very ſoon to the father, deſiring him to examine *all* Mr. Homer's papers, and having no doubt but that my friend had, with his uſual punctuality, committed to writing *every* article which related to his claims or my own. To my great ſurpriſe and ſorrow, I found that the papers he had brought with him into the country, contained imperfect information. One article only was put down in my favour, amounting to 2l. 10s. another was obſcurely placed againſt me of 5l. 5s. a ſum which Mr. Homer had paid for a little work of mine which he ſuperintended, and which had been repaid to him by Mr. Ladbroke, as I found after Mr. Homer's death, by enquiring of Mr. Ladbroke himſelf. There was one article totally unintelligible for the time, which I admitted for the ſake of peace againſt myſelf, though upon reconſidering it lately, I have doubts. There appeared a variety of other articles, which I underſtood immediately, or by enquiry among the parties mentioned in them, and which I admitted. There was one omiſſion which I at firſt ſupplied in part from memory, and afterwards more fully from the *only* ſcrap of paper relating to our accounts which was in my poſſeſſion. I produced my own account, upon the accuracy and honeſty of which I can ſtake my honour before man, and, what is dearer to me even than my honour, before him who is the Maker and the righteous Judge of man. Finding ſome difficulties in adjuſting the balance, and dreading the *remoteſt poſſibility* of doing injuſtice to Mr. Homer's Executors, I adopted the ſhort and ſafe expedient of receiving what Mr. Homer, in *looſe converſation*, had mentioned as due to me in London. That ſum was paid me very properly by one of Mr. Homer's brothers; and I ſhould deal unfairly by the memory of his father, if I did not ſay, that after ſtating ſome difficulties from loſs of copies, ſlowneſs of ſale, and diſappointment of his ſon's expectations, he ſhewed a becoming confidence in my integrity, and carried on the negociation with amity and candour. The perplexity lately produced in my mind by Dr. Combe's moſt unexpected Statement, and the imperfect remembrance I had of tranſactions which paſſed long ago, induced me on the 25th of March laſt to examine my papers, where I found, among other particulars, the following memorandums:

"To be refunded, being money advanced while Bellenden was in the preſs, and juſt about the time, ſo far as Dr. Parr remembers, when Mr. Homer was bargaining for the engravings with Mr. Jones, fifty pounds.

"Due to Dr. Parr by agreement, in conſequence of Mr. Homer's propoſal for clearing Dr. Parr of all trouble, and taking all the profits to himſelf, upon paying Dr. Parr, fifty pounds."

I will now quote from the letters of Mr. Homer ſen. ſome paſſages written in a very different ſpirit from Dr. Combe's Statement—"Harry brought your "debtor account to him into the country, together with ſeveral vouchers "relating to it. But there was no credit account for you, and conſequently "no balance ſtruck in your favour, nor have I found any thing more than

"what

" what is ſtated underneath. You don't mention when Harry's declaration " to you was made; but I believe it will turn out, that ſubſequent to it, he " has paid many pounds for you, and that even on the ground you mention " there is not much due to you. What money he received for you, in order " to pay again for you, has nothing to do in the account; but I ſhould be " glad if you would recollect, as nearly as you can, what ſums he received " for you which are not accounted for, and particularly what you men- " tion about Bellendenus, and how that affected him. Theſe matters I " doubt not we ſhall ſettle amicably, as I wiſh to give every article the moſt " candid conſtruction." Dated May 30th, 1791.

" If I had had the good fortune to have ſeen you on my journey to or " from Balſhall Temple, it was my intention to have ſaid what I now ſay to " you—that I have not the leaſt intention to diſpute with you about your " claim of money owing from Henry; but only deſire that it may be ſettled " in a reaſonable manner."

" I incloſe Harry's account againſt you and vouchers, and every paper " which I have met with relating to it; and ſhall only ſay, that if any pay- " ment were made by him ſubſequent to his declaration of 20l. being due to " you on balance, ſuch payments ſhould be deducted." Dated June 16, 1791.

No payments ſubſequent to the converſation which paſſed between Mr. Homer and myſelf, and the time of which I had in a letter previous to Mr. Homer's anſwer of June the 16th explained to him, came to light, and at this moment I am ignorant *why* my friend mentioned that ſum, though I am convinced, that if he had lived to ſettle with me, all obſcurities would have been removed. As matters ſtand, his written claims compared with mine would have entitled me to a *larger* ſum. For the ſatisfaction, not of any one unprejudiced or even prejudiced Reader, but of my haſty Accuſer, I laid all the letters of Mr. Homer ſen. and all papers relating to my pecuniary concerns with his ſon before ſome of my acquaintance, and I deſired them to give their opinion, which, with their permiſſion, is inſerted in a note [X].

In reſpect to the publication of Bellenden's Tracts, the caſe was this—We entered upon it, according to what I have before ſtated, as a joint concern. I agreed to pay two guineas for the tranſcript before the work went to preſs, and I advanced 50l. while it was going on. I ſubmitted to Mr. Homer the whole buſineſs of ſettling for printing, for paper, for engravings, and for the premiums to be allowed Bookſellers. From the beginning of the work, to the preſent moment, I never have read one ſyllable about coſts or profit. When the work had been for ſome time publiſhed, it was propoſed that I ſhould have no trouble, or further ſuſpenſe about the iſſue; that I ſhould conſider 50l. refunded me, and 50l. advanced to me, as the whole of my due, and that all actual or contingent profits ariſing from the edition ſhould be made over to Mr. Homer himſelf. Theſe ſums, together with the numerous copies I had been permitted to give away, ſeemed to me a ſufficient compenſation.

When Mr. Homer firſt mentioned to me the price of the Tracts, I objected to it as unuſually large, but was overruled. When he talked of ſelling the book without making it over to any bookſeller, I objected again, and was again overruled. I underſtood afterwards from Mr. Homer, that he thought the Bookſellers by no means friendly to his mode of diſpoſing of the work—but I looked upon this as one of the complaints with which zeal now and then conſoles itſelf under temporary diſappointment. Mr. Homer lived in London. He had more acquaintance with Bookſellers and more experience in buſineſs than myſelf, and therefore I made a point of ſubmitting to him in meaſures which I may not at all times have approved [Y].

Before

Before our final engagement for the 50l. and after it, I ſometimes heard him lament that the ſale did not correſpond to his expectations, and the ſame thing was after his death told me by his father. But I never knew the fact from any written ſtatement of expence and produce; I never heard from Mr. Homer himſelf that he repented of his bargain with me; and I am willing to hope, that when his executors parted with the copy right, no very heavy loſs was ultimately ſuſtained. Part of the expence is ſtated by Dr. C. and Mr. Homer's father to have ariſen from the coſtly bindings; but in theſe I had no concern, nor do I know the time at which Mr. Homer thought it proper to order them. Dr. Combe has ſeen me ſometimes laugh, and ſometimes frown, [Z] amidſt ſolemn harangues upon ſhining paper, large margins, pica print, morocco bindings, and a variety of other curious matters that were far leſs familiar to my mind, and in my eſtimation ſomewhat leſs important, than juſt ideas and proper words. That a loſs was for ſome time ſuſtained I readily allow, and I moſt unreſervedly add, that it could not affect my claim. I doubt alſo the validity of the reaſon which Dr. Combe has been pleaſed to aſſign for that loſs, and which before the appearance of his pamphlet had never been communicated to me by Mr. Homer himſelf, or by his executors, or by his friends, or by my own.

"The original intention of the edition," ſays Dr. Combe, "was loſt in the "reception it met with as a political pamphlet." My memory, which upon literary matters is tolerably faithful, has enabled me to explain in what manner the original intention was changed, or, I ſhould rather ſay, the original plan was enlarged, with Mr. Homer's *entire approbation* [AA]; and my obſervation concurs with my memory in preventing me from believing, that this change, or enlargement, was injurious to the ſale of Bellenden's tracts. Hitherto I had been accuſtomed to think that the Preface excited ſome degree of public attention to the work itſelf, and had gratified a little the curioſity of ſcholars, not only in England and Scotland, but alſo in Germany, where I know that Mr. Heyne paid a moſt honourable tribute of commendation to me for not preferring what Milton calls the "gay rankneſs [BB] of modern fuſtianiſts, to the native latiniſm of Cicero." Into the deluſion, if it be one, I was in part led, not merely by general report, but by a very witty ſtory which dropped from the mouth of a very witty man, Mr. George Stevens, and which Mr. Homer mentioned to me with burſts of laughter. I have heard, indeed, of one noble Peer, who, upon looking into the Preface, refuſed to buy the book. But I have alſo heard of another, and perhaps a more learned Peer, who read both with equal attention, and ſpoke of both in terms of commendation nearly equal. How far my political opinions may have *ultimately* obſtructed the ſale of Bellenden's Tracts, it is neither for Dr. Combe nor for myſelf to decide. But if I have not been miſinformed, Dr. Combe is miſtaken when he ſays, that "before Mr. Homer's death *not many* of the original had been ſold." The number might indeed at that time fall ſhort of my friend's expectations. But I hope to ſtand acquitted of all unkindneſs to his memory, when I think it poſſible for the ſale to have been in ſome meaſure retarded by the dearneſs of the book, and the magnificence of the bindings.

As my engagements were made with the late Mr. Homer alone, I ſaw no neceſſity for conſulting Dr. Combe about my pecuniary concerns. But from the repreſentation which he gives of his own advice to Mr. Homer, I find in the firſt place, that he knew very little of my real tranſactions with him in money affairs; in the ſecond place, that he has confounded the edition of Bellenden with the republication of the Preface; and, in the third place, that he gave an opinion which was unknown to me till the appearance of his

own

own Statement. When that opinion was communicated by Dr. C. to Mr. Homer, the latter *could* not be influenced by the fifty pounds for the edition, becauſe the agreement to pay that ſum had not then been made; and even *if* it had been *actually* paid to me, as Dr. C. ſtates upon the authority of Mr. Homer ſen. (who, by the way, himſelf admitted my claim to it) I ſhould have conſidered 15 guineas for the republication of the *enlarged* Preface as a freſh profit, to which I was entitled by a freſh labour. But Mr. Homer ſuppoſed himſelf at that time a ſharer with me in contingent profits for the Tracts, and, for the convenience of thoſe who had purchaſed them, the additions and corrections made in the Preface were ſeparately publiſhed at a ſmall price.

" I afterwards learnt from Mr. Homer ſen. that his ſon paid Dr. Parr 50l. " notwithſtanding which, the Doctor ſoon after inſiſted on a new edition of " the Preface being publiſhed ſeparately, and had ſo little grace as to deſire " Mr. Homer to make the beſt bargain he could for him with ſome Book- " ſeller."—I now, for the firſt time, feel a ſtorm riſing in my breaſt, and nothing but ſincere pity for Dr. Combe's precipitation, joined to my general reſpect for his veracity, could prevent me from aſſuming the very loudeſt and ſterneſt language of indignation. What! was I an oppreſſor as well as a cheat, and a ſcorner as well as an oppreſſor? Did I firſt *decoy* Mr. Homer into 50l. for the Tracts, and then, *inſiſt* upon having a new edition of the Preface publiſhed ſeparately, and then, adding inſult to injury, abandon Mr. Homer to the drudgery of making the beſt bargain he could with ſome Bookſeller? *No, no.* Is it not ſtrange that Mr. Homer, after receiving ſuch aggravated ill treatment, ſhould not in his lifetime have mentioned it to Dr. Combe or myſelf? But Dr. Combe ſays *not* that Mr. Homer mentioned it to him, and I *do* ſay that in point of fact, he did not, and that with juſtice he could not have mentioned it to me. *After* Mr. Homer's death, is it not ſtrange, that his father ſhould firſt communicate this ſhocking complication of fraud and tyranny to Dr. Combe, and yet, in the courſe of ſettling accounts with me, ſhould not *once* even allude to it? I muſt not diſbelieve Dr. Combe when he ſays that Mr. Homer ſen. *did* mention it to *him*. But I have an equal right with Dr. Combe to be believed, when I ſay, that in no form whatſoever, and at no time whatſoever, did Mr. H. ſen. mention it to me. He examined accounts—he ſpoke of loſſes—he argued, and liſtened to argument —he believed, and was himſelf believed. But of the foul and atrocious deed which is imputed to me in Dr. Combe's pamphlet, Mr. H. ſen. neither ſpoke to me, nor wrote to me, one word or one ſyllable.——At enim non veriſimile eſt, tantum ſcelus M. Cottum eſſe commentum. Quid? Hoc veriſimile eſt, tantum ſcelus Oppium eſſe conatum?—Cicero pro Opp.

The paragraph I have juſt now tranſcribed from Dr. Combe's pamphlet, is full of confuſion, in the order of time, reſpecting the republication of the Preface, and has no foundation whatſoever in any part of my behaviour. Let the Reader examine the paragraph again and again, and, comparing it with Dr. C's excluſion of me from a joint concern in Bellenden's Tracts, he will find this to be the meaning—" that Mr. Henry Homer, *knowing* me to have no right whatſoever, to any profit whatſoever, paid me 50l. for the firſt edition of the Preface only, joined to the Tracts; that I then inſiſted upon a new edition of the Preface being publiſhed ſeparately, and then had the grace to deſire Mr. Homer to make the beſt bargain he could for me with ſome Bookſeller. Now Mr. Homer himſelf never did actually *pay* me 50l. for the firſt edition of the Preface, but only agreed to *pay* it for the firſt edition of the Preface, and the republication of Bellenden's Tracts *jointly*.. That agreement was made *after* the Preface had been *republiſhed*. That Preface was republiſhed, *not* becauſe I " inſiſted upon it," but becauſe Mr. Homer himſelf

himſelf had approved, and to the beſt of my remembranee even propoſed it; and as to the bargain with Bookſellers, I know not with what perſon it was made, nor at what time it was made, nor upon what terms it was made, though I *do* know that Mr. Homer had my permiſſion to make it according to his own deliberate judgment, and for his own contingent profit, after an agreement to pay me 15l. 15s. and after the mention [CC] of a larger ſum. I will ſtate the plain fact, not from my preſent recollection only, but from a written memorandum which I made in the year 1791, when events were freſh in my mind, and when I was ſettling honourable claims in an honourable ſpirit with an honourable man. Theſe are the words of the memorandum: "Due to Dr. Parr for the ſecond edition of the Preface, for which Mr. Homer propoſed to pay 20 guineas, taking all charges upon himſelf, and Dr. Parr afterwards ſpontaneouſly offered to take 15l. 15s." This, Reader, is the truth, it is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But mark what ought to have been, and yet were not, the conſequences of Dr. Combe's Statement. If I had no concern as a joint editor of the Tracts, why did Mr. Homer pay me (as Dr. C. ſays he did) fifty pounds?—If Dr. C. ſuppoſed that ſum to be merely a payment of the money lent, why did he not ſay ſo, and ſaying ſo, how could he ſhew that claim to affect my demand for the Preface? If he ſuppoſed it to be my ſhare of profit for the edition of the Tracts, as he ſeems to do, why did he not attempt to account for Mr. Homer's ſilence about a demand which Dr. C. *thinks* unjuſt, and which, if it had been unjuſt, Mr. Homer muſt have *known* to be ſo, and knowing it would have reſiſted, and having reſiſted it in his negotiations with me, would, in all probability, have reprobated in his conſultation with Dr. C.? Again: if Mr. Homer himſelf had previouſly paid me 50l. why did Mr. Homer's father, a juſt, but wary man, [DD] allow my claim for that very ſum? Yet Mr. Homer's father *did* allow it, and he underſtood accounts as well as Dr. Combe or myſelf. If I had no concern with the edition of Bellenden, why did not Mr. Homer's father command me to *refund* that 50l. which, according to Dr. Combe's poſitive ſtatement, *his ſon had actually paid me?* and why did he not refuſe to admit my claim of *another* 50l. which I ſtated to him as having been advanced by me, and which I conſidered his *executors* as bound to refund me, in addition to the other fifty? He could not have information from Mr. Homer's papers; for they ſaid nothing of money due to me, *either* for the publication of the Tracts, *or* the republication of the Preface. He had his information from *me* alone, or at leaſt the only information on which he profeſſed to act. He took my word for the truth of that information. He did not tell me that he repented of taking it. He never accuſed me of falſehood. He never ſeemed to ſuſpect me of fraud. He agreed to pay me the 20l. which I had fixed upon as a balance; and on that balance I fixed, not becauſe the papers allowed me to claim no more, but becauſe I had finally reſolved to take *ſo* much, and ſo much *only*, in conſequence of the imperfect accounts which my friend had left behind him—in conſequence of the mere *poſſibility* of his having laid out ſome *unknown* ſums, which were not recorded in them—in conſequence of my willingneſs for the ſake of peace, for the ſake of honour, for the ſake of friendſhip, to be guided by the laſt converſation which had paſſed between Harry and myſelf upon our pecuniary affairs. What, I aſk, muſt be the feelings of many a neighbour, many a pupil, many an enlightened ſcholar, many a worthy clergyman, many a zealous friend, many a generous foe—what, I again aſk, muſt be their feelings when they turn from my vindication to that—I was on the point of ſaying, that—no, I will correct myſelf, and be content to ſay—that STATEMENT, which has extorted it?

But farther—The improbability of Dr. Combe's Statement will appear part of my friend's irritation aroſe from the multiplicity of the taſks which

more glaringly on contraſting the difference of my behaviour to Mr. Homer, before the appearance of Bellenden and after it.

At firſt I took the trouble of examining Bellenden's Tracts very carefully, before I adviſed my friend to hazard the publication.

I gave him proper advice to increaſe the value of his own edition by references to the works of Cicero, and in all caſes of difficulty I aſſiſted to make the text correct.

I undertook the very irkſome taſk of reviſing ſome of the proof ſheets.

I pulled down my muſty books, in order to glean from them ſuch information as they might ſupply about the life of Bellenden himſelf, and the progreſs of his different works.

With all my fondneſs for the ſqualid and ſapleſs ſubtilties of metaphyſics, I left them, for once, to try my ſkill on daintier ſubjects. Though I could not entirely keep my hands from plucking the thorn with the roſe, and weaving them together for ſome miſchievous purpoſe, yet their chief employment was to cull the gaudieſt flowers of rhetoric, and twine them into wreaths of panegyric, which, however, as Dr. Combe informs me, ſoon faded from their own native brightneſs into a ſickly hue, and, ſhrinking under the blights of public contempt, are now fallen into hopeleſs decay.

In addition to this prodigality of intellectual labour, I employed my influence, and even lent my money without any proſpect of profit.

I treſpaſſed on the politeneſs of Lord D——, who borrowed for me an original picture of Lord North, from which an engraving might be taken.

I gave two guineas for the tranſcript of a book, which a new edition was ſoon to bring within my reach for leſs than half the ſum.

I even advanced fifty pounds to defray the expence of printing, paper, and engravings.

Such, on the *ſuppoſition* of my not being a joint editor, was my behaviour to Mr. Homer before Bellenden was publiſhed, and it amounted ſurely not only to a diſintereſted, but to a moſt enthuſiaſtic and even romantic ſort of friendſhip. On reverſing, however, the picture, we find that all this generoſity ſoon degenerated into the moſt ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, and all this kindneſs was exchanged for the moſt imperious and injurious requiſitions.

To Mr. Homer's intereſt, which I had been promoting ſo diligently, I became on a ſudden quite indifferent. My own intereſt, which I had before diſregarded, bore down every conſideration of juſtice and decorum.

In ſpite of the remonſtrances which Mr. Homer was likely to urge from the obſtacles I ſhould throw in the way of a book, of which he was the ſole editor and ſole proprietor, I reſolved to publiſh a new edition of the Preface; and though it ſhould ſeem that Mr. Homer, if he could not diſſuade me from that reſolution, might have *declined* entering into any *pecuniary bargain* with me, yet I am repreſented as compelling him, by ſome unknown means, to fetter himſelf with a moſt unpleaſant and unprofitable compact. He was *not* at liberty to turn over my demands to a bookſeller of my own choice. He *was* under the neceſſity, of giving me from his own pocket, the very price which I demanded, for my own uſe. Nay, what is ſtranger ſtill, he agreed to give me fifteen guineas for a book, the publication of which muſt have hindered the ſale of *another* book, for which he had *already* paid me fifty pounds. What was the ſtrangeſt circumſtance of all, *at the very moment* when he converſed with Dr. Combe about acceding to my demand of the ſmaller ſum, he never *uttered one complaint* againſt me for my *previous* extortion of the *larger!*—and extortion it certainly was to aſk fifty pounds for a work, in which, as Dr. Combe has been pleaſed to tell the public, I originally gave my aſſiſtance without any pecuniary view whatſoever.

Man, I allow, is a forgetful and a placable creature—But that Mr. Homer ſhould

ſhould ſtoop at once to be tricked by my avarice, and thwarted by my frowardneſs; that he ſhould not contraſt my former liberality, when he ſuppoſed me to have no claims, with my ſubſequent importunity when he moſt unexpectedly found me claiming ſo much; that under the immediate apprehenſion of a ſecond and great wrong, he ſhould be totally ſilent about a previous and a greater one, are inſtances of forbearance, to which the ordinary courſe of human tranſactions bears no reſemblance.

Man is, alſo, a frail and a fickle creature—But that ſo great a change of mind, as has been imputed to me, ſhould happen in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, and from ſo ſlight an allurement of gain, and with ſo unſubſtantial a plea of right, is a fact not leſs incredible in the moral world, than the tales which are told of transformations wrought in the natural by Circean potions and magic ſpells.

Some of the tranſactions which I juſt now with agony have been relating and explaining, paſſed between Mr. Homer ſenior and myſelf early in the ſummer of 1791; and in the courſe of that ſummer Dr. Combe had learnt, it ſeems, from Mr. Homer ſenior, my ſcandalous behaviour about the firſt edition of the Preface. Did Dr. Combe *then* impute ſuch behaviour to me in his letters? He did not. Did he go on accepting my aſſiſtance in the Epodes, and the Carmen Seculare? He did. But if the Doctor really *ſuſpected* me, as from his Statement it ſhould appear that he did, at this very time, of having oppreſſed the late Mr. Harry Homer about the Preface, and of having employed unfair methods to *make out* a claim of 20l. upon Mr. Homer's executors, why did he condeſcend to employ me as a coadjutor, and to addreſs me even as a friend? If, at any later period, he was perfectly *convinced* of my villany, why did he ſuffer me to be ſcreened from infamy, till I had filled up the meaſure of my guilt, by adding the malignity of a critic to the baſeneſs of an extortioner? But Dr. Combe, I perceive, and myſelf have experienced the common lot of mortals. His moral feelings were rather *torpid*, till they were rouſed into action by *perſonal* conſiderations; and his contempt of me as a cheat to Mr. Homer was in ſome degree ſtifled, till he felt ſome late emotions of anger againſt me as a reviewer of the Var. Edit. As to myſelf, I find, by ſad experience, that juſtice delayed is the portentous harbinger of ultimate and aggravated puniſhment.

Quotation, p. 30. "Dr. Parr knew money was not plentiful: Mr. "Homer had expended near 2000l. in paper and printing: the returns were "ſlow, and more money wanted to finiſh the works he had begun: but "when this was urged in order to get Dr. Parr to be more expeditious in "his aſſiſtance, I may here truly ſay *the Doctor's brief and cold expreſſion* "was, quoting St. Luke, Whoſo intending to build ſitteth not down firſt "and counteth the coſt, whether he have ſufficient to finiſh it?" Dr. Combe, I fear, has not traced to its *ſource* this ſcriptural quotation with the ſame accuracy which he *profeſſes* to have employed upon paſſages quoted in the notes upon Horace from profane writers. What the words of St. Luke are I know very well—What my own application of theſe words was—whether I made any—whether, if made, it was in converſation or by letter—I know not. But I ſee very clearly that the paſſage, as printed in Dr. Combe's Pamphlet, is downright nonſenſe; and whether the nonſenſe be coined in the Doctor's mint or my own, is of little conſequence. During Mr. Homer's life, I knew not *preciſely* what ſums of money he laid out upon the different works in which he was engaged; and it was not till I had received a letter from his father, dated the 24th of May, 1791, that I knew 380l. to have been expended by himſelf and Dr. Combe upon the Horace. I not only was ignorant of the *aggregate* ſum which Mr. Homer had ſpent, but even unacquainted with ſeveral of the works in which, after his death, I found him to have been employed. When I promiſed to aſſiſt in the Horace, I had that work *only* before me; and I fear that ſome

he had undertaken, and which ſeized a part of that attention which I expected to ſee beſtowed upon the Horace. I muſt not pretend to more candour than I have by ſaying, that pecuniary embarraſſments, ariſing from *other* works, would have quickened my diligence much more than the friendly conſiderations to which at the time I was not inſenſible. But I do myſelf no more than juſtice when I declare, that my ſolicitude for the Horace alone was ſufficient to make me give it all the time that I could give. If Mr. Homer was eager for returns of money, I might have deſired him to puſh with greater earneſtneſs the *other* works in which I had no concern, and therefore could occaſion no delay. But of ſo large a ſum as 2000l. "expended in "paper and printing, and of money *wanted* to finiſh the books Mr. H. had" *then* "begun," I had no intimation. When the Horace, indeed, was pretty far advanced, Mr. H. told me in *general* terms, that he and Dr. C. had laid out a good deal of money on the Var. Edit. and that he was himſelf preparing other publications. It is poſſible, therefore, that finding my friend too extenſively engaged, and myſelf too roughly importuned, I in ſome form or other alluded to the paſſage quoted by Dr. C. But whether the alluſion was harſh, or not, depends on the context, and the context is not produced.

Quotation, p. 30. "Mr. Homer having very correctly printed, for the "uſe of ſchools, the three firſt books of the three decades of Livy, Dr. Parr "promiſed him to write a Preface for it. There was no place here for "politics or detraction." "Mr. Homer, having frequently reminded him "of this promiſe, and after waiting fourteen months, was obliged to write "a ſhort one for himſelf and publiſh it." I think it very ſtrange that Mr. Homer, after finding me ſo tardy about the Livy, ſhould venture to employ me to ſo great an extent about the Horace. Be this however as it may, I certainly gave Mr. Homer ſome advice about the choice of his notes for Livy; I intended, and in all probability I promiſed, to write a little Preface for it; and the trouble of writing ſuch a Preface certainly was no object of terror to my lazineſs. But, on being called upon to write one, I told Harry that, as he knew the contents of his own book much more fully than I did, it would be better for him to draw up a Preface in his own way, and let me correct it. He brought that Preface with him in the ſummer of 1787, and one night, while we were making a tour in Warwickſhire, I reviſed it under the hoſpitable roof of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Hutchins. Doubtleſs I did hear of *ſome* delay from the want of the Preface: but when Dr. Combe from his memory ſtates this to have been a delay of *fourteen* months, I muſt take the liberty of ſtating from mine, that before the appearance of the Doctor's pamphlet I never conſidered myſelf as having retarded the publication of the Livy, even for fourteen weeks. I have no internal evidence from the book itſelf to aſſiſt my recollection. But, from the good humour with which Harry and I read over the Preface in Warwickſhire, I cannot ſuppoſe that my perverſeneſs, or my negligence, had produced the very long delay which Dr. Combe has imputed to me. "In the Livy," ſays the Doctor, "there was no place for politics or detraction:" and in order to illuſtrate his meaning, he in a note has referred his readers to the Preface to Bellenden, and the Preface and Dedication to the Warburtonian Tracts. When I ſent thoſe works into the world, Dr. Combe and I were upon terms of friendſhip, and that friendſhip ſeemed not to ſuffer the ſlighteſt interruption from my errors in politics, or from my propenſity towards detraction. Certainly I do not think leſs favourably of either of theſe publications, becauſe Dr. Combe, at ſo *late* a period, has been pleaſed to expreſs his diſapprobation of them, and their writer. But I muſt take the liberty of obſerving, that the charge which has been levelled againſt me, will, in part, rebound upon Harry. As to the Preface and Dedication to the Warburtonian Tracts, Harry not only ſuperintended the preſs, and praiſed the compoſition, but concurred entirely

entirely with me in the opinions which I then held of certain perſons, and upon certain ſubjects. As to the Bellenden, there was a time when Dr. Combe, I believe, read and "endured" [EE] what Mr. Homer, I know, underſtood and "loved." The Doctor indeed has ſince reprobated my politics. But Mr. Homer, I imagine, would not have been induced even by Dr. Combe's authority to change or retract his own. I would not be underſtood to inſinuate that the Doctor ever profeſſed the ſame opinions as myſelf about public men, or public meaſures. But I know that for ſeveral years his friendly partiality, or his tender compaſſion, or his contempt, or his indifference, did not permit him to arraign my judgment for holding or my loyalty for avowing them.

How fortunate is it for Dr. Combe, that the Variorum Edition of Horace has been preſerved from the deep and rank pollution which would have been infuſed into it by a Dedication from my pen to Mr. Windham and Mr. Burke! The ſentences might have been ſmooth—the latinity might have been ſpecious—the panegyrick upon thoſe illuſtrious men might have been even brilliant. But loathſome politics rankling on the ſurface of that panegyrick, and fell detraction lurking ſomewhere in its receſſes, would have leavened the whole maſs.

Quotation, p. 30. "In regard to the Horace, though I am ſure it never "took the Doctor ſeven hours to mark the notes in Bentley for one book of "the Odes, yet he twice kept the book at Hatton near ſeven months, the "preſs all that time being obliged to ſtand ſtill." In a former paragraph I am accuſed of detaining the Livy fourteen months, and, according to this paragraph, I incurred equal guilt, but in two portions, by keeping the Bentley twice ſeven months, when I had the power of marking Bentley "in "ſeven hours." Our Gallic neighbours, with childiſh though perhaps wicked zeal, have lately thruſt out the number ſeven to introduce their favourite decade. But Dr. Combe, with laudable firmneſs, clings to the old number ſeven; and if, for the vindication of his honeſt prejudice, he will look into a certain book which he did not conſult for the improvement of his Horace, he will find a very entertaining account of the myſtic powers and properties aſcribed to that number, for which he has ſhewn ſo ſtrong a predilection. "Septenarii naturam, ſays the Tranſlator of Philo, neſcio an "quis ſatis laudare queat, cum ea ſit præſtantior quam ut ulla facundia "poſſit exprimi. Hence the diviſion of climacteric years into ſevens. Hence "the church of Rome has ſeven principal virtues, ſeven deadly ſins, ſeven "ſacraments, ſeven articles for the trinity, and ſeven concerning the hu-"manity" of the founder of the chriſtian religion. "In fables we hear of "ſeven ſleepers, in romance, of ſeven champions, and among the vulgar, of "ſeven ſenſes*." In ſeven hours too I could mark a book of Bentley; for ſeven months I twice kept Bentley's notes, and twice ſeven months I detained the three books of Livy.

The firſt volume of the Var. Edit. was in the preſs, I believe, nearly three years, and from this ſpace muſt be deducted, according to Dr. Combe's account, fourteen months, during which the preſs ſtood ſtill. I remember two delays about Bentley, the firſt *very* inconſiderable, and the ſecond more conſiderable, though not amounting, as far as my recollection goes, to twice ſeven weeks. I will ſtate the whole that occurs to my mind on this ſubject. Before the Variorum Edition was committed to the preſs, I was employed in marking Waddelus, Markland's Explications, Klotzius's Various Lections, and Cuningam's Animadverſions. About theſe I am charged with no delay, and was guilty of none. I collected alſo or pointed out to Mr. Homer, ſome detached notes in other works of criticiſm, and here too I am innocent. I marked alſo the firſt volume of Janus, and about this part of Janus I am not guilty. I had alſo the firſt and ſecond books of Bentley to mark, and if I do not moſt groſsly deceive myſelf, I *then* detained Bentley with very little inconvenience

* See Taylor's Civil Law, p. 258.

convenience to the Editors. Mr. Homer tranſcribed from Bentley the notes thus marked, and returned me the book, that I might have more notes ready for the preſs in the third and fourth books. Bentley was certainly *in my houſe* this ſecond time, full ſeven months or more; and for a *part* of the time, while I was expected to get the ſecond diviſion of notes ready, the firſt diviſion was in the preſs. Mr. Homer, I very well remember, wrote to me with great impatience to obtain the ſecond diviſion, and I was convinced that there had been ſome delay, of which I had been myſelf the cauſe. I then ſat down, and performed my taſk. I do not, however, think myſelf ſo unfeeling as to be capable of having delayed my friend's work for the long ſpace of *ſeven months*. I can hardly think Mr. Homer ſo tame-ſpirited, that he would have borne a ſingle, and much leſs a ſecond delay of *ſeven months*. I ſuſpect that Dr. Combe has not diſtinguiſhed between the *time that Bentley was kept in my houſe, and the time during which the preſs really did not go forward*. It has fallen in my way to aſſiſt ſeveral literary men in ſeveral literary undertakings. Few of them, I believe, will impute to me ſo groſs and ſo wanton a neglect of punctuality as Dr. Combe charges upon me; and in a work like the Horace, for which I had laboured with much earneſtneſs in ſelecting notes from other writers, it is not very probable that I ſhould twice, or even once, have occaſioned ſo long a delay to the preſs as ſeven months about the notes of Bentley. The third time at which I received Bentley's notes, was for the purpoſe of marking the Epodes and the Carmen Seculare. Mr. Homer was then dead, and the Horace, already marked to the end of the 4th book, had, I think, been ſuſpended during Mr. Homer's abſence from London. I find by a letter from Mr. Homer's father, that Dr. Combe was anxious to receive the Bentley ſent to me a third time, ſoon after Mr. Homer's death. I obeyed the directions given me to make haſte with my taſk; and as Dr. Combe does not complain of me in this one particular, I hope that this third inſpection did not retard the preſs ſeven days. I will here ſupply a charge which Dr. Combe has omitted. While the ſecond volume of Janus was with me, Mr. Homer expreſſed ſome earneſtneſs for me to return it. I had never read Janus till it was ſent me to be marked for the Var. Edit. and I did not chooſe to be precipitate in ſelecting matter from a book juſt as new to me, as were ſome other commentators upon Horace to the Variorum Editor. Now every man, like Dr. Combe and Mr. Homer, feels his own concerns moſt cloſely, and why ſhould I not be permitted to feel mine? It is very well known both to my pupils and my viſitors, that few men are leſs idle than myſelf, and by many of my friends it will not be denied that a pretty conſiderable ſhare of my time has been allotted to their writings. From my daily avocations as an inſtructor, from my numerous and I hope uſeful exertions as a pariſh-prieſt, from the variety and extent of my correſpondence, from the different affairs about which I am either conſulted or employed by different perſons in different parts of the kingdom, I am often bereaved of the leiſure which would otherwiſe be dedicated to the proſecution of my ſtudies, the relief of my ſpirits, and even the preſervation of my health. I have occaſion to ſay this now, not for the purpoſe of praiſing, but of vindicating myſelf. I have had occaſion to ſay the ſame thing *before*, not only to Mr. Homer that I might blunt accuſation, but to one or two other perſons that I might ſtrike it aſide; and they who would not, upon ſuch terms impoſed by ſuch *neceſſity*, accept my well-meant aid, would have done well to withdraw their requeſts, not becauſe my induſtry was ſlackened, nor becauſe my zeal had cooled, but becauſe their exigencies and my own were, at ſome unlucky point of time, incompatible.

It would be irkſome to me to ruſh into a war of aſſertions, even though I ſhould come to the conflict with a panoply of proof. I know that in ſeaſons of irritation, even well-meaning men are led to aſſert more than they

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can prove, not becauſe they wiſh to deceive, but becauſe they are themſelves deceived—not becauſe they judge uncharitably, but becauſe they comprehend partially—not ſo much becauſe they miſtake their own convenience, as becauſe they are too inattentive to the convenience of other men. Without deciding how far this may be the caſe with Dr. Combe, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that after reading the letters of Mr. Homer ſen. to me, I have conſidered and reconſidered the imputation of delay. The reſult is a moſt fixed opinion, that no one time at which the preſs ſtood ſtill really and ſolely upon my account exceeded ſeven or eight weeks; and from the experience I have had of Dr. *Combe's temper*, as well as Mr. Homer's, I am ſure that a chaſm of ſeven months would have been filled up with demands, complaints, and reproaches, of which the impreſſion would have been deep upon my feelings at the moment, and moſt vivid in my memory even now. Sorry I am to have been the occaſion of any delay whatſoever. I have great ſatisfaction, however, in finding that Mr. Homer in private forgave me for the *crimes* of which Dr. Combe has accuſed me in public. But I know the *late* provocations he has had for doing ſo, and therefore I ſhall no farther blame the Doctor than for ſtretching his accuſation beyond my guilt.

Quotation, p. 30. Dr. Combe ſays, "he is ſure it never took Dr. Parr "ſeven hours to mark the notes in Bentley for one book of the Odes." If the Doctor, arguing from his own *experience* in his own book, intends to meaſure my ſagacity by his, I aſſure him that he does me an honour to which I have no claim. While I preſided over a ſchool, I twice read through Bentley's notes, and as in the courſe of my teaching, I occaſionally looked into them, they were tolerably familiar to me. But there is ſome difference between reading notes for the inſtruction of boys, and marking them for the information of the public. Add to this, that during my reſidence at Hatton, I had not very often conſulted Bentley. When, therefore, I ſat down to the book at Mr. Homer's requeſt, I found that many of the contents had faded from my memory; and for a variety of reaſons which may *not* have occurred to Dr. Combe, I went on with leſs rapidity than he ſeems to imagine. If I had ever ſuppoſed, *before* the experiment, that ſeven hours would have been ſufficient, the experiment itſelf would have ſhewn me the fallacy of the ſuppoſition. What I had forgotten in Bentley, often acted upon me with the force of novelty when I read it again, and upon what I remembered, I often pauſed. I ſometimes brought to the taſk a wearied, and ſometimes a ruffled mind. There may have been moments in which the office I had undertaken, weighed me down with a painful feeling of drudgery, which, however, I uniformly reſiſted from the regard I bore to Mr. Homer's friendſhip, and the ſenſe I had of my own promiſe. At other moments I found my attention detained upon parts which met my eye, and which, after examining them, I did *not* ſelect for the Variorum Edition. Of thoſe which I *did* ſelect, ſome intereſted, and ſome perplexed me. Some brought to my mind the controverſies of critics, either upon the particular readings in Horace, or upon the general properties of the Latin language, and in ſuch caſes I ſtopped a little to reflect. Others involved extraneous matter which exerciſed my underſtrnding, and relieved my toil by the admiration I felt for the matchleſs ſagacity of Bentley. To all theſe conſiderations let me add one impediment which may not often have retarded Dr. Combe in the courſe of *his* critical inveſtigations. When Greek quotations came before me, I was not content with reading the words, but endeavoured to underſtand the ſenſe. In reality, it is not eaſy for men "unlettered," as Milton calls them, "and unentered to any ſound proficiency in the maſters" of ancient learning, to anticipate the long and various trains of aſſociation which muſt have ariſen in my mind, when I was peruſing ſuch a critic as Bentley, upon

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ſuch a poet as Horace. In general, perhaps, I experienced leſs heſitation than might have been felt by a reader who was more learned than myſelf, but to whom Bentley's notes upon Horace were not equally familiar. Yet in particular inſtances, I was likely to be detained as long, or longer, either when I reviewed my own opinions, or explored the opinions of Bentley, and of thoſe writers whom Bentley defends or oppoſes upon topics of criticiſm! Having engaged to do as well as I could for the Variorum Horace, I thought it my buſineſs to underſtand what I read, and to have good reaſons for my advice about every note which I ſelected, every note which I did not ſelect, every note of which I marked only a part, and every note of which I marked the whole. I doubt then whether ſcholars, even of ſuch quick penetration and retentive memory as Richard Porſon and Dr. Charles Burney, could in this manner mark a ſingle book of Bentley's notes in the ſpace of ſeven hours.

Quotation, p. 31.—" The Doctor, immediately after Mr. Homer's death, " requeſted that all his letters, notes, &c. might be returned; and not being " willing to depend on Mr. Homer's regular repreſentatives, he wrote to me " in very ſtrong terms, to deſire the ſame thing. Mr. Homer ſenior wiſhed " to know from me if I had any objection to theſe papers being ſent back. " I replied, No, let the Doctor have them all; and they were all ſent: I did " not then ſuſpect what the Doctor's further intentions were." Before this requeſt was made to Mr. Homer, or at leaſt before it was granted, I had deſired that all Mr. Homer's papers, of which my own letters formed a part, might be inſpected for the purpoſe of knowing, whether they would throw any light upon our pecuniary tranſactions, or ſupply any aſſiſtance for conducting the edition of Horace. I did not diſtinguiſh between private and other letters, and indeed the diſtinction would have been abſurd before inſpection. Every gentleman knows the inconvenience to which he muſt be expoſed, when his confidential letters are read by perſons for whoſe peruſal they were not intended; and in the variety of correſpondence which has fallen to my lot, I have more than once been thrown into unpleaſant ſituations, not from the perfidy, but from the indiſcretion or the ignorance of executors. Now I had written to Mr. Homer for many years upon many ſubjects, and ſome of my letters, I had reaſon to apprehend, contained obſervations upon men and things which were wholly unintereſting to his executors, and indeed wholly unfit for any boſom but his own. I therefore deſired that they might be returned, and returned they were moſt honourably. I deſired Dr. Combe alſo to enforce my requeſt, and I am much obliged to him for his compliance; though I confeſs myſelf rather ſurpriſed that Mr. Homer ſenior ſhould think it neceſſary to aſk, whether Dr. Combe had any objection to his returning thoſe letters which were not addreſſed by me to Dr. Combe, letters which probably did not mention the name of Dr. Combe, and which, if his name had been mentioned in them either with praiſe or blame, his right to inſpect was dubious, and his right to hold back yet more ſo. But the Doctor did not wiſh to inſpect them, he did not adviſe them to be kept back, and thus ſuſtained the part of a gentleman and a friend. He appears, alſo, to have been a man of conſiderable importance, both in the eſtimation of Mr. Homer ſenior and my own; for Mr. Homer conſulted him about the propriety of returning the papers, and I deſired him to ſtate to Mr. Homer the neceſſity of their being returned. The Doctor, not " ſuſpecting what my further intentions were," gave his aſſent for me to have them; and if he had known my intentions about the Horace in 1791, his advice about my papers in 1791 would have been juſt the ſame.

The Doctor indeed in 1794 ſuſpects ſome deep and wicked plot to have been long ago in embryo. But what was my conduct ſoon after I had received my papers, or about the time of receiving them? Perhaps at the inſtant I was marking Bentley's notes on the Epodes and the Carmen Seculare,

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I had been adviſing Mr. Homer ſenior to ſend for one of his ſons from Cambridge, and let him be employed as a coadjutor to Dr. Combe and myſelf. I afterwards reviſed every proof-ſheet that was ſent me. I anſwered every queſtion that was propoſed to me. I gave every ſort of aſſiſtance that was aſked of me, at *that* time, and for months after that time. If then my *actions* be the interpreters of my thoughts, I could not be brooding over any ſcheme of revenge for anticipated, and indeed unforeſeen, provocations. No change had *then* been announced to me in the choice of a hero for the dedication—no preface had been ſent back to the impatient author without approbation and without amendment—no breach had been made in our partnerſhip of labour for the Variorum Horace—no ſtories had gone forth about the treaſure-houſe of original notes—no mines had been laid for loud and ruinous exploſion in the Britiſh Critic. Whatever machinations I may have *ſince* contrived, and whatever enormities I may ſince have perpetrated, the papers reſtored to me were *not* my inſtruments.—To this hour they remain undiſturbed from the order in which I received them, untouched, I believe, by any hand but my own, and even by my own eye hitherto unexamined. When by the politeneſs and fidelity of Mr. Homer ſen. I had preſerved them from the inſpection of others, I had no curioſity to look into them myſelf.

Quotation, p. 31.—" From the preceding account it is clear that Dr. Parr " is angry, not becauſe too little is ſaid of Mr. Homer, but becauſe nothing " is ſaid of himſelf." If by the " preceding *account*," the Doctor means the preceding *narrative*, it hardly appears from that narrative, that I was angry at all, and much leſs by what cauſe my anger had been excited. In p. 27. where the narrative begins, Dr. Combe diſclaims having done any ſervice to me, complains of my having done too little to him, abuſes me for clandeſtinely deſtroying his own character and the credit of his book, and deſcribes the alacrity and punctuality of Mr. Homer in executing my commiſſions. In p. 28. it is ſaid that I miſquoted the Doctor's letter, that I ſtated nearly the whole of the notes to have been pointed out by myſelf, and that I could not mean to inſinuate the inability of Meſſrs. Homer and Combe to uſe the works of Critics without my aſſiſtance. In the reſt of page 28, and in the whole of p. 29, are given the hiſtories of Bellenden and money affairs. My inattention to Mr. Homer's embarraſſments, my delays in the Livy, and the Bentley, and my love for politics or detraction, fill the 30th page. The ſarcaſms of the Doctor, my total want of regard for Mr. Homer, and the Doctor's ſervices in aſſiſting me to obtain from Mr. Homer's father my papers, ſucceed. *Immediately* afterwards Dr. Combe ſays, " It is clear " I am angry, not becauſe too little is ſaid of Mr. Homer, but becauſe too " little is ſaid of myſelf." But to my mind nothing is, or ever was, *leſs* clear than *ſuch a concluſion* drawn from *ſuch premiſes*.

Quotation, p. 32. " Dr. Parr acknowledges that he had requeſted his " name might not be mentioned, but adds, " When Homer was dead, and " our friendſhip was no more, I ſhould have purſued a different mode of " conduct, and have enquired of him whether he remained in the ſame mind. " If he had changed his mind he was to have informed me, not I to have en- " quired of him; and for this he had the beſt poſſible opportunity on my " ſending to him about the Preface, when he wrote me the following un- " friendly ſentence—*As you are in haſte to get your book out, I alſo am in haſte " to tell you how little you can expect from me in enabling you to do ſo; I mean " in reſpect to the Dedication and Preface.*" This was the time, if Dr. Parr " had changed his mind, to have told me ſo; the fault was entirely his own." This change of mind was not mentioned to the Doctor at the *time* of which he is ſpeaking, merely becauſe it did not *occur* to me till a *later* period, and eſpecially when my original notes had been mentioned in the B. C. The latter

therefore *could* not give me an opportunity for doing, what, at the moment of writing it, I never intended to do, and what, under the *circumſtances* then exiſting, I ſhould have thought improper to be done. But why ſhould I have thought it improper? Becauſe I at that time expected to be employed in the ſecond volume, and, of courſe, if ſo employed, I ſhould have been ſubjected to reſponſibility only for thoſe parts of the work in which I was concerned—becauſe I gave Dr. Combe credit for attending to my ſtrictures upon the defects of the Preface, and for endeavouring to ſupply them—in a word, becauſe, when thoſe ſtrictures were written at Hatton, Dr. Combe had not broken with me. Our ſeparation, indeed, happened immediately after that letter, and Dr. Combe has produced from it one ſentence which he calls "unfriendly." But I ſuſpect that the Doctor has taken *greater* offence at other paſſages which he has *not* produced; for, in the ſame letter, I repeated without diſguiſe my objections to the motto which he perſevered in uſing, after knowing that I objected to it——I ſpoke too, without diſguiſe, of the numerous and groſs faults which I found in the Dedication, as it was *then* written. I may have added ſome intimations of having no concern in a Dedication to Lord Mansfield, when I had not been permitted to dedicate the work as I myſelf wiſhed. As to the Preface, I did not find the latinity at all worſe than I expected. But I told Dr. Combe in effect, that neither the matter, nor the arrangement, nor the ſtyle ſatisfied me, and that, as his work was *ſo ſoon to come forth*, it was impoſſible for me, *within the time* which had been preſcribed to me, and amidſt the avocations which then preſſed upon me, to give him any aſſiſtance. When, for theſe cauſes, I had written in this manner about the Preface and Dedication, I might not think it worth while to take any notice of what the Doctor meant to prefix. I found myſelf ſummoned, and ſuddenly too, to a work which required far more attention than I had then leiſure to beſtow; and as the Doctor's reſolution about printing the firſt volume ſo ſpeedily was announced to me in ſtrong terms, I told him in ſtrong terms of my inability to perform what he required. The materials which I hoped to find in Mr. Homer's papers had not been found; and even if they had been at hand, I probably ſhould have thought them inſufficient for drawing up the Preface, without a careful inſpection of the work itſelf. I am afraid that Dr. C. and I do not entirely agree in opinion as to the form in which the Preface to the Variorum Horace ſhould have been written, or the time which muſt have been employed to write it well. The Doctor, for reaſons which I have no right to explore, has lately ſent out the two volumes together, and, as the embarraſſments of which he ſpeaks in p. 30, no longer exiſted with regard to Mr. Homer, I think that the Doctor has acted wiſely in not publiſhing his work ſeparately. But I well remember, that in the ſummer of 1791 Mr. Homer's father held the *ſame* opinion, which the Doctor continued to hold in the winter, about ſending out the firſt volume when it ſhould be completed. His words are theſe: "As to the Horace, I am "obliged to you for your friendly caution, and fear we ſhall find difficulty "to conduct it properly. As to myſelf, I confeſs that I am entirely unequal "to the buſineſs, and am not without apprehenſions about Dr. Combe—quid "valeant humeri. One would think Horace's Odes and Epodes might "ſtand upon their own legs, independent of the Satires and Epiſtles; and if "we could diſpoſe of them, I think it would be beſt to ſtop, and make an "excuſe for not publiſhing it, on account of the death of the perſon princi-"pally concerned in conducting it." It was not my buſineſs to direct the parties in pecuniary matters. My duty it was to give all the advice which my judgment ſuggeſted, and all the aid which my avocations permitted. I *did* give both, while the Epodes were printing.

My

My refuſal to correct the Preface was founded on a *want of time*. That plea would indeed have been removed after the Doctor's determination to publiſh both volumes together. But no ſuch determination was communicated to me, and none of the aſſiſtance which I might have been able to furniſh in the interval, was ever aſked on the part of Dr. Combe, or indeed, after his ceaſing to correſpond with me, offered on my own. Yet, if the Doctor had been pleaſed to aſk it, I ſhould have holden myſelf bound to furniſh it.

In regard to the introduction of my name, I have merely delivered my opinion upon a matter of *delicacy* ariſing from circumſtances which took place *after* the time at which Dr. Combe ſays, that "I had an opportunity of calling "upon him to introduce it." When thoſe circumſtances exiſted, I think that Dr. Combe, without any diminution of his dignity, and with ſome credit to his politeneſs, and even his ſenſe of juſtice, might have deſired my leave to inſert my name. Whether he or I be right on this ſubject, I leave to the determination of others. But when my name had been made public by ſome perſons or other, and for ſome purpoſes or other, my judgment and my feelings told me that I was myſelf authorized to do what the Doctor had not done—that I had a right to protect myſelf from reſponſibility for the *whole* of a work in which the Doctor knew me, and I knew myſelf, to have only a *partial* concern. I complain, but do not accuſe. I am ſorry for the Doctor's conduct, but I am uncertain about his motive; and I am unſatisfied too with his reaſoning, when he pleads under *preſent* circumſtances an injunction which I gave under very *different* ones. I do not ſuppoſe it to be the "Doctor's wiſh for my name to have been *concealed*," when I find that name actually *proclaimed*. I neither affirm nor deny it to have been "for "the intereſt of the book, that my name ſhould have been ſuppreſſed." But it is for my own intereſt and my own honour that the faults of others ſhould not be imputed to me; and in the abſence of that explanation which I ſhould have been more happy to ſee from Dr. Combe's pen than my own, a reader, unacquainted with the facts which I have ſtated, might have aſcribed to me both defects and excellencies in which I have no ſhare. The contents of Dr. Combe's pamphlet have compelled me in this paragraph to repeat ſome particulars which I have ſtated before.

Quotation, p. 33. "As ſoon as the Doctor found we had laid out ſome "hundred pounds in paper, and that it was too late for us to recede, he "gradually became every month leſs attentive to the promiſes he had made "us; and after the death of Mr. Homer, aſſuming a degree of conſequence "in proportion as his vanity prompted him to think he became more indiſ- "penſably uſeful or neceſſary, he, in his correſpondence, gradually forgot "not only the idea of friend, but even of gentleman. On diſcovery of this "humble and friendly temper in the Reverend Doctor, I ceaſed to corre- "ſpond with him, and neither remonſtrated nor complained. From which "time, which is near two years, I have heard nothing from him." The charge againſt me for delay, is here not only reſumed, but accompanied by hideous aggravations. The cauſes of that delay are traced up, not to temporary fits of lazineſs or indifference, but to growing inſolence, and deliberate cruelty. I am repreſented as taking a moſt diſhonourable advantage of the ſituation into which I had drawn the Editors, and as becoming more and more inattentive to my promiſes, in conſequence of the very difficulties which ſhould have made me more eager to perform them. If then Mr. Homer in his life-time *experienced* ſuch treatment, as a man of ſpirit he ought to have diſmiſſed me. If Dr. Combe, after Mr. Homer's experience, looked forward to ſimilar treatment, as a man of prudence he ought not again to have employed me. Argument might have vanquiſhed my idleneſs—ex-

poſtulation might have rouſed me from my inſenſibility—but with my arrogance and my inhumanity it muſt have been, from the day of Mr. Homer's death, quite hopeleſs to contend.

Before the work began, I marked many of the books already mentioned. While it was going on, I marked two other books, though not ſo ſoon as Mr. Homer expected them to be marked. I reviſed ſuch ſheets as were ſent me, I expreſſed ſome diſpleaſure to Mr. Homer for not ſending me more, and I found this to have been done by Dr. Combe's ſuggeſtion, in conſequence, perhaps, of delays which the Editors could not brook, and which I could ſeldom or never avoid. Immediately after Mr Homer's death I felt, as I have before ſaid, great anxiety for the ſucceſs of the book, and with all poſſible expedition marked the Epodes, and the Carmen Seculare. Though Dr. C. and I had a ſhort diſpute about the Dedication, I ſubmitted to his authority as a ſole Editor. I corrected every proof ſheet which *he* ſent me, I ſettled two or three references by which he had been embarraſſed. Thus far I endeavoured to make ſome atonement for the delays which had been imputed to me before. I never refuſed to comply with any requeſt whatſoever, till the Dedication and Preface were ſent me, and *then* I *could* not comply for want of time, and want of materials.

The Doctor ſays that after the death of Homer, I "aſſumed a degree of "conſequence in proportion as my vanity prompted me to think I became "more indiſpenſably neceſſary, and that in my correſpondence I gradually "forgot not only the idea of a friend, but even that of a gentleman." The vanity and the rudeneſs of which Dr. C. accuſes me were *ſo* gradual as to be imperceptible to my mind at the time, if I can truſt my own memory. But why did not Dr. Combe check me at the beginning? why did he not complain of provocation at the very inſtant in which he was provoked? why did he vouchſafe to receive aſſiſtance after having met with repeated provocations? why, from a correſpondence replete with illiberal matter, has he produced one ſentence only, and called it only "unfriendly?" I remember one angry letter about the delays with Mr. Homer, and another about the Dedications to Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham. But theſe altercations did not prevent me from going on diligently, and even amicably, in the work itſelf. I remember my laſt letter from Hatton about the Preface, Motto, and Dedication; and after that letter, which was written two years ago, and the cauſes of which I have explained, true it is that our connection ceaſed "without "remonſtrance or complaint" from Dr. Combe. But it is not ſtrictly true that the Doctor "has heard nothing from me;" for when I went to London in January 1792, and had been there ſome time, I ſent a note to the Doctor, deſiring him to return the books which I had lent to Mr. Homer, and from which I ſuppoſed all proper extracts to have been made, and expreſſing my good wiſhes to Dr. Combe's family. I have to lament that the ſhyneſs which has ſince grown into ſomething more unkind, prevented both of us from ſeeking an interview, which, after mutual remonſtrance, might have terminated in mutual reconciliation. Whatever opinion he may entertain of my letters written to him after Mr. Homer's death, I ſhould do him injuſtice if I were not to acknowledge, that in far the greater part of his correſpondence with me, *he* preſerved the character of a friend, and that in no part he ſwerved from the language of a gentleman. I cannot ſay that his letters were ſtored with ſo much ſenſe, or ſeaſoned with ſo much wit, as thoſe which I had received from Mr. Homer. But I do ſay, that with one or two exceptions, already ſtated, they were written with politeneſs, and I add too, that with politeneſs I always meant to anſwer them.

In p. 33 the Doctor ſays, and ſays rightly, that "I was offended about the "Dedication." But that offence was tranſient, and did not prevent me from

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aiding him in the Horace. At the bottom of the ſame page, and the beginning of the next, he adds, that "after the money he had expended, and the trouble he had taken, every body muſt allow him to have been perfectly right in dedicating *it* [I ſuppoſe he means the Horace, though it is not mentioned before in the paragraph] to his own friend, in preference to Dr. Parr's two political acquaintance." I have ceaſed to blame Dr. C. for dedicating the work to Lord Mansfield—I have not ceaſed to think that Mr. Homer, who had expended ſome of *his* money, and taken *his* ſhare of trouble, would have permitted me to dedicate the work as I had originally wiſhed and expected to ſee it dedicated; and if Dr. Combe at ſome *later* period had inſiſted upon his own right, founded upon his own money and his own trouble, the difference might have been eaſily ſettled, by having one volume dedicated to his friend, and another to my two political acquaintance. I know that during Mr. Homer's life, the intention of prefixing a dedication to Lord Mansfield was never hinted by him; and whether or no it had then been formed by Dr. Combe, ſtill, if our connection after Mr. Homer's death had not been interrupted, and if two dedications had been propoſed, I ſhould not have been perverſe enough to reject ſuch fair conditions, nor unfriendly enough to refuſe my aid in favour of Dr. Combe's venerable patron. In writing the Review, I ſtated, but did not complain.—I had not wholly forgotten the Doctor's converſation with Mr. Homer about the dedication, but I remembered *more* fully, and I felt more forcibly Mr. Homer's converſations with me. I did not reproach the Doctor as having acted wrong in dedicating the work to Lord Mansfield, whom he had attended, as I knew, for many years as an apothecary, and afterwards, it may be, in the higher capacity of a phyſician; but I ſhould in 1791 have given him praiſe for acting right, if, contraſting Mr. Homer's diſſent as communicated to the Doctor, with his conſent as underſtood by me, he had permitted the dedication to be addreſſed to Mr. Windham and Mr. Burke. I never diſputed the Doctor's veracity, and I am ſorry that he has depreciated my own. I ſuſpect that Dr. Combe's wiſhes and intentions, formed perhaps after Mr. Homer's death, made the impreſſion from Mr. Homer's words more deep on his mind;—it is probable that my own mind has experienced a ſimilar effect from my own wiſhes and intentions formed in Mr. Homer's life-time.—Whether the Doctor or I be more accurate in calculating what the ſtate of Mr. Homer's mind would have been upon the completion of the work, is matter of mere opinion, which, from the death of our friend, never can be brought to iſſue. The Doctor has given his reaſons, why the work would *not* have been dedicated to Mr. W. and Mr. B.—I have given mine for ſaying that it *would* have been ſo dedicated; and whatever uncertainty there may be as to the event, after reading the Doctor's pamphlet, I adhere to my opinion with no leſs firmneſs, than the Doctor probably will adhere to his, after reading my remarks. The great and marked points of difference between us, are, that he pronounces that to be impoſſible, which I maintain to be highly probable—that he allows no foundation for my aſſertion, while I ſee ſome, though weaker, grounds for his—that he taxes me with odious falſehood, while I impute to him only a venial miſtake.

Quotation, p. 34.—"This (i. e. the buſineſs of the dedication) is the only "thing I know, which can have offended the Doctor, except our difference "in political matters." While I had the honour of being upon terms of friendſhip, or, as it muſt now be called, "acquaintance" with Dr. Combe, he always appeared to me indifferent to political parties, inattentive to political controverſies, and furniſhed with political information no further than are many other well-diſpoſed and well-employed gentlemen, by the rumours or the newſpapers of the day. For more than two years we have had no intercourſe;

intercourſe; and though the whole of that ſpace has been crowded with important events, I have really not heard of Dr. Combe's co-operation with any *Reevite* [FF] confederacies, nor of his ſpeeches at any loyal meetings, nor of his ſubſcription to any of thoſe public purpoſes which have moſt unneceſſarily been perverted into teſts of opinion, and in ſome of which I have myſelf concurred from motives where philanthropy had an equal, but not more than equal ſhare with patriotiſm. Why then ſhould the Doctor imagine that in his new political capacity he has excited my jealouſy by his importance, or my anger by his zeal? That private friendſhip ſhould be in ſome meaſure invigorated and confirmed by ſimilarity of public principles, is a circumſtance not peculiar to myſelf; and what ſcholar, I would aſk, however enlightened, what citizen, however virtuous, would bluſh to proclaim to all the world, that on topics, ſupremely intereſting to the improvement and happineſs of the human race, his opinions nearly coincide with thoſe of a Plowden and a Thompſon [GG], a Rous and a Tweddel, a Crowe and a Mackintoſh? All theſe perſons are my friends, and the friends of their country, and the friends of mankind. On the other hand, the Bp. of Cork, the Preſident of Magdalen College Oxford, Mr. Halhead, the celebrated tranſlator of the Gentoo Laws, Mr. Kett the very learned tutor of Trinity College Oxford, the two worthy and ingenious conductors of the Britiſh Critic, hold ſome tenets which I do not hold in the ſame degree, and others which I do not hold at all. Yet I honour their talents, I love their virtues, and I cultivate their friendſhip. As to Dr. Combe, I never had any curioſity to know the elementary materials, and much leſs the digeſted ſyſtem of his politics; and even now, when he has come forward accoutred in complete armour, and bearing upon his ſhield a device very deſcriptive of his zeal and very worthy of his cauſe, the emotions which this unexpected phenomenon has excited in my mind have no reſemblance at all to *anger*.

Horace, with all his good humour, all his good ſenſe, and all his talent for good writing, was, in my eſtimation, a ſorry politician; and if my party-hatred againſt Dr. Combe had been of the active and inflammable ſort, which he ſuſpects it to be, ſurely in a critique upon Horace I ſhould have found ſome ſly opportunity for glancing at his apoſtacy from the cauſe of freedom, and then have paſſed by a gentle tranſition from the courtly poet to the loyal editor. When the Doctor recollects that nature has given me a ſtrong propenſity to "detraction," that practice has made me expert in "quibbling," and that malignity has moſt amply ſtored me with "innuendoes," he ought to congratulate himſelf upon his eſcape from other, and, it may be, more ferocious attacks, than thoſe to which he lay open as an editor of Horace.

The Doctor, after ſtating that I am offended with him on account of our differences in political matters, digreſſes from the Variorum edition of Horace, from my correſpondence with himſelf, and my behaviour to Mr. Homer, to ſubjects of ſuperior magnitude, and in a note of conſiderable extent favours his Readers with an account of the opinions he entertains about monarchy and democracy. For the inſtruction or the entertainment of ſome readers, I ſhall exhibit the Doctor's very words in the form which he has choſen for them, and in truth, the Doctor's ſubject is ſo ſtately, and his remarks upon it are ſo elaborate, that in ſeparating them from his altercations with me, he has given a very illuſtrious proof of his taſte [HH].

To the ſubſtance of the Doctor's creed I ſhall make no objection, though from his expoſition of it I have received very little information. I yield my aſſent to his reaſonings ſo far as I underſtand them; and when I underſtand them not, I ſuppoſe that the blame ought to be laid rather on my want of apprehenſion than his want of preciſion. But with the Doctor's requeſt [II] that I would write a book, for what? why, forſooth, that I may diſclaim

odious

odious opinions, which he profeſſes not to impute to me, and abandon "me-"taphyſical quibbles and diſtinctions," which he does not comprehend, I am for the preſent by no means diſpoſed to comply. Gifted I am not with the grace of abſtaining wholly from metaphyſics, nor am I bound by my baptiſmal or any other vow to renounce diſtinctions. As the Doctor avowedly does not mention his own political opinions, upon the ſuppoſition of "my holding or diſſeminating a contrary doctrine;" I certainly have a right to wiſh, upon this occaſion, that, when he choſe to ſpeak of himſelf, he had condeſcended to have been ſilent about me, and that he had not run the *hazard* of teaching other men to think me *guilty*, by the very paragraph in which he would *appear* to pronounce me *innocent*. About the Horace he is not "afraid to ſtrike;" and why ſhould he be *only* "willing to wound," when he ſpeaks of my politics? Is he content to *inſinuate* rather than to accuſe, becauſe on *theſe* topics he was not goaded by perſonal provocations *equally* ſtrong with thoſe which he felt about the Horace? Is the patriot leſs zealous or leſs intrepid than the editor?

Preſumptuous it were in me to ſuppoſe that my opinions can have any authority over the Doctor's mind; and after the cenſures which he has hurled at the Preface to Bellenden, it would be weak in me to imagine that my writings can convey to him any inſtruction. Beſides, I have a mind not very apt to be "ſtarched" into that conformity, which is content to echo and re-echo the favourite and fleeting doctrines of the hour. Is there no danger, then, leſt in a political work I ſhould "ſtrike out a ſpark of thoſe truths," which, as Lord Bacon ſays, "will fly up into the face of thoſe who ſeek to "tread them out?" By uttering a "ſentence of venturous edge," may I not give offence to thoſe "inquiſitorial" critics, who find it "the ſtrongeſt hold "of their hypocriſy, to be ever judging their fellow-citizens," and who "eſteem it leſs honourable to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, "than the barbaric pride of Hunite or Norwegian haughtineſs?" Inſtead of holding on a quiet and ſteady courſe in the field of politics, might I not, at ſome luckleſs moment, plunge "into the fathomleſs and unquiet deeps "of controverſy," or turn aſide into thoſe dark and dreary by-paths, where detraction is wont to prowl for its prey? Surely, then, Dr. Combe, who has chaſtiſed me for my paſt crimes, in mingling politics with ſlander, would not throw in my way temptations to commit more. If the Doctor founds his requeſt for me to diſcuſs political topics, not upon curioſity, but upon humanity, not upon the wiſh of deriving inſtruction from me, but upon the deſire of ſeeing me vindicate myſelf, I think that ſuch a requeſt, prompted by ſuch a motive, comes rather in a queſtionable ſhape, from him who, after an acquaintance of ſix-and-thirty years, acquits me of "holding "and diſſeminating doctrines contrary to his own." From the accuſations of others, I ſhould fly for ſhelter to the ſentence which the Doctor himſelf has pronounced in my behalf; and even if his ſagacity or his candour had not induced him to pronounce it, I ſhould feel too ſtrong an affiance in conſcious rectitude to think any defence neceſſary.

None of the writings which I have hitherto ventured to lay before the public, give the ſmalleſt encouragement, directly or indirectly, to theoretical refinements [KK] or ſeditious practices. In my general habits of thinking, I dread *all* extremes under all pretences, and in the general tenour of my converſation I am not very forward in recommending ſudden and ſtrong experiments. Upon all my political publications I can look back without ſhame, and without compunction. There is one of them, too, upon which I reflect with peculiar pleaſure, becauſe I endeavoured in it to preſerve the peace of my neighbourhood, and becauſe my endeavours were not in vain. But if at any future period I ſhould employ my pen upon any political topic,

it would be not for inflammatory, but for conciliatory purpoſes—not to facilitate, but to prevent the introduction of Gallic extravagancies—not to promote even a temperate democracy, but to ſupport our limited and conſtitutional monarchy. Perhaps I have no great confidence in the wiſdom of ſome perſons who impoſe, or in the ſincerity of others who are eager to ſubſcribe, political formulas. Placed in an humble ſituation, and engaged in uſeful ſtudies, I am content to ſhew my "faith by my works." Upon the limits that ought to be fixed to the prerogatives of the crown, and the rights of the people, I neither frolic, as many other men do, in newſpapers, nor flouriſh in magazines, nor bluſter in pamphlets, nor declaim in ſermons. I correſpond with no factious incendiaries, I frequent no patriotic meetings; and of the only political ſociety to which I belong, the Duke of Portland, a peer, ſurely, of indiſputable attachment to the cauſe of royalty, is, I believe, at this hour, an illuſtrious member. Rouſed, but not unnerved, by the ſound of the diſtant tempeſt, I have taken that perilous, though honourable ſtation, where the underſtanding can look around, through a wide ſurvey, on the heavings of the troubled ocean, where the paſſions, aſſailed by the force of oppoſite billows, and reeling for a time under the ſhock, may recover their juſt equilibrium, and where HOPE, rather than PRINCIPLE, may finally ſuffer ſhipwreck, amidſt the fury of the contending elements.

To a man of letters, and a teacher of religion, I am well aware that decorum often becomes an eſſential part of duty. Knowing, therefore, the force of example, I obey, and encourage others to obey the laws, not for wrath, but for conſcience ſake.—I render "tribute where tribute is due, and honour "where honour;" and however I may have aſſerted my right to approve or diſapprove of the meaſures adopted by a particular adminiſtration, I never gave any intelligent and virtuous man the ſmalleſt reaſon to doubt the ſteadineſs of my attachment to the ſound and acknowledged principles of our *mixed* government. I have examined thoſe principles with attention, I avow them with boldneſs, and more than once I have had occaſion to defend them with arguments which *do not appear in the Doctor's note*, and againſt diſputants who are more than equal to him in the correctneſs of their logic and the energy of their diction. To anſwer indeed for my ſucceſs, as an *imitator* of Dr. Combe in political diſquiſition, might be an unwarrantable act of audacity. But I need not the guidance of his arguments, or the authority of his example, to keep me unſhaken in my loyalty; and whenſoever I take the liberty of laying my opinions before the public, I ſhall have the merit of endeavouring, at leaſt, to render them *as* preciſe, *as* intelligible, as much calculated "to enlighten rather than confound the people," as may be the ſpecimen which the Doctor has lately exhibited of his prudent and juſt predilection "for a limited monarchy, oppoſed to a *democratic republic* [LL]; "—for a vigorous and confined reſponſibility, contraſted with that which is "weak in proportion as it is extenſive;"—for the *emperor* of Turkey himſelf, when compared to a Pelletier, a Marat, a Danton, or a Robeſpierre—Upſtarts they are, whoſe dogmas I reprobate, and whoſe outrages I deteſt not leſs cordially than Dr. Combe, or any other renowned doctor, whom the editor of Horace and his coadjutor may have once been inclined to commend for learning more than piety, for ardour more than impartiality, for robuſtneſs of intellect more than purity of intention, for polemical hardihood more than chriſtian charity.

But while I look with diſmay and with horror on the poiſonous maxims which have been broached in a neighbouring country, I feel no obligation to ſpeak ſmooth things upon all that is paſſing at home. I do not confound the French people with the French government. I diſtinguiſh between the inſtruments and the principles of the war. I hold that the complicated, momentous

momentous, and comprehenſive queſtions ariſing from it, are not to be ſcanned by the hireling retailers of temporary events, or the ſhallow dupes of impoſture, for the moment popular and triumphant. Whatever opinions I may have formed on the ultimate conſequences of the diſaſters by which Europe is now afflicted, and the ſtruggles by which it is agitated, I will not diſguiſe my apprehenſions of immediate evils nearly equal, both from the ſucceſs and the defeat of the confederate powers, for reaſons too ſolemn to be embroidered over a perſonal altercation with the pamphlet-writer, and too pure to ſhrink from the touch of Mr. Burke himſelf, even if he ſhould wield the ſpear of Ithuriel. I approved not of the war at its commencement! I rejoice not at its continuance! I ceaſe not to pray moſt ſincerely and moſt fervently for its ſpeedy and entire termination. While, therefore, I ſurrender to Dr. C. the praiſe of ſuperior penetration into the efficacy of general cauſes, and the demerits of particular characters, I cannot bow down my conviction to his authority, nor ſacrifice my feelings to his wiſhes. I call that man a clumſy reaſoner, who, becauſe any foreign potentates have joined our armies in the name of allies, or ſtipendiaries, would infer that they have ceaſed to be deſpots over their own ſubjects. I pronounce him an atrocious ſlanderer, who would torture my undiſguiſed ſcruples as to the irreſiſtible neceſſity of an Antigallican war, into a proof of the *ſlighteſt* propenſity towards Gallican theories, Gallican extravagancies, or Gallican enormities. I think him ſubſtantially, and, at the preſent criſis, *eminently* a good citizen, who mourns, as I do, at the dubious experiments [MM] actually made by ſome modern loyaliſts; and who ſhudders, as I do, at the baneful innovations theoretically propoſed by one very numerous and impetuous claſs of modern reformers.

My thanks certainly are due to Dr. Combe for two diſcoveries, which my narrow courſe of reading, and my feeble powers of reflection, had not brought within my reach. "The moſt abſolute monarch upon earth," I find, "can "only be a tyrant to a certain point," and "when the ſucceſſor is placed upon the throne," the "remedy, deſperate as it may be," is effectual. What the point is at which tyranny ſtops, and what the hiſtory is which proves that the ſucceſſor cannot be equally a tyrant, I am yet unable to conjecture. I take it however for granted, that Dr. Combe's aſſertions are built, not upon precarious ſpeculation, but upon ſolid facts: and as the greater part of the human ſpecies have been more and longer expoſed to the rigours of deſpotiſm, than to the exceſſes of republicaniſm, I rejoice to find that their ſufferings have been leſs poignant, and leſs permanent, than I had been accuſtomed to believe them. I allow with the Doctor, that "when the body "politic is threatened with convulſions, and the minds of the people are "diſturbed and unſettled through the intrigues and machinations of the "worſt of human beings, the perſon who would add to ſuch diſorder, by "bringing forward any freſh cauſe of diſcontent or uneaſineſs, which might "not only be allowable but praiſe-worthy at another time, would deſerve a "much more conſiderable cenſure than the term of bad ſubject or bad ci-"tizen." But why, let me aſk, does the Doctor ſo politely "leave it to "my nice diſcriminating genius to determine the proper epithet for ſuch "a man?" Or how can he ſeriouſly ſuppoſe me to doubt of *his own* ability to ſelect, or his own inclination to produce *that epithet*, if I myſelf were, in his opinion, *that man?* He that talks of another, as Dr. Combe talks of me, in matters of private life, is not unlikely to have treaſured up a copious ſtore of ſpecific and energetic appellations for public crimes, be their motives ever ſo flagitious, their aggravations ever ſo heinous, and their conſequences ever ſo baleful. Let me, however, return the compliment. I will ſuppoſe, that, at a criſis when the ſuſpicions of men are active, their judgments

precipitate, their paſſions violent, and their reproaches moſt acrimonious, an incenſed Editor ſtrays from his proper ſubject, and expoſes a fellow-citizen to danger in his character, his property, and even his life, for holding or teaching opinions which are inconſiſtent with the common weal,—opinions, which that fellow-citizen never *did* hold nor teach—nay, opinions, which his very accuſer conciſely, and rather equivocally acknowledges him to have neither holden nor taught—would *he* deſerve a more conſiderable cenſure than the term of a bad ſubject, or a bad citizen? Can the "diſcriminating genius," or the undiſcriminating ſimplicity of Dr. Combe, "determine the proper "epithet for *ſuch* a man?"

If in any book which I have written, or been ſuppoſed to aſſiſt in writing, if in public aſſemblies or private company, if in the eagerneſs of political debate when men think leſs than they ſay, or in the ſecreſy of confidential converſation when they ſay what they really think, I have advanced *one* poſition unfavourable to the cauſe of limited monarchy, or uttered one ſentence that was favourable to the licentious opinions and ſanguinary cruelties of the perſons who now preſide over the affairs of France [NN], in ſuch a caſe, and *only* in ſuch a caſe, the concluſion of Dr. Combe's note can be juſtified. After the Doctor had condemned me (ſee p. 36,) for "innuendoes and "ſly inſidious ſuppoſitions and ſuggeſtions," I might be wanting in decency to aſſert, and in charity even to ſuppoſe, that my accuſer would, in the very pamphlet which contains the accuſation, vouchſafe to employ them; and yet, if he did not *mean* to employ them, I am utterly at a loſs to account for the words which appear at the cloſe of his political digreſſion. In reality thoſe words have no connection with the proper topics of his pamphlet. In appearance, they are aimed at my reputation, for offences which in one ſhort member of one long ſentence I am allowed by the Doctor himſelf not to have committed; and, in this melancholy ſeaſon of diſtruſt and diſmay, they *tend* to produce effects, which it is much eaſier for wiſe men to foreſee, than for good citizens to approve.

Spirit of Henry Homer, reſt in peace! Among the unforeſeen and unmerited evils from which the hand of death has delivered thee, let it not be conſidered as the leaſt, that thou waſt not doomed to behold the diſaſtrous day, when principles maintained by thee in common with one of thy oldeſt and deareſt friends were ſtretched upon the rack, by a ſelf-appointed inquiſitor, and commanded to make confeſſion of unaccompliſhed, unattempted, unthought-of crimes, as the only condition of being abſolved from the heavier charges of rebellion—anarchy—murder—atheiſm.

I had told the Doctor, in my anſwer to his firſt letter, that "the Review "left him almoſt in the ſole poſſeſſion of the credit which is due to the im-"provement of Tretter's Index, that I did not know Mr. Homer to have "done ſo much as Dr. Combe aſcribes to him, and that from the Preface "to the Var. Edit. it does not appear that he had for that Index done any "thing at all." But, ſays Dr. Combe, p. 35, there are few perſons who would not underſtand from the Doctor's inſinuations, that the whole credit of the Index is to be given to Mr. Homer. No ſuch inſinuation in the Review is thrown out by me, and no ſuch interpretation will be put upon the Review by men of ſenſe, for whoſe information I wrote it. I ſaid, that "my "readers were acquainted with the correctneſs of the late Mr. Homer in "the very uſeful office of making Indexes," and Dr. Combe does not deny that Mr. Homer was in this office correct. I further expreſſed a hope, that "Dr. C. had profited by the example of his friend;" and the Doctor, p. 8. allows, that "he availed himſelf as much as poſſible of the aſſiſtance "and example of Mr. Homer:" and as Mr. Homer was writing an Index for Tacitus, while Dr. Combe was preparing an Index for Horace, it is

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poſſible at leaſt that Dr. Combe profited by his example when it was known to him, juſt as Mr. Homer might have profited by the Doctor's. Again, I have *not ſaid*, in the Review, that Mr. Homer wrote even a *part* of the Index, and Dr. C. *has ſaid* in his letter to me, that the *whole* was not executed by *himſelf*. The Review therefore left Dr. Combe all the credit which he has ſince claimed, and the Doctor's letter gives to Mr. Homer, for the Index to Horace, a portion of praiſe which in the Review I had not preſumed to give him. I ſpoke of Mr. Homer's *general* merit as a maker of Indexes, and Dr. Combe has ſince laid open his *particular* merit in the Index for the Var. Edit. Alas! when I ſay too little of Mr. Homer, I am accuſed of inſinuation; and when I ſay what the Doctor calls too much, I am charged with falſehood.—Every act of caution is aſcribed to meanneſs, and almoſt every inſtance of aſſertion is imputed to vanity or malignity.

"Dr. Parr knows too much of the power of words not to be ſenſible that "the worſt miſchief is done to perſons and characters by innuendoes, by in-"ſidious ſuppoſitions and ſuggeſtions. When the Jacobins and the Members "of the Mountain on the other ſide of the water had any miſchief to be ex-"ecuted of a more diabolical nature than ordinary, they always brought it "about by ſuch kind of ſpeeches. This cannot have eſcaped the keenneſs "of the Doctor's obſervation, and I have to lament that he has profited by "ſuch illuſtrious examples." I know ſo much of the power of words, as to be ſenſible that the worſt miſchief to characters is often intended to be done by men, who at one moment bedizen their page with flippant witticiſm, and at another ſadden it with querulous accuſation—by men who have the ſlendereſt command over language, who refrain from inſidious ſuggeſtions only when they deſpair of making them plauſible, and who rave in fierce revilings, becauſe they *hope* to make them effectual. As to what Dr. Combe calls "innuendoes," I dealt in them before Jacobin Clubs were inſtituted, and probably I ſhall continue to deal in them after thoſe Clubs ſhall have been diſſolved, by the returning good ſenſe, and the awakened indignation of a diſtracted and deluded people. But why does Dr. Combe compliment me upon the keenneſs of my obſervation in looking abroad for models, when, *according to his account*, my own mind muſt have been replete with archetypes? After decking me out ſo profuſely and ſo gorgeouſly in a plumage of honours for "*original notes*" in criticiſm, why does he bereave me of the praiſe due to original genius for ſophiſtry, and ſend me to ſchool in the aſſemblies of the Jacobins? What authority has he for aſſerting that I profit by examples, which, in reality, I do not know to *exiſt?* In the firſt place, I have ſeldom ſought amuſement, and never found it, in reading the tumultuous gabble, the ſavage denunciations, and the frantic impieties of theſe peſtilential demagogues. In the ſecond place, I have hitherto been weak enough to imagine, that in their *meaſures* the ſtill ſmall voice ſeldom preceded the ſtorm, and that coarſe ſcurrilities and ferocious invectives were more prominent features in their *harangues*, than wily and venomous inſinuations. Finally, the dangerous bounty of nature, the perverted advantages of education, and even the mechanical force of habit, have already made me ſo eminent a proficient in miſchief, that my very pride would not permit me to deſcend to the drudgery of pupillage, the craftineſs of plagiariſm, or the ſervility of imitation.

On comparing the different aſpects under which Dr. Combe has exhibited the reſemblance *his own* keen obſervation has diſcovered between the French incendiaries and the Engliſh critic, I find that he has contrived to unite in me two principles which Middleton and Warburton thought incompatible, when they contended about the origin of idolatrous ceremonies adopted by the church of Rome. In page 36 of the Doctor's pamphlet, I am expreſsly

degraded to the rank of a mere imitator. But, in a *preceding* part of the work, *this keen observer* has taught his readers to *suspect*, that, *if* similar circumstances should exist in this country, I am prepared by a similar spirit of sedition and profligacy to plunge into the foulest and deepest abyss of Jacobin wickedness. Thus, in the first case, Dr. C. shares with Middleton in the merit of accurate attention "to fact," and in the second he aspires with Warburton to "a profound knowledge of human nature." See page 129. vol. 4th, edition 4th of the Divine Legation.

How fortunate would it have been for the peace of my country, for the feelings of Dr. Combe, and for the sale of the Variorum Horace, if, within the compass of the two last years, I had been wafted over the Straits of Dover, and destined to vault into my seat amidst the shouts of kindred fiends, assembled to welcome their new associate in the French Pandemonium. There my imagination would have rioted amidst scenes of horror, most congenial, as Dr. Combe would suppose, to the incorrigible and infernal malignity of my temper. There my passions would have been roused by rougher provocations than the loquacity of booksellers and the silence of editors. My understanding would there have been exercised in quirks of law, in quibbles of logic, and sallies of eloquence better adapted to elicit and even display its powers, than the detection of accentual blunders, the censure of barbarous Greek, and all the petty and obscure refinements of verbal criticism.—Dr. Combe too, instead of writing a pamphlet to bring down infamy on my reputation, might, before the appearance of *his* Horace, have found his sense of justice rewarded, and his hatred of false-dealing quite satiated by the pleasing intelligence, that the life of an old school-fellow had paid the forfeit of his crimes, under the rigorous, but surely, in such an instance, the wise and most wholesome discipline of a revolutionary tribunal. Living, however, as I now do, upon English ground—obedient, as I am, to English laws—faithful to the English church—and attached to the English constitution, not from prejudice, but enquiry—not from custom, but conviction—not from a wavering and selfish spirit of accommodation, but from the clear and steady impulse of duty, [OO] I must deprecate on the part of this "hasty" pamphlet-writer, one practice, which, if my observation be *just* as well as "*keen*," *has* distinguished the conduct of those sanguinary mountaineers, to whom the Doctor's fancy, illuminated by his rage or his patriotism, has most unjustly likened me. Let not realities be feigned against me, in the absence even of appearances. Let me not be crushed under the weight of mere suggestions, unsupported by proofs. Let not my accuser usurp the office of a judge, and inflame the jury by his reproaches, instead of convincing them by his arguments. Let my punishment *not* precede my guilt.

Quotation, p. 37.—"As to the authors from whom the different pieces "are taken, which are prefixed to the work, the Doctor might easily know "where they are to be found, if he would take the trouble to look. The "Tract of Aldus Manutius de undeviginti generibus Metrorum Horatii is, as "every scholar knows, prefixed to M. A. Muretus's edition of Horace, "Aldus, Venet. 1561, from whence I took it. But it is not material, if they "are good, whence they came; if they are not good, [PP] then the public "have a right to complain."—Every purchaser of the Var. Edit. may not be a scholar, and every scholar may not know that the Tract of Aldus Manutius is prefixed to Muretus's edition of Horace. Be this as it may, I think that a Variorum Editor should not subject the generality of his readers to the trouble of finding, by their *own* enquiries, from what books the materials of such an edition are taken. Now my strictures in the B. C. extended to *several* works employed in the Prolegomena to the Var. Edit. of Horace, and Dr. Combe in his pamphlet points out the source only of *one*. Not possessing

ing Janus's Edition, and not remembering the contents of his Prolegomena, I ſpoke with heſitation in the Review, and about the ſame Prolegomena to the ſame edition Dr. C. in his pamphlet ſpeaks nothing diſtinctly. I do not imagine the Doctor intended in his pamphlet for *me* that information, which, if inſerted in his preface, might have been of uſe to ſome of his readers.—From Mr. Homer, who knew ſomething of metre, I heard *long ago*, that he intended to prefix the Tract of Aldus Manutius to the Var. Edit. Long ago I read the ſame work in the Tractatus Varii, which Mr. Homer publiſhed 1787. Long ago I lent it to Mr. H. in a collection of philological writings. Lately I ſaw it at Oxford, in the very Edition to which the Doctor *has* referred in his Pamphlet, and *ought* to have referred in his Preface. In regard to the Doctor's principle, that "it is not material whence "the different pieces came, if they are good," I cannot implicitly give my aſſent. The queſtion, as it affects the merits of a Variorum Edition, is not ſolely, whether the materials be, or be not, good; but, whether it be, or be not, the general and wiſe practice of Editors, to tell their Readers from what quarter thoſe materials are drawn. My objection, to which the Doctor would here reply, is confined to the Prolegomena, and his reply is ſo broad as to extend to *all* the contents of the Var. Edit. But ſurely the Doctor's practice is not ſtrictly comformable to his principle; for, when he drew up the catalogue of authors from whom the Notes are taken, he meant his readers to know, not *merely* that "they were good, but, whence they came." His taſk in pointing out the ſource of the Notes is indeed not performed in a faultleſs manner, and about the ſources of the Prolegomena he has, in his Preface, been totally ſilent. I will ſuppoſe, however, the materials both of the Prolegomena and the Notes to be very good. But I do not yet diſtinctly ſee the reaſon why the reader *is* to be told whence the Notes came, and is *not* to be told whence the Prolegomena came. The Doctor's principle, as I ſaid, is general, and reaches to the Notes as well as to the Prolegomena. Let us further ſuppoſe, then, that the Doctor had acted upon this principle, and that depending upon the intrinſic merit of the Notes themſelves, he had omitted *every name* under *every note* from page the 1ſt of the 1ſt vol. to page the laſt of the laſt volume. The notes *themſelves* would doubtleſs have been equally good. But "the public," I fear, in conſequence of ſuch an experiment, "would have had a right to complain." The purchaſers of fine books are not always readers of learned books; and the readers of learned books, who may themſelves ſtand leaſt in need of being informed, are moſt rigorous in their requiſitions for information to be given upon the ſources from which notes are ſelected. They examine and compare—they think a talent for explanation not wholly unſuited to the office of an Editor. They draw no very favourable concluſion from his ſilence upon points, about which *other* Editors are accuſtomed to explain. They ſometimes apply to the collectors of notes, or the mere publiſhers of notes collected, what Johnſon once ſaid of Lexicographers, that "the book is more learned than "the author."

"It was not my intention," ſays Dr. Combe, in p. 37, "to reprint all the "Tracts which have been publiſhed on the metre of Horace, than it was to "reprint all the notes. It was my buſineſs to ſelect." Of what the Doctor or Mr. Homer may have reprinted, I approve; and in very civil terms I expreſſed my opinion, that more might have been publiſhed with advantage to the Variorum Edition. What the Doctor himſelf *intended* to do, I can only collect from what he *has* done; and from what he has done, I am not bound to *infer* that he has *ſelected*, when I ſee only that he has reprinted. Before I admit that he ſelected the metrical works which he has publiſhed, I muſt be ſure that he *knew* of other works which he has *not* publiſhed. The Vari-

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orum Edition is certainly valuable for the Tracts which Mr. Homer intended to prefix, and which Dr. C. has prefixed. Its value, however, would have been increaſed, rather than diminiſhed, by other Tracts, which I mentioned in the Review, and which, in all probability, I ſhould have recommended to Dr. Combe, if our amicable intercourſe had fortunately continued to the concluſion of his work, and if my mind had been directly employed upon the choice of preliminary materials.

Quotation, p. 37. "Where the Doctor got his anecdote of Geſner preferring "the firſt Edition to every MS. I cannot tell: *cuivis libro MS. facile comparandum* certainly doth not mean it. The Doctor, I allow, is very right in ſaying that Geſner does not explicitly prefer the firſt Edition to *every* MS. nor ſhould I have been very wrong, if I had ſaid that, in effect, he does prefer it to *almoſt* every manuſcript. But the Genius of quibbling ſlumbered, and left his defenceleſs votary to fall into a ſnare. As, however, I am not quite certain that Dr. Combe and I attached preciſely the ſame ideas to Geſner's words *cuivis libro manuſcripto FACILE comparandum*, and as the faults of the firſt Edition are juſtly, but ſtrongly, exhibited in the deſcription which Dr. C. has tranſferred from Geſner's preface to his own Pamphlet, I ſhall beſtow a little farther conſideration upon a ſubject about which I have already ſtated and rectified my error in the Review. Now the compariſon is here inſtituted, not between editions which, for the moſt part, are formed from different manuſcripts, and a ſingle manuſcript, but between one edition compoſed like the Editio Princeps of Horace from one manuſcript, and any other ſingle manuſcript. Of many manuſcripts, two or three only can be called the beſt; and ſurely the edition which is *facile comparanda* with the few that are beſt, deſerves to be preferred to the many MSS. which are not ſo good. That which is equal to any MSS. whoſe reſpective excellencies are different in degree, muſt be ſuperior to thoſe which are leſs excellent, and in MSS. as in other ſubjects, it ſo happens that the leſs excellent are the more numerous. If, therefore, inſtead of *every* manuſcript I had ſaid *almoſt* every MS. I ſhould have faithfully repreſented what Geſner really meant. But I did not ſay ſo, and Dr. Combe therefore is to be commended for noticing the miſtake. But when I admit thus fairly the validity of his objection, let me entreat him for once to refrain from reproaches againſt the minuteneſs of my diſtinctions, and let me remind him, that, if Geſner be right in ſaying *facile comparandum* of the *librum* which he had mentioned before, Dr. Combe, who uſes the word Edition, might have condeſcended to write *comparandam*. To Geſner's account of the faults which he found in the Editio Princeps, I give my entire aſſent, becauſe I know *who Geſner was*. But as I have not particularly examined the contents of that Edition, and as I have no general knowledge of Dr. Combe's experience in obſerving the accuracy of printed books, I ſhall neither reject his teſtimony, nor allow it, any farther than I find it to agree with the teſtimony of Geſner. If the Edition was worth little, why did Mr. Homer or the Doctor take the trouble of collating what Geſner had *already* collated? and if it was worth much, as on Geſner's evidence I believe it to have been, why did not Dr. Combe, in his Preface, diſtinguiſh between its faultineſs as an edition, and its importance as a manuſcript? After all, I am very glad that it was collated, and I think both the Editors worthy of commendation even for doing again what Geſner had done before. But my reaſons for wiſhing Geſner's Præſidia to have been prefixed to the Var. Edit. are not in the ſmalleſt degree invalidated by the tranſpoſition of letters, the omiſſion of words, the deſtruction of the metre, or any of the other ſphalmata in the Editio Princeps, which Geſner has diſcovered, and Dr. Combe has blazoned.

Quotation, p. 38. "What the Doctor means by my being profoundly

"verſed

" verſed in botanical ſtudies, I know not, as I never profeſſed to know " much more of Botany than relates to the Materia Medica. As to what is " done in the Var. Edit. of Horace, to ſettle, as well as could be, what " particular plants or animals were meant by the author, I endeavoured to " procure the beſt information." Knowing nothing of Botany myſelf, I have exemplified, it ſhould ſeem, the old proverb, that admiration is the offſpring of ignorance; for, after I had been accuſtomed myſelf to think Dr. Combe deeply verſed in botanical ſtudies, I at laſt find him profeſſing to know no more of Botany than " relates to the Materia Medica." How much this involves, muſt be left to the deciſion of profeſſional men; and as I ſincerely believe Dr. Combe to have a moſt ample ſhare of profeſſional information, I ſhall continue to think with reſpect of his acquaintance with the great works of the great Linnæus. My error, if I have been guilty of one, is at leaſt innocent; and while I commend Dr. Combe for his fairneſs in ſtating the extent of his own knowledge, I hope that he will pardon me for having ſhewn no diſpoſition to deſpiſe in *him* the ſtudies which I have *myſelf* not purſued. In this inſtance, he defends where I have not accuſed, and explains where I have not objected. Of the Doctor's own proficiency in Botany, I ſhould have been aſhamed to uſe irreverent language; and about the propriety of introducing a botanical writer [QQ] into the phalanx of commentators upon Horace, I have hitherto forborne to pronounce any general opinion.

In regard to Botany itſelf, I cannot hold in contempt that ſcience which I know to be cultivated by a man endowed with ſuch elegance of taſte and ſoundneſs of underſtanding, and furniſhed with ſuch ſtores of ancient and modern learning, as Mr. Profeſſor Martyn. I have myſelf lately been inſtrumental in procuring from the Cambridge preſs the publication of a work which chiefly turns upon botanical ſubjects, and was drawn up by my friend Dr. Falconer; a man whoſe knowledge is various and profound, whoſe diſcriminations upon all topics of literature are acute and clear, and whoſe powers of generalization are ready, vigorous, and comprehenſive. More than once it has fallen in my way to ſee ſome botanical pieces written by Dr. Shaw of the Britiſh Muſeum, and happy am I in this opportunity of declaring the delight I felt from the pure and flowing latinity, the appoſite and lucid expreſſions, the delicate ſentiments, and the harmonious periods which adorn his charming compoſitions.

Quotation, p. 38.—" Notwithſtanding Dr. Parr's contempt for every thing " except mere philology and politics, I doubt not but this part will be well re- " ceived by the public." Of my philological ſtudies I ſhall attempt no defence, and of my politics I ſhall ſcarcely give any other explanation than that they are chiefly drawn from Plato, Ariſtotle, Polybius, Livy, Salluſt, Cicero, and Tacitus, among the ancients; and among the moderns, from Grotius, Puffendorf, Barlemaqui, Buchanan, Thuanus, Monteſquieu, Helvetius, Locke, Sidney, Harrington, Tyrrill, Selden, Blackſtone, and Sir Matthew Hales. He that reads ſuch authors, may be excuſed for his attachment to politics, on grounds equally ſtrong with thoſe upon which Dr. Combe can defend his late reſearches into the Commentators upon Horace. Little of my time is beſtowed on the political pamphlets of the day. But I ſhould think my judgment diſgraced if I did not read the political works of ſix or ſeven writers, who, in our own times [RR] do honour to our own country by the depth of their enquiries, the preciſion of their reaſonings, and the ſplendour of their ſtyle. My reading, I believe, is not wholly contemptible either as to variety or extent, and my leiſure is far too ſcanty for me to waſte it upon topics in which I feel no intereſt, or upon books from which I can derive no inſtruction. The vigour of my animal ſpirits, and the love I have

for

for ſocial intercourſe, rarely permit me, when I am in company, to ſit in ſullen ſilence, or to keep a gloomy and watchful reſerve, or to affect that pompous ſolemnity which ſome men aſſume, who wiſh the copiouſneſs and ſolidity of their ideas to be eſtimated in a direct proportion to the paucity and the feebleneſs of their words. I do not, however, converſe upon every ſubject to which I have attended, before every man with whom I meet; and therefore it may not fall in the way of every man to determine what ſubjects I think *moſt* worthy, or what I think utterly *unworthy* of my regard.

Great as my reſpect is for Dr. Combe in the uſeful office of making Indexes, I cannot give him equal praiſe for his talent in drawing up Catalogues, even of the authors which are uſed in his own edition of Horace; and I am now compelled to remark a freſh inſtance of forgetfulneſs as to the contents of his own pamphlet. The Doctor, in page 35, reproves me for my love of "metaphyſical quibbles and diſtinctions." But metaphyſical diſtinctions are ſeldom made by thoſe who are ignorant of metaphyſics; and metaphyſics are ſeldom underſtood, even by thoſe who mean to miſemploy them, without laborious application, and laborious application is ſeldom beſtowed upon ſubjects for which we feel contempt; and yet Dr. Combe, in page 38, when he pronounces mere philology and politics the only things which I deſpiſe not, evidently includes metaphyſics among the things which I deſpiſe. But if the Doctor ſhould ever be diſpoſed to favour the world again with a ſtatement of thoſe parts of learning which I neglect, I hope that he will have the juſtice or the decorum to enlarge the liſt of thoſe which I cultivate. I ſhall plead guilty to the charge of attending to philology and politics. But as the Doctor prefers truth in ſtatement, to poignancy in ſatire, he will in future vouchſafe to add, to philology and politics, two other branches of knowledge, which for many years paſt have engaged an equal, perhaps a ſuperior, ſhare of my attention—I mean the principles of natural religion, and the ſtyle, the evidences, and the doctrines of revelation. My publications, few as they are, will in two or three inſtances juſtify me for requiring ſo much, and ſome of my profeſſional writings, which have already been heard with approbation, and which one day or other may be ſubjected to a ſeverer teſt before the public eye, will perhaps induce the reader to believe that I have been more candid and more delicate to Dr. Combe's profeſſional attainments, than he has lately been to mine.

Such are the remarks which I have found occaſion to make upon a pamphlet, the deſign, or at leaſt the tendency of which is to hold me up to ſcorn and deteſtation, as a liar, an extortioner, an inſincere friend, a malicious foe, a vain pedant, an envious critic, a dangerous citizen, a diſtinguiſhed proficient in Jacobin logic, a luke-warm enemy to Jacobin cruelty, a deſpiſer of all human knowledge but philology and politics, and, it ſhould ſeem, an admirer of them too, chiefly becauſe I am curſed with a ſingular and miſchievous talent for converting them into inſtruments of detraction. With Dr. Combe I am not angry for thinking and ſaying all this of a man, with whom he lived in intimacy for thirty-ſix years; a man by whoſe converſation he has been often amuſed, and ſometimes, it may be, inſtructed; a man whoſe uſeful aſſiſtance he for a time accepted, and whoſe lurking depravity he never diſcovered, or, at leaſt, never reprobated, till he had an immediate and perſonal intereſt in exploring and expoſing it. But if there be any other human being who believes the whole or any part of ſuch accuſations, alleged under ſuch circumſtances, expreſſed in ſuch language, and ſupported by ſuch proofs, I muſt confeſs that the intellectual and the moral texture of *his* mind differs entirely from the intellectual and the moral texture of my own. I will not, however, ſay any more for the ſatisfaction of ſuch a reader, becauſe I muſt have already ſaid too much for his patience. I will

neither waſte my labour by combating his prejudices, nor degrade my dignity by deprecating his reproaches. I may pity, but cannot correct the errors of his judgment. I may lament, but cannot fear the bitterneſs of his hatred.

It is neceſſary for me to ſtate a few facts which immediately preceded the publication of Dr. Combe's pamphlet. On the 24th or 25th of February, I was favoured with a letter from one who is a common friend to Dr. Combe and myſelf. That letter abounded with brilliant wit, judicious obſervation, and elegant language. It was written in the beſt ſpirit of a gentleman, and for the beſt purpoſes of friendſhip. The object of it was partly to remove a little ſuſpicion which had ſuddenly ſhot up and has ſince withered away, in my mind, and chiefly to heal by mediation the diſpute between Dr. Combe and myſelf. The next day I ſent a proper anſwer, expreſſing my thanks to the worthy and ingenious mediator, my readineſs to do Dr. Combe juſtice in any point where, in my opinion, as well as his own, he might have been really aggrieved, and my unwillingneſs to ruſh into a public and perſonal altercation with a man who has many valuable qualities both of head and heart, and with whom I had formerly lived upon terms of what appeared to me friendſhip. On the 28th of February, *while* the negociation was pending, and perhaps *before* the effect of our friend's letter to me was known to Dr. Combe, his advertiſement, accuſing me of "falſhood and malignity," was inſerted in one newſpaper, if not more. I read that advertiſement on the next day in the Morning Chronicle, and though I conſidered this ſtep on the part of the Doctor as having the appearance of *ſtealing a march*, I determined not to recede from what I had recently written in my anſwer to the gentleman to whom I have juſt now alluded. Dr. Combe, on the day in which the advertiſement came out, or the next day, wrote me a letter which was mis-ſent to Birmingham, and did not reach me till the Monday. It acknowledged the permiſſion which the Doctor had given to the perſon who had interpoſed, to write to me; and it led to a correſpondence which continued for ſome time, and which at laſt was broken off by Dr. Combe.

I ſhall cloſe this page with laying before the reader an event, which happened when the preceding contents of it were printing off.

Almoſt eleven months after the appearance of a pamphlet, in which the ſincerity of my regard for Mr. H. Homer, and the integrity of my conduct towards him were repeatedly arraigned, I had the pleaſure of receiving from his Executors a very obliging note, in which they deſire my acceptance of the Tacitus and the Livy which he had intended to publiſh, and expreſs their regret that he did not himſelf live to complete them.—The Tacitus is printed in four volumes, the Livy in eight, and the execution of both, in point of accuracy and elegance, is ſuch as will do no diſcredit to the memory of Mr. Homer, or the character of his repreſentatives. Through the kindneſs of Mr. H. himſelf, of his Executors, and the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic, I now poſſeſs all, or nearly all, the claſſical publications in which he was engaged; and amidſt the changes and chances of remaining life I ſhall often caſt my eye on theſe books, as precious memorials of the friendſhip which ſo long ſubſiſted between the Editor and myſelf, and as honourable marks of his diligence, judgment, and erudition.

NOTES.

[A] P. 2.—That my practice is correſpondent to my profeſſions, the candid reader will allow, after peruſing the following note. From my unwillingneſs to perpetuate quarrels beyond the exigencies of ſelf-defence, I took occaſion, in the ſummer of 1793, to make propoſals for reconciliation to a gentleman with whom I had beene ngaged in a very unpleaſant and well known controverſy. The affair was for ſome time ſuſpended by impediments which I think it uſeleſs, and indeed unhandſome, to ſpecify. But having lately been reſumed at the requeſt of a common friend, and with the conſent of both parties, it was brought to an amicable and honourable termination.

[B] *Horace*, p. 3.—The Editors of the Britiſh Critic will at all times be ready to rectify any ſeeming, and to retract any real, miſtakes, into which they may have fallen. When we ſaid, page 50 of our laſt Review, "that "Mr. Homer had collected and arranged materials nearly for the whole of "the Var. Edit." we did not mean to ſay, that he had *excluſively* ſelected materials for any part, or ſelected them in *detail* for the parts that were printed after his death; and, in truth, we have formerly ſtated, ſee No. 3, Vol. II. that part of the notes were marked for his uſe by a friend; and in ſeveral obſervations which we have already committed to paper, we ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the notes of the ſecond Vol. are not choſen with quite ſo much judgment, as thoſe of the firſt: but we did mean, that Mr. Homer poſſeſſed (for we have ſeen them in his poſſeſſion) almoſt every edition mentioned in the catalogue; to which we now add another edition, either by Valart, we believe, or De Sivry, which is not mentioned there, and which he ſeemed little inclined to uſe; that he was underſtood by us to have brought theſe books together for materials to the work in which he was engaged with Dr. C.; that he had formed clear and diſtinct opinions of their comparative merits; that he talked and wrote very pertinently and very fully upon the general principles of ſelection, which were to be followed in the Varior. Edit.; that to him were ſent ſeveral marked books, from which various notes were extracted for the firſt volume, and a few appear in the ſecond; that moſt of the paſſages in the notes ſigned Editor, Vol. I. were pointed out to *him*; that *he* was deſired to conſult the Epiſtola Critica of Markland, or the Silva Critica of Wakefield, both of which were procured by one or other of the Editors, though neither of them has been uſed, *perhaps* in conſequence of Mr. Homer's death; that *he* was furniſhed with one note from Taylor, which is printed in Vol. I. and directed by reference to two others, which are not found in Vol. II.; and that he had a copy of Jaſon de Nores, of which we ſhould rather have expected him to publiſh the whole, as he had been adviſed, and had not, ſo far as we know, rejected the advice. We deſire our readers to ſubſtitute this explanation for the paſſage which we have quoted from our former Review, and which we acknowledge to be leſs accurate and perſpicuous than we could wiſh.

Again, we wrote under a very *ſtrong* impreſſion upon our memory, that the fourth Vol. of the Odes was, during Mr. Homer's life, far advanced in the preſs; but we have now ſome *faint* doubts whether he ſurvived the printing of the third book; we have on *this* ſubject more confidence in Dr. C. than in ourſelves, and we beg leave to aſſure him, that, however we may

differ from him in recollection or in judgment, we never have arraigned, nor have any reaſon to arraign, his veracity.

[C] *Corrector of the Preſs.* p. 5.—I am myſelf very unſkilful as a Corrector of the Preſs, and I have often found that paſſages, corrected by me when proof-ſheets were reviſing, have been printed wrongly after correction, and eſcaped me when I was looking over my books to collect errors. I ſee with concern ſome wrong paſſages of this kind in the Preface to Bellenden, and within theſe three months I have diſcovered in the Warburtonian Tracts one monſtrous blunder, which I will now take the liberty of correcting. In p. 192, I find ἀκηχυλον an Ionic word, and utterly inadmiſſible in an attic writer, inſtead of ἀκήρυχλον, which is the real, and the only proper word. Mr. Homer often told me that he found great difficulty with his Printers in Greek words. I ſee alſo a miſtake of my own for which the Printers are not reſponſible,—when, quoting from memory, I aſcribed to Thucydides the words of Demoſthenes, in Orat. de Corona.

[D] P. 10.—I have elſewhere expreſſed my diſſent from the learned Biſhop of Worceſter, who explains the word *fermo* in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, by *troem* or *introduction*. Dr. C. I obſerve, tranſlates introduction by *proloquium*. Now this tranſlation will not be thought accurate, either by thoſe who have read the words *proloquium diſjunctum*, in book 5. cap. 12. of Aulus Gellius, or by thoſe who are acquainted with the full and correct explanation of the word *proloquium* in book 16, cap. 8, of the ſame author, where Varro's definition is recorded and illuſtrated. Geſner, indeed, in his Theſaurus, produces a ſolitary example of *proloquium* for *exordium*, in the third Declamation aſcribed to Quintilian. But the Declamation itſelf is the miſerable reply of ſome Monkiſh ſcribbler to the preceding ſpeech *pro milite Mariano*; and even here the word *proloquia* does not mean *exordia*. The paſſage runs thus :—"Patiatur et tua divina virtus, & Romanæ ceterum "militiæ pia diſcretio, patiatur (inquam) neceſſaria communis cauſæ *proloquia*." Soon after we read, "fictum, precor, omnes quod tribuno mecadiciſſimo *pro-* "*locutor* objectit." Burman, in his note on the laſt paſſage ſays, "Forte, "fictum precor *Hominis* crimen ignoſce. Prolocutorem vero advocatum "monachus vocat, qui loquitur pro milite, ubi vernaculæ linguæ ingenium "agnoſcere licet. Vide Cangii Gloſſar. in Prælocutor et Prolocutor, & in "Proloquia paulo ante."

In looking into Du Cange, I find that *prælocutor* is explained by *advocatus, patronus, cauſidicus*, and that ſometimes he is called *prolocutor*. Noltenius writes thus on Præloquium : "Præloquium in eccleſiâ hodie increbruit, quo quidem deſignant *exordium illud prius, quod textui ſacro cœtui* "*prælegendo ratione quâdam congruenti præmittitur*; at veteres id vocabuli "omnino ignorant."

"Qui emendant per *próloquium*, nempe iſti errant: id enim *veteribus* ſignificat *axioma luce ſuâ radians*, quod animum legentis *illico ferit: ſententia in quâ nihil deſideratur, interprete*." Varro apud Gellium, lib. 16, cap. 8.

It appears then that *proloquium* is ſeldom or never uſed for a proem, even in the lower ages of Latinity. I am really at a loſs to account for Dr. C's uſe of this word. I have looked into the Engliſh Dictionary prefixed to Patrick's Edition of Ainſworth, and there I do not find *proloquium* under the word *proem*. A better word, *Procæmium*, is, indeed, to be found, and for this rhetorical word the Doctor might have met with authority in Caſſiodorus, page 367 of the Antiqui Rhetores Latini, edit. Capperon, or in Quintilian, cap. 1. lib. iv. edit. Burman. But ſurely, when a writer, being at liberty to uſe *principium*, or *exordium*, or *procæmium*, yet uſes *proloquium*,

loquium, "he ſhows," as Lord Bacon ſays of the ſchool-men, "a ſtrange "diſregard to the pureneſs, pleaſantneſs, and lawfulneſs of the phraſe." The learned reader will, perhaps, agree with me in thinking that Dr. C. has not been very exact in his tranſlation of the learned prelate's word *proem*; nor very fortunate in ſelecting ſo diſputable an explanation of the word *ſermo* in Horace. That other and much better Notes were not ſelected from the Biſhop's work on this Epiſtle, for the uſe of the Variorum Edition, was owing, I ſuſpect, to the embarraſſment which Dr. C. might expect to experience in finding, *ſuo marte*, perſpicuous or pure Latin for Engliſh terms, which often are eminently preciſe and definite, and, for the tranſlation of which learning, judgment, and taſte, were neceſſary.

[E] *Wakefield.* p. 13.—Anxious as I was to ſhelter from reproach the name of a man, whoſe virtue I ſo much love, and whoſe talents and learning I ſo highly admire, I took care to ſoften the harſh appearance of ſome of his words, by quoting in the Britiſh Critic for March other expreſſions from his Notes on Virgil, where he ſpeaks with great and juſt reſpect of Biſhop Hurd. But I will now purſue the ſame deſign, by quoting from Mr. Wakefield's Obſervations more terms of praiſe which he uſes of the ſame illuſtrious prelate: "Biſhop Hurd, if I may preſume to queſtion the ſagacity of ſo great a "name, and the very ingenious critic he cites, ſeem to have miſtaken the true "meaning of *pulchra*, in line 99 of Horace de Arte Poetica;" and again, upon lines 212 and 214, "All the commentators have groſsly erred in their expli- "cation of theſe two lines, and it is with peculiar concern that I cannot except "even him, to whom this moſt exquiſite compoſition is ſo much indebted for "the elucidation of that unity of deſign, that harmony of connection, and that "full colouring, which the obliquity of former critics had broken and al- "moſt diſſipated. The ſame very learned author (with the utmoſt deference "I ſpeak it) judiciouſly reads, *aut tibi conſtet.*"

I am very glad to find that my learned friend Wakefield agrees with me in approving Biſhop Hurd's conjecture of *aut* for *et*, in line 127 of Horace de Arte Poetica. The conjecture itſelf is ingenious, and the reaſoning employed to ſupport it, is, in my opinion, deciſive. The learned reader will, I truſt, be yet more diſpoſed to adopt the above-mentioned alteration, after conſidering the very judicious note of Maitland on line 1375 of the Iphigenia in Aulide. If the ſecond volume of the Var. Edit. had been printed under my inſpection, I ſhould not have omitted this noble conjecture of Biſhop Hurd. On looking lately into the copy of Wakefield's book, lent by me to Mr. Homer, I find ſeveral obſervations upon the art of poetry marked by me, which do not appear in the ſecond volume of the Var. Edit. It would have been neceſſary for Dr. C. to follow me in diſcriminating the matter, and to uſe his own ſtyle in tranſlating paragraphs of the Engliſh original.

[F] *Janus.* p. 14.—Profound as is my reſpect for Mr. Wagner's learning, and juſt as I allow to be many of his objections to Janus's edition of Horace, I yet think it a work which every ſcholar would wiſh to have in his hands, and I am ſure that the quotations from it enhance the value of the Var. Edit. Let me take this opportunity of recommending to the young members of both our learned univerſities, and indeed to boys in the upper claſſes of our moſt celebrated ſchools, an excellent work of Janus, called Artis Poeticæ Latinæ Libri quatuor, and publiſhed at Hall in 1774.

[G] *Pulman.* p. 14.—The book which I lent Mr. Homer before the Horace was ſent to preſs, contained Pulmanni Annotationes in Q. Horat. Flacc.; Aldi Manutii Scholia, & *de Metris Horatianis*; M. Antonii Mureti Scholia; Joannis Hartungi Annotationes, publiſhed at Antwerp in 12mo. 1577; together with

Jani

Jani Doufæ in novam Q. Horatii Editionem Commentariolus, published at Antwerp 1580. It is a valuable collection for any scholar to possess, and contains much information which ought to have appeared in the Var. Edit. Mr. Homer, on returning it, told me that he had procured some of the editions in which are found the contents of my book; I see their names in Dr. Combe's Catalogue.

[H] *Taylor.* p. 14.—Among the books I saw in Homer's room was this work of Taylor. Now this is not a likely book for an editor of Horace to procure, without some previous information of its contents. I suspect, that in consequence of what passed between Mr. H. and myself, he got Nares's Epistola Critica, Wakefield's Sylva Critica, Markland's Epistola Critica, and Taylor on Civil Law.

[I] *Enumeration.* p. 17.—When I wrote to Mr. Nares, I did not think a complete and detailed enumeration of my labours necessary; I could not have made it from memory, and I waited to see the Var. Edit. which the conductors of the British Critic afterwards sent me, and have lately desired me to accept for my own use. As Bentley, Janus, Cunningham and Klotzius had written professedly and largely on Horace, their names instantly recurred. I had not forgotten that Waddelus, Wakefield, and Markland had supplied further information; and on determining to review the Var. Edit. I took down their works, and found, as I expected to find, such parts of them marked as belonged to Horace. I said nothing to be directly contradicted, in my letter to Mr. Nares; though I left a few things to be more fully explained as circumstances might require.

[K] *Moral constitutions.* p. 20.—Perhaps we may apply to these Doctors the verses of Mimnermus, which my readers may find in p. 61, vol. i. of Brunck's Analecta. In this pamphlet I have been hitherto nearly as unwilling to introduce Greek as the Doctor in his Correspondence was to enter upon verbal criticism, but for a different reason.

As Dr. Combe declares that he did not mean to be *cold* in praising Mr. Homer, and as I am unwilling to dispute the truth of his declaration, I hope to give no offence by saying that my opinions and feelings, on the subject of commendation, are not very dissimilar from those of Favorinus.

"Turpius esse dicebat Favorinus Philosophus, exigue atque frigide laudari, quam insectanter et graviter vituperari: quoniam, inquit, qui male-dicit et vituperat, quanto id acerbius facit, tam maxime ille pro iniquo et inimico ducitur, et plerumque propterea fidem non capit. Sed qui infœcunde atque jejune laudat, destitui à causa videtur: et amicus quidem creditur ei, quem laudare vult, sed nihil posse reperire, quod jure laudet." Aulus Gellius, lib. xix. cap. 3.

[L] *Marked.* p. 20.—In page 17 of his pamphlet the Dr. has printed, but not italicised another inaccuracy. The sentence runs thus—"I marked the observations of Mr. Wakefield in the Appendix to his Poems, and *to* criticisms affixed to the Suppl. Numbers of Euripides." The word *to* should be *the*, but as the sentence stands it would appear that the *criticisms* were Wakefield's, when in reality they are Markland's. Whether the Doctor's eye or my scrawl occasioned the blunder, I know not; if the Doctor committed it, I excuse him; if he overlooked it, I am not surprised at him; if he deliberately spared it, I am obliged to him. Let me here make my thankful acknowledgments to the gentleman who corrects the press for me; he is now engaged in printing a History of the Reign of Louis the Sixteenth, written by himself, and from a specimen which I have seen of the

the work, it is likely to do him credit by the variety of his materials, the impartiality of his principles, and the elegance of his ſtyle.

Were I as captious towards the Doctor's Latin as he ſeems to be towards my Engliſh, I could point out in his Preface to the Variorum Edition two or three defects, which from motives of candour I forbore to notice in the Britiſh Critic. Again, if I were diſpoſed to treat the Doctor's veracity as roughly as he has been pleaſed to treat mine, I could make it difficult for him to defend the uſe of the word *ſelegi* in the ſame Preface; for I am no ſtranger to the aſſiſtance given him in the choice of notes by another perſon or two as well as by myſelf.

[M] *Catalogue.* p. 22.—Mr. Homer was engaged with me in the republication of Bellenden's Tracts in the year 1787. I give a liſt of his other works from a paper obligingly communicated to me by his late father. "About the year 1787 he publiſhed three books of Livy, viz. firſt, twenty-"fifth, and thirty-firſt, ex editione Drachenborchii cum notis ejuſdem "ſelectis. His accedunt Diſſertationes pauculæ Creverii atque aliorum, cum "Chronologia Car. Sigonii. Soon after followed the two ſmall Tracts of "Tacitus's Germania et Agricola, ex edit. Gab. Brotier ad alteram Joh. "Aug. Erneſti collata 1788.

"Tractatus varii Latini à Crevier, Brotier, Auger, &c. 1788.
"Ovid's Epiſtles, ex editione Burman. 1789.
"Salluſt. ex editione Cortii, 1789.
"Pliny, ex editione Cortii et Longolii, 1790.
"Cæſar, ex edit. Oudendorp. 1790.
"Perſius, ex edit. Heninii.
"Tacitus, ex edit. Brotier, complete all but the Index.
"Livy, ex edit. Brackenb. in the preſs.
"Quintilian, ex edit. Burman. ditto.

"He alſo intended to publiſh Quintus Curtius, but no ſteps were taken "towards it. Dr. Combe ſays, the types and paper ſpeak for themſelves."

I have given the foregoing catalogue in the words of Mr. Homer, ſenior, as I find them in a letter dated May 24th, 1791. I did not know till after my friend's death, that his actual or intended publications were ſo numerous. In a letter of Mr. Homer, ſenior, dated the 16th of June, 1791, it is ſaid, "that "little leſs than a thouſand pounds would be neceſſary to complete the Index "to Tacitus, the Horace, the Livy, and the Quintilian." How far my friend had proceeded in any of theſe unfiniſhed works but the Horace, I knew not. I once ſaw a part of the Index intended for Tacitus lying on a table in his father's houſe. To the judgment of Dr. Combe upon types and paper I ſhall always be ready to pay the greateſt deference.

In 1788, Mr. Homer publiſhed, C. Cornel. Tacit. de Moribus Germanorum et de Vitâ Agricolæ, ex editione Gabrielis Brotier, ad alteram Joh. Aug. Erneſti, collatâ; and in 1789 he publiſhed, C. C. Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus, ex editione Gabrielis Brotier, ad alteram Joh. Aug. Erneſt. collatus. Acceſſerunt Supplementum Dialogi G. Brotier, et brevis Summa Præceptorum de Arte dicendi ex tribus Ciceronis libris de Oratore collecta à Jaſone de Nores. I mention this to ſhew the reſpect which he had for J. de Nores: he found this tract bound up with J. de Nores on the Art of Poetry, publiſhed at Venice 1553. Subjoined to it is Tripolini Cabrielii de Spherica Notione ex Macrobio et Plinio brevis et diſtincta tractatio. This too was republiſhed with the preceding works juſt now mentioned, by Mr. Homer, in 1789, though he has not, in the title page, noticed it.

[N] *Expreſſing it.* p. 24.—With three exceptions, only, H. H. had a larger ſhare of my confidence than any other human being; and in him I know

know it to have been deſervedly and wiſely placed.—My intercourſe with Dr. C. was leſs unreſerved, and leſs important. But I always valued his friendſhip, becauſe I was always convinced of his ſincerity.

Nearly eight months after this pamphlet had been ſent to the printer, I received the melancholy news that one of the three perſons to whom I have above alluded, is no more.—It was Sir W. Jones. For the ſake of learning and virtue, I will apply to him, with a few alterations, what Plato ſaid of Socrates:—Ἡ δε ἡ τελευτη του ἑταιρου ἡμιν εγενετο, ανδρος, ὡς ἡμεις φαιμεν αν, παντων ὧν επειραθημεν, πολυμαθεστατου, και μαλιστα καλου και αγαθου.

[O] *Religiouſly followed.* p. 27.—Proofs of this aſſertion may be found in the B. C. The Note on line 133, Sat. 2, Lib. 2, is *printed* with a ſingular exactneſs of reſemblance, for which I cannot account. Geſner, it ſhould ſeem for want of room, put, Νυν και Μενιππου and Και παλιν ἑτος, and τυχης ſeparately from the remaining parts of the verſes to which theſe words reſpectively belong. The note was written by Baxter, and Geſner doubtleſs knew that it contained Hexameter and Pentameter verſes. I have already ſtated in the B. C. that the Var. Edition religiouſly follows the blunder of και for δε; and I now ſtate, that very unneceſſarily it exhibits the cloſe of the two Hexameters ſeparately from their beginning. This poſition certainly does not contribute to the beauty of the page; and the page, as I collect from ſome Greek verſes, printed in p. 70, p. 67, p. 65, p. 13, in vol. i. was ſpacious enough to contain a complete Hexameter.

[P] *Meaning*, p. 29.—By a trifling miſtake I ſaid induſtrious.—Long before Dr. C. undertook the Var. Edit. I knew, probably, the appropriate ſenſe of the Latin word *induſtria*, as diſtinguiſhed from *diligentia*. But from the want of epithets or words nearly ſynonymous, in the Preface to the Var. Edit. and from other circumſtances, which I will not enumerate, I had my doubts concerning the preciſe extent of Dr. C's commendation; and as the edition of Janus marked by myſelf had been of great uſe to the firſt Vol. of the Var. Edit. I wiſhed to ſee terms of approbation more full, and upon this occaſion more unequivocal.—When Varro commended the induſtry of "Ælius, he alſo profeſſed "Ælii ingenium non reprehendere"—ſee A. Gell. lib. 1. cap. 18. When Muretus applied "pleraque omnia integra" to the *induſtry* of Canter, whom he ſuppoſed to be preparing an edition of Athenæus, he took care to prevent any miſconception of his own meaning, by calling Canter, "hominum eruditiſſimum qui ſtudium in Athenæo emendando poſuiſſet, eumque a ſe Latine incredibili felicitate redditum brevi editurus eſſet." Vid. Mureti Var. Lect. cap. 2. lib. 18.—But Dr. C. is leſs copious in the deſcription, and leſs warm in the commendation, of the induſtrious Janus; and as to the complimentary epithet "celeberrimus," no ſtreſs can be laid upon a term, which Critics uſe of each other as a title of courſe, and which they rarely omit, even where they are confuting and deriding their brethren of the craft.—If I were not ſcared at the charge of introducing republican ſimplicity into the regions of Philology, I ſhould almoſt venture to adopt and recommend the following ſentiment of Heyne.—Nominibus Virorum doctorum, quos commemoravi, inprimis vitâ defunctorum, nolui ubique adjicere honoris cauſâ, *Vir. Cl.* aut quo nunc ſe mutuo honore compellant, *Vir. Ill.* Totum hunc morem facetum, ſeu veriùs ineptum, quo *cædimus, et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem*, utinam ſublatum eſſe vellet ætas noſtra. Non ex loco et ordine et dignitate, verum ex ingenio, doctrinâ et meritis viri litterati cenſendi ſunt. Vid. Pag. 19. Præfat. ad Nov. Edition. Heynii Virgil. The authority of Heyne may not be ſufficient to produce any alteration in the practice of thoſe critics, whom the late Dr. George of Eton ludicrouſly called the "Panuity." Yet I ſhall endeavour to give farther protection

tection to my own opinion by the words of Morcellus: Nec bene litterati viri, quod nunc vulgo fit, *viri clariſſimi* vocantur, quum ea formulâ veteres dignitatem virorum, non doctrinam deſignarent: itaque ſenatores potiſſimum ſic audierunt; eâque de cauſſâ quum eo titulo Præfecti Prætorio carerent, quod ex equeſtri ordine creabantur, "Severus Alexander Senatoriam," inquit Lampridius, "his addidit dignitatem, ut viri clariſſimi et eſſent et dicerentur." V. Morcellum de Stilo Inſcript. Latin. p. 444.

[Q.] *Original.* p. 31.—In this calculation I do not include the notes tranſlated from Biſhop Hurd, and ſigned Editor. I have no claim to praiſe either for the choice or the tranſlation of thoſe notes.

[R.] *Circumſtances.*—The reader will find ſome quotations from this correſpondence in a proper place. Dr. C.'s reader muſt ſuppoſe from his book, that at the very time of its publication the words which appear in the B. C. were *not* qualified in my letter to the Conductors, and that my miſtake about the quantity of notes had been neither acknowledged nor retracted in my letter to the Doctor himſelf. But the fact was otherwiſe; and as Dr. C. knew it to be ſo, he ought to have ſtated at the cloſe of his pamphlet all that was neceſſary to elucidate and correct ſome of its contents.

[S.] *Different.* p. 41.—I am perſuaded, that if Dr. Combe had known what really had paſſed between Mr. H. Homer and myſelf, his advice would *not* have been different.---So far as my experience goes, I believe Mr. H. H. to have been as prudent and fair in making a bargain as Dr. Combe could be; and of the Doctor's integrity in pecuniary matters I think very highly.

[T.] *Pamphlet.* p. 41.—I did not inform Mr. Homer ſenior, that his ſon *had paid* me fifty pounds, but I told him all I then remembered of our money tranſactions; and, among other particulars, I ſaid that he had agreed to pay me fifty pounds. This diſtinction I muſt again and again enforce—between paying and agreeing to pay.

[U.] P. 43.—"The original Preface to Bellendenus, about which I was firſt employed as your amanuenſis, was certainly comprized in a ſheet or two of paper." *Extract from Mr. A. Legge's Letter, dated May* 1, 1794.

"I tranſcribed for you, in December 1786 and January 1787, the preface to Bellenden twice, beſides writing down a great deal of it from your own mouth. The ſecond time it was increaſed to about a third of its former quantity; and when I delivered it into Mr. Homer's hands, it contained, I ſuppoſe, about ſeven-eighths of its preſent magnitude. I remember perfectly well, that you told me the original preface was very ſmall, and that the work was propoſed to be reprinted without the moſt diſtant reference to the ſubject of politics. They were an after-thought; which, if not originating with Mr. Homer, yet was concurred in by him at leaſt as zealouſly as by yourſelf. With theſe impreſſions, of which I have a perfect recollection, I converſed with Mr. Homer on the ſubject frequently, and found them confirmed by him whenever any of them aroſe in the courſe of converſation." *Extract from a Letter of the Rev. Mr. Maltby, dated Buckden Vicarage, April* 23, 1794.

[X.] "We the underwritten have carefully read five letters written by Mr. H. Homer's father to Dr. Parr, after Mr. H. Homer's death: We have alſo carefully read Dr. Parr's obſervations upon Mr. H. Homer's ſtatement, and his memorandums concerning his own claims; which obſervations

and memorandums appear to have been written in 1791: We have compared all the written documents of what was due to him from Mr. H. Homer for articles admitted by Mr. H. Homer's father, and of what was due to Mr. H. Homer from him for articles both certain and uncertain, which the Doctor admitted againſt himſelf. We declare upon our honour, that the Doctor, when he received twenty pounds, was entitled to receive more than twice twenty pounds, if he had been guided in his ultimate claim by the written documents above mentioned: And we further declare, that the whole of his conduct in pecuniary tranſactions with Mr. H. Homer's executors appears to us not only juſt, but delicate, liberal, and moſt worthy of his regard for his deceaſed friend.

" *James Eyre*, of Solihull, Clerk.
" *John Morley*, of Hampton Lucy, Clerk.
April 14, 1794. " *John Bartlam*, A. B. of Merton College, Oxford.
" *Edward Johnſtone*, M. D. Birmingham."

[Y.] Mr. Homer would readily enough have ſubmitted any of his books to me, ὡς ευ δυναμενῳ διαθεσθαι---tanquam cenſori idoneo---as the words are tranſlated from the text of Diogenes Laertius, in the life of Menippus. But Kuhnius (I think properly) interprets βιβλια ευ διαθεσθαι, libros facere vendibiliores; and here we have a purpoſe for which Zopyrus and Dionyſius might reaſonably employ Menippus, and for which Mr. Homer would have thought me one of the moſt unfit men living to be employed. See the note of Kuhnius, p. 527. vol. ii. Diog. Laert. Amſterdam edit. quarto.

[Z.] " Non ſoleo equidem huic librorum pretia excandefaciendi con-
" ſilio multum tribuere; ut omnino a luxu hoc typographico, in quo noſtra
" ætas ſibi placet, parum utilitatis ad ipſas litteras & litteratores proficiſci
" video." V. Heyne's Preface to the ſecond edition of his Virgil.

[AA.] *Entire approbation.* p. 47.—Mr. Homer was not much addicted to flattery---and from his letters to me while the preface to Bellenden was printing, as well as from his converſation with Mr. Maltby, he did not ſeem to conſider the enlargement of the preface as likely either to diſgrace the edition, or to obſtruct the ſale.

[BB.] *Gay rankneſs.*---Highly as I may be gratified with the approbation of Mr. Heyne, I by no means aſpire even to the qualified praiſe beſtowed on thoſe writers who are known by the name of Ciceronians. Inſtead of imitating, as ſome ſcholars have profeſſed to do, the manner of Terence or Tacitus among the ancients, or of Lipſius and Strada among the moderns, I have endeavoured, ſo far as my ſlender abilities would permit me, to make the ſtyle of Cicero a general model for my own; and at the ſame time I have avowedly followed the example of many learned men in the occaſional uſe of words which are not found in the writers of the Auguſtan age. —Even in the corrected preface to Bellenden, I have diſcovered ſome faults; and I have no heſitation in ſaying, that I think my own talent for Latin compoſition very inferior to that of Sir W. Jones, Biſhop Lowth, Dr. Philip Barton, Dr. Lawrence, and Sir George Baker.

The mention of the two laſt ſcholars in the foregoing paragraph incidentally ſuggeſts to me a general obſervation, which, though it be unconnected with the ſubject of the preſent note, I will not deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of throwing on my paper. While I allow that peculiar and important advantages ariſe from the appropriate ſtudies of the three liberal profeſſions, I muſt confeſs, that in erudition, in ſcience, and in habits of deep

and

and comprehenſive thinking, the pre-eminence in ſome degree muſt be aſſigned to phyſicians. The propenſity which ſome of them have ſhewn to ſcepticiſm upon religious topics is indeed to be ſeriouſly lamented; and it may be ſatisfactorily explained, I think, upon metaphyſical principles, which evince the ſtrength rather than the weakneſs of the human mind, when contemplating under certain circumſtances the multiplicity and energy of phyſical cauſes. But I often conſole myſelf with reflecting on the ſounder opinions of Sir Thomas Browne, Sydenham, Boerhaave, and Hartley, in the days that are paſt; and of our own times poſterity will remember that they were adorned by the virtues, as well as the talents, of a Gregory, a Heberden, a Falconer, and a Percival. It were eaſy for me to enlarge this catalogue by other inſtances which the circle of my own friendſhips would ſupply.

[CC.] P. 49.---Anxious as I am to ſtate poſitively nothing but what I diſtinctly remember, I muſt here obſerve, that it is not in my power to affirm, whether Mr. Homer, when he mentioned the larger ſum, offered to pay it to me immediately from his own pocket, or talked of procuring it for me from ſome bookſeller. I am much inclined to think the latter; and that in order to give him a little chance of profit, and to ſave myſelf trouble, I in ſome ſtage of the buſineſs propoſed receiving from him the fifteen guineas, and leaving him to make for himſelf the bookſeller's bargain, which, from his own former repreſentation of the matter to me, was likely to be ſomewhat advantageous.---Forgive me, reader, for being ſo minute here, and elſewhere, in ſettling points which affect my honour.

[DD.] *Wary man.* p. 49.---It would follow from Dr. Combe's account, that I had been able to cajole *both* "poor Henry," and "his poor father." (See p. 22. of Dr. C.'s pamphlet.) The ſon, according to Dr. C.'s account, paid me fifty pounds in his life-time, for tracts in which I had no concern as an editor. On this ſuppoſition, the father, after the death of that ſon, muſt again have paid me the very ſame fifty pounds---becauſe, in eſtabliſhing, or, as Dr. Combe ſays, *making out* my charge of twenty pounds, I ſtated thoſe fifty as a part of my demand. Now, Mr. Homer ſenior was a man of too much ſagacity and experience not to perceive, that if my claim, as an editor, to fifty pounds was light and hollow; or, to uſe Dr. Combe's words, that Mr. H. H. "had paid them to me;" the balance, inſtead of being twenty pounds in my favour, muſt have been thirty pounds againſt me. But the father negotiated with me, on the ſuppoſition that his ſon had *not* paid the money which Dr. Combe declares that ſon to have paid. I really believe Dr. C. to be fair in his pecuniary tranſactions; and as to *my own*, I know that from my *youth* upwards to this hour, I have ever been a man, "more ſinned againſt, than ſinning."

[EE.] *Endured.*---And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays.
Pope.

[FF.] *Reevite.*---I have not the honour of knowing Mr. R. perſonally, and having read ſomething of times when men of a certain deſcription were called Cuſtodes Legum, I ſhall profit by what Tacitus calls, inſcitia reipublicæ ut alienæ. But Mr. R. and I have a common and moſt reſpectable acquaintance, who is very capable of tranſlating for his immediate uſe, and who would do well to recommend to his ſerious conſideration the following paſſage.---Inter adverſa temporum, et delatores mandatoreſque erant ex licentia veteri---hos aſſidue in foro flagellis ac fuſtibus cæſos, ac noviſſime traductos per amphitheatri arenam, partim ſubjici in ſervos, ac venire imperavit---

partim in *aſperrima inſularum* avehi. Suetonius in Vita Veſpaſian. p. 659. edit. Græv.

The gentleman alluded to can inform Mr. R. of the wiſe and magnanimous meaſures taken by Pompey when he deſtroyed the letters ſent by ſome of the adherents of Sertorius. See Plutarch's Apophthegm. p. 204. edit. Xyland.

" Pliny and Seneca have obſerved, that Cæſar (after the battle of Pharſalia) having found in Pompey's tent a great many letters from ſeveral great men, in which, undoubtedly, they had expreſſed in the warmeſt manner their zeal for his party, he inſtantly gave orders to burn them." Hooke's Rom. Hiſt. vol. x. page 278.

If Mr. R. will be pleaſed to look into page 260 of " Illuſtrations hiſtorical and allegorical," aſcribed to Lord Kaimes, he will ſee a noble inſtance of William the Third's magnanimity to Lord Godolphin, whoſe letters to the King's enemies William had received, and then burnt.

[GG.] Plowden, author of the Jura Anglorum; Thomſon, the proprietor and conductor of the Engliſh Review; Crowe, public orator of Oxford.

[HH.] *Taſte.*---" Monarchy, in my opinion, more eſpecially limited as in this kingdom, is the greateſt ſecurity for public liberty and private happineſs. Under a monarchy there is mercy ariſing from a diſcrimination of the nature of crimes, which laws cannot always notice; under a monarchy there is a reviſion of judgments paſſed under the influence of popular deluſion or popular prejudice; and, above all, there is reſponſibility. None of theſe bleſſings can be enjoyed under a democratic republic. The moſt abſolute monarch on earth can be the tyrant only to a certain point; when the Emperor of Turkey comes to that, he is cut off, and another of the family is placed upon the throne. This remedy, deſperate as it is, cannot be applied in ſuch a republic. You may take off a Pelletier, a Marat, a Danton, or a Robeſpierre, and you are no nearer being freed from the oppreſſion and tyranny under which you groan. In the ſame proportion as numbers leſſen reſponſibility, tyranny is increaſed: Each individual thinks that, among ſo many, little of the blame will fall to his own ſhare. We ſee this every day in common life: Ten or a dozen perſons will do that collectively, which any one among them would be aſhamed of.

" It is with the body politic as with the body natural, that right and wrong often depend on time and circumſtances. In a ſtate of health and activity we may do that, not only with impunity, but advantage, which it would be madneſs to attempt when the ſyſtem is deranged, and the body under the influence of diſeaſe. So when the body politic is threatened with convulſions, and the minds of the people are diſturbed and unſettled through the intrigues and machinations of the worſt of human beings; the perſon who would add to ſuch diſorder, by bringing forward any freſh cauſe of diſcontent and uneaſineſs, which might not only be allowable but praiſeworthy at another time, would deſerve a much more conſiderable cenſure than the term of bad ſubject or bad citizen: And I ſhall leave it to the nice diſcriminating genius of Dr. Parr to determine the proper epithet for ſuch a man.

" I do not mention theſe political opinions, as ſuppoſing Dr. Parr either holds or diſſeminates a contrary doctrine; but yet I ſhould be pleaſed to ſee, under the Doctor's able hand, an acknowledgment of ſuch opinions, without any of his metaphyſical quibbles and diſtinctions, which ſerve only to confound, not to enlighten the people."

[II.]

[II.] *Requeſt.*---If in writing or not writing politics, I am to be governed by the advice of other men, " Quid ſequar aut quem?" Dr. Combe calls upon me to publiſh; but Mr. Wild, a man far ſuperior to Dr. Combe in ſplendour of language, in depth of reſearch, and elevation of mind, has given me counſel ſimilar to that which Phalaris, in his Epiſtles, gave to Steſichorus---μέλοιεν δέ σοι μουσων ἐυκλεεις πονοι. V. Phalar. Epiſt. 147, and the end of Epiſt. 145. For the attainments, the talents, and the virtues of Mr. Wild, no man living entertains a more ſincere reſpect than I do. Often have I been delighted, and ſometimes inſtructed, by his late very eloquent work; and ſure I am that he will not long be diſpleaſed with me for entertaining opinions different from his own upon topics which he has himſelf diſcuſſed very fully and very ably, and upon which I touched, and profeſſed to touch, incidentally and conciſely.

[KK.] " The firſt mention," ſays a learned Prelate, " that I remem-
" ber to have found any where of compact, as the firſt principle of govern-
" ment, is in the Crito of Plato; where Socrates alleges a tacit agreement
" between the citizen and the laws as the ground of an obligation, to which
" he thought himſelf ſubject, of implicit obedience even to an unjuſt ſen-
" tence. It is remarkable, that this fictitious compact, which in modern
" times hath been made the baſis of the unqualified doctrine of reſiſtance,
" ſhould have been ſet up by Plato, in the perſon of Socrates, as the
" foundation of the oppoſite doctrine of the paſſive obedience of the indi-
" vidual." Bp. Horſley's Sermon, 30th Jan.

My readers, if they attend not merely to the language, but to the fact and the obſervation contained in the foregoing paſſage, may, perhaps, find a *ſtriking reſemblance* between the Biſhop's note on his own Sermon, publiſhed in 1793, and Mr. Hume's note on his own Eſſay, republiſhed 1767. The words of Mr. Hume run thus: " The only paſſage I meet with in an-
" tiquity, where the obligation of obedience to government is aſcribed to a
" promiſe, is in *Plato in Critone*; where Socrates refuſes to eſcape from
" priſon, becauſe he had tacitly promiſed to obey the laws. Thus he builds
" a *Tory* conſequence of paſſive obedience, on a *Whig* foundation of the ori-
" ginal contract." Hume's Eſſays, vol. i. p. 511.

" It may be difficult," ſays Biſhop Hurd, in his ſixth canon upon the Marks of Imitation in Sentiment, " ſometimes to determine whether a ſingle
" ſentiment or image be derived or not. But when we ſee a cluſter of them
" in two writers applied to the ſame ſubject, one can hardly doubt that one
" of them has copied from the other." " Sometimes," ſays the ſame illuſtrious critic, in his third canon on the Marks of derived Expreſſion, " the
" original expreſſion is not taken, but paraphraſed; and the writer diſguiſes
" himſelf in a kind of circumlocution. Yet this artifice does not conceal
" him, eſpecially if ſome fragments, as it were, of the inventor's phraſe are
" found diſperſedly in the imitation."

The two foregoing quotations from Biſhop Hurd ſeem to account very ſufficiently for the reſemblance between Biſhop Horſley and Mr. Hume in their opinions upon the original compact. Now, though I ſhould allow to Mr. Hume, that *Plato* is the oldeſt writer in antiquity, " where the obligation
" of obedience to government is aſcribed to a promiſe," I muſt yet obſerve, that another antient writer ſpeaks of a compact between the governors and the governed, as exiſting in times long antecedent to Plato. " Κατ' αρχὰς μὲν
" γὰρ απασα Πολις Ἑλλὰς ἐβασιλευετο, πλην οὐχ ὥσπερ τα βάρβαρα εθνη
" δεσποτικως, αλλα κατα νομους τε και ἐθισμους πατριους· και κρατιστος ἦν
" βασιλευς ὁ δικαιοτατος τε και νομιμωτατος, και μηδεν εκδιαιτωμενος των πατριων.
" δηλοι δε και Ὁμηρος, δικασπολους τε καλων τους Βασιλεις, και Θεμιστοπολους.

 " και

" και μεχρι πολλου διεμειναν επι ρηϊοις τισιν αι Βασιλειαι διοικουμεναι, κα-
" θαπερ η Λακεδαιμονιων. αρξαμενων δε τινων εν ταις εξουσιαις πλημμελειν,
" και νομοις μεν ολιγα χρωμενων, ταις δ' αυτων γνωμαις τα πολλα διοικουντων,
" δυσχεραντες ολον το πραγμα οι πολλοι, καταλυσαν μεν τας βασιλειας και το
" πολιτευμα, νομους δε καταστησαμενοι, και αρχας αποδειξαντες, ταυταις εχρωντο
" των πολεων φυλακαις." V. Dion. Halicarn. Antiq. Roman. lib. v. p. 337. edit. Sylburg.

The words " ρηϊοις τισιν" are properly tranſlated " certis conditionibus."

To thoſe who are ſtruck with what Hume ſhrewdly calls " a *Tory* conſe-
" quence of paſſive obedience built on the *Whig* foundation of the original
" contract," it may be amuſing to read, from another Greek writer, a paſſage in which the *Whig* conſequence of limited monarchy reſts on the *Tory* principle, of divinity in the monarchical office. " Βασιλεια μεν γαρ θεομιμητον
" πραγμα, και δυσφυλακτον υπο ανθρωπινης ψυχης. ταχεως γαρ υπο τρυφης,
" και υβρεως αλλασεται. διοπερ δει καλα παν αυτα χρεεσθαι, μεχρι δε τω
" δυνατω και πολι την πολιτειαν χρησιμων." Vid. Hippodamus in lib. de Republica, quoted in the 41 Sermo of Stobæus.

If, according to the rules of ſound criticiſm, we are permitted to include, under the word antiquity, the records of ſacred as well as profane hiſtory, it ſeems to me, that the former is not wholly deſtitute of inſtances, where the promiſe to obey, on the part of the people, was connected with a promiſe to govern well on the part of the king. Let me hope, therefore, to give no offence to the admirers either of the anti-republican Prelate or the anti-chriſtian Eſſayiſt, if I ſtate two caſes, which occurred ſome centuries before the age of Socrates, and to which I ſhall reſpectively ſubjoin the obſervations of ſeveral diſtinguiſhed commentators. " So all the elders of
" Iſrael came to the king to Hebron, and king David made a league with
" them in Hebron before the Lord, and they anointed David king over
" Iſrael." 2 Sam. chap. v. ver. 3.

" Omnis conventio Hebræis *Barith* vocatur, qualis hæc fuit, quâ David
" illis indulgentiam anteactorum promiſit, ipſi vero regi obedientiam." Grotius.

" It is not ſaid what the contents of this league or contract was. The
" Jews think it was principally, that there ſhould be an act of oblivion of
" all the injuries which the people of Iſrael had done to Judah, or they to
" them, in the reign of Iſhboſheth. But this is too narrow a ſenſe: It is
" more probable, that he aſſured them that he would govern them juſtly and
" kindly, according to the law of God; and they promiſed to obey him
" ſincerely and faithfully, according to the ſame law." Biſhop Patrick.

" Fœdus feriit. Hoc eſt promiſit ſe iis certis legibus imperaturum, nam
" nullum eſt pactum, aut fœdus ſine legibus. Neque enim rex Hebræ-
" orum omnibus legibus erat ſolutus, ut oſtendit Guil. Schickardus, in
" Jure Regio Hebræorum, cap. ii. theorem 7." Le Clerc.

" And Jehoiada made a covenant between the Lord, and the king and the
" people, that they ſhould be the Lord's people. Between the king alſo
" and the people." 2 Kings, chap. xi. ver. 17.

The comments which follow relate to the latter part of the verſe: " Po-
" pulus promiſit regis ſalutem ſibi curæ fore. Ità hic Joſephus, Nam ut
" rex populo quicquam promitteret, moris apud Hebræos non fuit." Grotius.

" Quo rex promiſit ſe recturum populum cum omni æquitate, & populus
" juravit ſe facturum imperata." Vatablus.

" Quo regi ſe fore dicto audientem, quemadmodum fuerat majoribus
" ejus, promiſit." Le Clerc.

" That

" That they ſhould be his obedient ſubjects, and he ſhould govern them " by the law." Patrick.

On the whole verſe Lord Clarendon writes thus: " This could be no " other than [a covenant] of protection and juſtice on his part, and of " obedience on their's; however, it makes it evident, that kings may " covenant with their people, contrary to Mr. Hobbes's doctrine."

I leave the reader to determine between the different opinions of the commentators on the nature of the compact made in both the caſes juſt now cited: And, in reſpect to the latter, I wiſh him to obſerve, that Le Clerc paſſes over the promiſe made on the king's part to the people; while Biſhop Patrick contends for it, and Lord Clarendon even argues upon it.

As appeals to the writers of antiquity are ſuppoſed to be of uſe even in the diſcuſſion of modern politics, I will venture to lengthen this note by a digreſſion from the ſubject on which I began it. Blackſtone and many other writers quote a well-known paſſage in Tacitus, as applicable to the mixed government of this country. I would remark, however, that a paſſage equally pertinent occurs at the beginning of the ſixth book of Polybius. After mentioning the three forms of government, monarchy, ariſtocracy, and democracy, and expreſſing his doubts whether preceding writers had conſidered them as the *only* or the *beſt* forms, he adds, " Δηλον ὡς ἀριστην μεν " ἡγητεον πολιτειαν την εκ παντων των προειρημενων ἰδιωματων συνεστωσαν." He adduces the Lacædemonian government as a practical proof of his poſition; and, if he had known the principles of the Engliſh conſtitution, he would have admitted them as fuller illuſtrations of his opinion. In the ſame chapter may be found many judicious diſtinctions between abſolute and limited monarchy, to the latter of which Polybius appropriates the name of Kingſhip. And, as his words will, I think, be very acceptable to thoſe who prefer, as I do, kingly government to republicaniſm, I will produce them.

" Και τοι οὐδ' ὡς μονας ταυτας προσδεκτεον· και γαρ μοναρχικας και τυραννικας " ηδη· τινας τεθεαμεθα πολιτειας, αι πλειστον διαφερουσαι βασιλειας παρα- " πλησιον εχειν τι ταυτη δοκουσιν· ἡ και συμψευδονται και συγχρωνται παντες " οἱ μοναρχοι, καθ' ὁσον οἱοι τ' εισι, τῳ της βασιλειας ὀνοματι."

* * * * * * * * * *

" Ουτε πασαν δηπου μοναρχιαν ευθεως βασιλειαν ἑητεον. αλλα μονην την ἐξ " ἑκοντων συγχωρουμενην, και τῃ γνωμη το πλειον ἡ φοβῳ και βια κυβερνωμενην."

* * * * * * * * * *

" Πρωτη μεν ακαταστευως και Φυσικως συνιστασθαι Μοναρχια· ταυτη δ' ἐπεται " και εκ ταυτης γενναται μετα καταστευης και Διορθωσεως Βασιλεια."

I would apply to the government of England, by King, Lords, and Commons, a fine obſervation which Cicero made, when he, probably, had in view the ariſtocratic form tempered with a mixture of the democratic.

" Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipſo, ac vocibus concentus eſt quidam " tenendus ex diſtinctis tonis, quem immutatum, ac diſcrepantem aures " eruditæ ferre non poſſunt, iſque concentus ex diſſimillarum vocum mo- " deratione concors tamen efficitur et congruens: ſic ex ſummis & infimis, " & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut tonis, moderata ratione civitas conſenſu " diſſimillimorum concinit, & quæ harmonia a muſicis dicitur in cantu, ea " eſt in civitate concordia, arctiſſimum atque optimum omni in republica " vinculum incolumitatis: quæ ſine juſtitia nullo pacto eſſe poteſt." Cicero Fragment. de Republica, 584. vol. 2. ed. Gruter.

With the imagery which Cicero here borrows from muſic, and employs upon politics, the reader may compare ſome paſſages in lib. iv. cap. 3. and lib. iii. cap. 4. of Ariſtotle de Republica.

To

To return for a moment to Dr. C. Though Dr. C. has not ſhewn any great eagerneſs for attempting original notes in criticiſm, I really wonder that his loyalty ſlumbered ſo far as to let a haughty republican obſervation of Baxter paſs without reprehenſion.

" Pollio regum
" Facta canit, pede ter percuſſo." Sat. x. lib. 1.

" Amarulente reges obiter exagitat, ſiquidem per *facta regum*, cædes et " ſcelera exagitat." Baxter.

[LL.] *Democratic republic.*---I have had occaſion to check the turbulence of a young Oxonian, who charged this expreſſion with tautology. Sydney (ſect. xiv. lib. 2.) ſays, he knows not why Tiberius or Nero might not uſe the name of commonwealth as well as Sylla or Marius. Cicero and citizen Thomas Payne have ſo defined the word republic, as to make it capable of a moſt extenſive alliance with the epithets deſpotic, monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratic.---But uſe does not go hand in hand with logic, and the generic term is generally confined either to a negative ſenſe excluding the power of one, or to a poſitive ſenſe, when the power is lodged in the hands of indefinitely more than one. We talk of the republics of Venice and Holland, and yet we rarely call them, ariſtocratical republics. Though we are beginning to talk of the republic of America, our ears are not familiarized to the term which Dr. Combe has adopted.---But I do not charge him with innovation, becauſe I could produce an authority, the value of which he is more able to calculate than I profeſs to be. Among the ſparks of zeal ſtruck out by ſome of the late royal proclamations, was a city addreſs breathing juſt and fiery indignation againſt " democratic republics."---It is not for me, who remember the well-known ſtory of Favorinus's ſubmiſſion to Adrian (vide Spartian in Vit. Adrian.), to diſpute one point of philology with leaders of the *Trained Bands*.---But if there be any other man of letters more ambitious than I am of receiving the freedom of the City in a gold box, he, doubtleſs, in the ſpirit of Atteius Capito, will grant to the orators of Guildhall that privilege, which Marcus Pomponius Marcellus refuſed to a Roman Emperor---" Hic cum ex oratione Tiberium reprehendiſſet, affir- " mante Atteio Capitone, et eſſe illud Latinum, et ſi non eſſet, *futurum* " *certe jaminde*, Mentitur, inquit, Capito, Tu enim, Cæſar, civitatem dare " potes hominibus, verbis non potes." V. Sueton. de illuſt. Grammat.

Without pretending to decide on the weight of Dr. Combe's authority, or that of the worthy Londoners, to fix any doubtful point in the Engliſh language, I would ſeek ſhelter in the ſage opinion of Quintilian: " Si poteſt " videri nihil peccare, qui utitur his verbis quæ *ſummi auctores* tradiderunt, " multum tamen refert, non ſolum quid *dixerint*, ſed etiam quid *perſua-* " *ſerint*." Vid. Rollin. Quintilian. lib. i. cap. iv.

[MM.] *Experiments.*---" Fingunt creduntque," are the words of one, who looked with a piercing eye into the heart of man. And perhaps his remark may be extended to certain political reaſons which have been lately adduced in defence of certain perilous meaſures. But the principle, upon which theſe meaſures are founded, is not altogether of modern date; and, for the ſake, not of the unbluſhing mercenary or the unfeeling ruffian, who profeſs to act upon it, but of one honourable ſenator, whom their profeſſions have deluded, I will throw in his way a ſentence more plauſible and more energetic, than all he has heard in the unmaſculine rhetoric of beardleſs declaimers, or, in what Milton calls the " barking monitories and mementos " of any new aſſociates"---Παρακαλειν τους κινδυνους τοις κινδυνοις βοηθησονλας. In the application of this maxim to the affairs of our own empire, I, perhaps,

am

am in the number of thoſe who would deny the aſſumption: Or, granting the aſſumption to be true, I ſhould reſiſt the conſequence. But there are men of underſtandings ſo beſotted, and ſenſibility ſo benumbed, that every fallacy, tinged with ſuperſtition, and bulky from exaggeration, acts upon them with greater effect, than the moſt ſimple and adamantine truth. Happy would be that age, in which no man could with juſtice ſay of his contemporaries, what Milton ſaid very unjuſtly of a miſguided and unfortunate prince: "By ſo ſtrange a method among the mad multitude is a ſudden reputation won of wiſdom by wilfulneſs and ſubtle ſhifts, of goodneſs by multiplying evil, of piety by endeavouring to root out true religion." Milton's Eikonoklaſtes. But how are we to look for "ſtedfaſt pillars of the ſtate," inſtead of ſuch "ſhaken and uncertain reeds" as too many perſons have lately ſhewn themſelves, "while men betake themſelves to ſtate affairs with ſouls ſo unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and tyrannous aphoriſms appear to them the higheſt points of wiſdom, inſtilling their barren hearts with a conſcientious ſlavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feigned? And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none muſt be heard but whom they like, is the worſt and neweſt opinion of all others? This is not the liberty which we could hope, that no grievance ever ſhould ariſe in the ſtate; that let no man in this world expect. But when complaints are freely heard, deeply conſidered, and ſpeedily reformed; then is the utmoſt bound of civil liberty obtained that wiſe men can look for." Vid. Letter to Hartlib, and Oratio Areopagitica.

[NN.] *Affairs of France.*---To thoſe who generally approved, as I did, of the limitations ſet to the French monarchy in 1789, and who lament, as I do, the rapid and tumultuous revolutions which have ſucceeded, the following paſſage from Toland's Life of Harrington may not be unacceptable: "The republicans made an advantage of the diſcontents of the body of the people to deſtroy the eſtabliſhed government, without acquainting them with their real deſigns; and when this was effectually done, the people (who had no ſettled form in their view, and who thought all things ſafe by the victory they had gained over the king and the church) fell in with what was firſt offered by thoſe in whom they confided, and would as well have accepted a better government, if they had been managed by men of honeſt and public deſigns. But the multitude can feel, though they cannot ſee. Inſtead of enjoying their deſired liberty, they ſoon found themſelves under a moſt heavy yoke, which they naturally laboured to ſhake off; and yet in all the changes then made, two things were remarkable, that every one of them would be ſtyled a Commonwealth, and yet none of them would mend or take warning by the errors of thoſe that preceded, but ſtill continued to abuſe the nation, and unnaturally to engroſs the government into a few hands. The people being all this while told they were under a commonwealth, and not being able to ſee through the deceit, begun to think themſelves miſtaken in the choice they had made, ſince their ſufferings under thoſe pretended commonwealths were infinitely greater, than what had induced them to diſſolve the former monarchy."

[OO.] *Duty.* p. 68.---"For that other conceit, that learning ſhould undermine the reverence of laws and government, it is aſſuredly a mere depravation and calumny without all ſhadow of truth---For to ſay, that a blind cuſtom of obedience ſhould be a ſurer obligation than duty taught and underſtood, it is to affirm, that a blind man may tread ſurer by a guide, than a ſeeing man can with a ſight.

" The corrupter ſort of politicians, that have not their thoughts eſtabliſhed by learning in the love and apprehenſion of duty, nor ever look abroad into univerſality, do refer all things to themſelves, and thruſt themſelves into the center of the world, as if all lines ſhould meet in them and their fortunes; never caring, in all tempeſts, what becomes of the ſhip of ſtate, ſo they may ſave themſelves in the cock-boat of their own fortune; whereas, men that feel the weight of duty, and know the limits of ſelf-love, uſe to make good their places and duties, though with peril. For this point of tender ſenſe, and faſt obligation of duty, which learning doth endue the mind withal, howſoever fortune may tax it, and many in the depth of their corrupt principles may deſpiſe it, yet it will receive an open allowance, and therefore needs the leſs diſproof or excuſation." Bacon, of the Advancement of Learning, book i.

[PP.] *Good.*---When the Doctor talks, and even talks rightly, of metrical tracts, I cannot help thinking of what Endamidas ſaid of one, who maintained " ſolum ſapientem bonum eſſe imperatorem,---oratio, inquit, admiratione digna eſt: ſed qui dicit, fidem non habet: non enim tubæ cum circumgemuerunt." See Plutarch's Laconic. Apothegm.

[QQ.] *Horace.*---Certainly I have more *doubts* about employing Linnæus on the works of Horace, than I ſhould have upon the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil. But let us hear Mr. Heyne. " An plantarum aliarumque rerum nomina Linnæana opponerem diu dubitavi; verum, virorum doctorum judiciis exploratis, vidi in pleriſque opiniones eſſe varias et inter ſe diſſonas; cum itaque rem a meis ſtudiis alienam non ita tractare poſſem, ut meo quicquam judicio definirem, allatis autem variis aliorum judiciis nihil proficerem, nec longis diſputationibus in tali interpretatione locus eſſet, nolui conſilium illud tenere, ſed auctores, qui antiqua nomina illuſtrarunt, in quibus imprimis Martinum ſequi ſatis habui." Præfat. nov. edit. p. 17. Now Dr. C. underſtands botany, and Heyne does not. The readers of Virgil could have recourſe to Martyn, and the readers of Horace had no ſuch botanical editor to apply to. But, after allowing the force of theſe two diſtinctions, I confeſs that I ſhould not have been very ſorry, if the notes from Linnæus had been omitted in the Var. Edit.

[RR.] *Our own Times.*---" Parco nominibus viventium: veniet eorum laudi ſuum tempus: ad poſteros enim virtus durabit---non perveniet invidia." Quintil. lib. iii. cap. 1.

EX.

EXTRACTS

FROM

Correſpondence between Dr. P. and Dr. C. mentioned in Page 73.

" MY Statement is ready for publication, and was to have been deli-
" vered this day, which it ought to have been, in order to have
" been read with the Review. But Mr. —— has prevailed upon me to
" ſtop it till I receive your anſwer *******. If you, being anonymous,
" will ſtate, as the Reviewer, that you are glad to find, upon further in-
" veſtigation, that many of the circumſtances ſtated in the firſt part of the
" Review, reſpecting Mr. Homer and Dr. Combe, were unfounded, and
" finiſh your review in a candid and gentlemanlike manner, in the ſpirit of
" that of the Virgil (the difference of which every body notices, and in-
" quires the reaſon), I conſent that every thing ——" Dr. C.'s Letter, March 1, 1794.

The remainder of this letter was returned to the Doctor, that he might ſee, from the ſuperſcription, that it had been miſ-ſent to Birmingham, and reached me a day too late.

Extract from Dr. Parr's Letter of March 4, 1794.

" Indeed, Sir, however I may differ from you in judgment and recol-
" lection of facts, I could not for one moment entertain an idea of attack-
" ing your veracity. I diſclaimed that idea in the firſt Review. I have
" again diſclaimed it in the ſecond; and, upon one point, I have even ap-
" pealed to you, becauſe I have ſome, though a very ſmall, diſtruſt of my
" own memory.

* * * * * * * * *

" All you ſay, and all I ſay, about the Dedication, may amount only to
" a ſeeming contradiction, becauſe the reſolution Homer communicated to
" you, was never communicated to me; and becauſe I remained with the
" impreſſion which Mr. Homer certainly, and you moſt probably, knew
" me to have, that the work was to have been dedicated to Meſſrs. Wynd-
" ham and Burke ****. So again, about original Notes, we ſhall have,
" I fear, an unprofitable logomachy; for after two or three ſearches, ſince
" my return into the country, I find only under the firſt and ſecond Odes,
" any thing which in any ſenſe can be called mine ****. I have not
" wanted the candour to impart them to you *******.

" If you chooſe to draw up a ſtatement, and ſend it to me, I will have
" it inſerted for March. But I will accede to no ſuch word a, unfounded;
" though I will admit of any perſpicuous and ſtrong expreſſion, which you
" may think neceſſary for the vindication of your own character.

" I ſhall go on with the Review in a ſcholar-like manner, and ſhall pur-
" ſue my own ideas of propriety, without looking to any model. In your
" advertiſement, which was conveyed to me by letter laſt Saturday, and

" which, on Sunday, I read in the Morning Chronicle, you accuſe me of " falſehood and malignity. And if you do not chooſe to ſay in the B. C. " that you acquit me of falſehood and malignity, I muſt leave you to ſup- " port the accuſation by your pamphlet.

" From fear I will concede nothing, becauſe I am not afraid, nor have " any reaſon to be ſo. From good-will to you, and from the remembrance " of our former friendſhip, I will do every thing which a wiſe and good " man ought to do; and not only with readineſs, but with anxiety and ac- " tivity, I will clear up any fact which gives you uneaſineſs. I write this " in a ſpirit, not ſuch as the generality of men might feel after the peruſal " of your advertiſement, but ſuch, &c.

" I beg of you to ſend me a copy of this my letter to you, becauſe I have " not time to tranſcribe it; and I authoriſe you to keep and ſhew the " original."

Extract from Dr. Combe's Letter of March 6th.

" You ſeem in your letter, as in your Review, to magnify trifles, and to " take merit to yourſelf where no praiſe is due. You ſay, that in your firſt " letter to me, you acknowledged the review to be yours. This I well " knew both from external and internal evidence: You could not deny it. " I did not write to you in doubt. You ſay, when you recogniſed the notes, " you determined to publiſh them, and before the execution of that deter- " mination, you have not wanted the candour to impart them to me. My " good Doctor, where is the great candour in imparting to me what I knew " before?"

* * * * * * * * *

" When you accuſe me by inſinuation of endeavouring to build a flimſy, " trifling reputation, by concealing the merits and labours of a departed " friend, you accuſe me of what my ſoul abhors, and do me a wrong and an " injuſtice * * * * * *. I muſt inſiſt that every impreſſion which your firſt " critique may have given reſpecting Homer and myſelf, muſt be done away " by you, and that as introductory to your Review, not put at the end of " the book. I am not particular as to the word unfounded: But I would " have the word to be ſubſtituted ſtrong and effectual. By doing this, you " yourſelf will wipe away the words falſehood and malignity, and, by " and honourable line of conduct in the remaining part of the Re- " view, you can only place me in a ſituation to ſtyle myſelf yours ſincerely, " &c."

" N. B. I muſt obſerve, that nothing in your laſt letter can affect my " firſt pamphlet, as you know it was printed and ready for delivery before " I wrote to you. You will be pleaſed to anſwer this directly, as time very " precious to my purpoſe, and injurious to my feelings, is haſtening faſt " on."

Extract from Dr. Parr's Letter, dated March 7th and 8th.

" I have told you, that in the B. C. ſhall be inſerted any ſtatement that " ſhall allay your uneaſineſs, if it be approved [all through] by you and " myſelf. Whether you and I were to draw it up, or which of us, is a point " which I left undetermined; and as you ſeem to wiſh me to undertake the " office, I encloſe you what occurs to me. But I beſeech you not to ſuſ- " pend, for one moment, the publication of your pamphlet, if, after the " peruſal of this and my former letters, you are diſpoſed to publiſh it. The " Review for March is printing, and there is no room for addition. The

" cor-

" correſpondence part is open to us, and if you diſlike the [Appendix] of " the Review, you muſt wait till next month." March 7th.

N. B. I muſt deſire my readers to obſerve, that the words encloſed in brackets are ſupplied by conjecture.---As Dr. Combe could hardly be expected to take the trouble of writing out copies of my letters, and as he would not permit Mr. Beloe to carry home the originals for the purpoſe of tranſcribing them, the tranſcripts were made at Dr. Combe's houſe by a gentleman who, in ſome inſtances, could not read my hand-writing at all, and in others has miſtaken it. After receiving the tranſcripts, I wrote to Dr. Combe, and deſired him to explain ſeveral paſſages about which I was perplexed; *but he never anſwered my letter.* Dr. Combe's letter of March 6th reached me on Friday, and, wiſhing to loſe no time, I began that very day to anſwer it. As a Saturday was to intervene, I could not ſend my anſwer before Sunday, and therefore I left a part of it unfiniſhed till the Saturday. In truth, I had another, and a weightier reaſon, for breaking off before I had written all that I meant to write---I was threatened with a ſevere domeſtic affliction upon the Friday---I was nearly overwhelmed with it on the Saturday; and yet, from my unwillingneſs to keep Dr. C. in ſuſpenſe, I made an effort to rally my ſpirits, and I drew up a letter, from which the following are extracts.

EXTRACTS.

" I am this moment in the deepeſt affliction, from the unexpected death " of my very beſt pupil, who expired between eight and nine ***. The " ſuddenneſs of the event grieves my inmoſt ſoul, and I fly to correſpond- " ence for a refuge, though I ſcarcely know what to ſay."

In the paragraph which is to follow, I endeavoured to ſatisfy the Doctor about my conſtruction of ſome paſſages in his preface to the Var. Edit.; and in ſo doing, I did not employ his words, but I meant to give the ſubſtance of his meaning, ſo far as I underſtood it, clearly and diſtinctly. My words were theſe:

" While the Conductors of the Britiſh Critic endeavour to promote the " great intereſts of literature, they hope ever to keep in view the ſacred rules " of morality, to praiſe without partiality, and to blame without aſperity. " From the conciſeneſs of one expreſſion, and the peculiarities of others, in " the Var. Edition of Horace, we were led to think that ſufficient teſti- " mony had not been borne to the [ ] of Mr. Homer, the learned " and worthy coadjutor of Dr. Combe. But the Doctor has given us his " ſolemn aſſurance, that when he ſaid, *Mecum hancce operam inceperat*, he " meant no injuſtice; that when he afterwards ſaid, *Conſiliorum omnium " ſocietate mecum nuper conjunctiſſimus*, he meant to do ample juſtice; and " that he would diſdain to ſeek or accept the ſlighteſt pittance of reputation " at the expence of a man whom he ſincerely regarded. We are happy to " ſtate this declaration fully; and we are bound to add, that it meets our " entire approbation."

Such are the words which I meant to inſert in the Britiſh Critic, if Dr. Combe had not publiſhed his pamphlet. They contain, it is true, *no literary* compliment to the Variorum Edition; but they ſhow a pretty ſtrong inclination, on my part, to attempt what could be done for the Doctor's vindication; and of this attempt, however unſatisfactory to the Doctor himſelf, he would have done well to take ſome notice in the pamphlet which he publiſhed, after reading the paſſage juſt now quoted. In the ſame letter of March 8th, I endeavoured to explain ſome circumſtances about the Dedica-

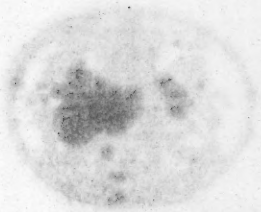
tion. But the tranſcript is ſo imperfect, that I muſt be content with ſtating what appears to me to be the ſubſtance.

" Dr. C. tells us, that Mr. H. had ſaid to him more than once, that " the edition ſhould not be dedicated to Meſſrs. Wyndham and Burke, and " this we believe, becauſe, and only becauſe, Dr. C. affirms it. But we " contend, that Mr. H. had made no ſuch declaration to the perſon who " offered and expected to write the Dedication * * * * *. We may forget, " we may err, but as to all which is beyond forgetfulneſs and error, we " diſdain the idea of repelling accuſation, becauſe we feel a [ ] and " inſtinctive incapacity of doing that which deſerves it."

To the foregoing letter Dr. C. ſent an anſwer, which contains no date, but has a poſt mark of March 12th.

" I am moſt ſincerely ſorry for the misfortune in your family. This " letter muſt finiſh our correſpondence, as I ſee you only mean to trifle with " me."

The Doctor goes on in a ſtrain of eloquence, for which, perhaps, he is no leſs indebted to the habits of his profeſſion, than the vivacity of his genius: " *Such an inſipid maſs of water-gruel,*" ſays he, " *as you cooked up* " *in your laſt letter, and wiſhed to be ſerved out to the public,*" convinces " me that my character muſt be juſtified by myſelf. I have, therefore, de- " ſired Mr. Paine to renew the advertiſement, and diſtribute the Statement " immediately."

The poſtſcript informs me, that Dr. C. had not " time to tranſcribe my " letters, one of which contained ſeven and the other five pages; that he " does not know whether they would be of any uſe; but that, if I thought " otherwiſe, any perſon whom I might appoint, ſhould have liberty to " copy them."

THE END.